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CARLOTINA

AND

The Sanfedesti:

OR, A NIGHT WITH THE

JESUITS AT ROME.

BY EDMUND FARRENC.

"A WISE MAN WILL HEAR."—*Prov.* 1, 5.

'LET US HAVE LIGHT,
"——MORE LIGHT."—*Goethe.*

New-York:
JOHN S. TAYLOR,
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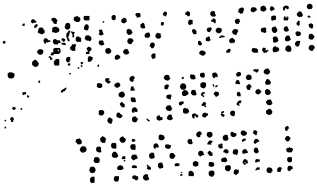

JOHN J. REED, PRINTER,
16, Spruce-street.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE.
	INTRODUCTION	5
1	THE ANGEL OF THE FIELD	9
2	AN EASY WAY OF GETTING A STANDING IN SOCIETY	27
3	HARMONIOUS UNDERSTANDING OF TWO ARISTOCRATS, AND THEIR LOVE FOR INTRIGUE	38
4	AN ITALIAN PATRIOT	54
5	PATRIOT, MONK, AND ARISTOCRAT	70
6	A JESUIT IN PETTICOATS	88
7	PURCHASE OF A YIELDING CONSCIENCE	109
8	CHURCH EDUCATION FOR CATHOLIC GIRLS	126
9	ADRIAN, OR A ROMAN CITIZEN UNDER THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT	148
10	THE BOY AND THE SOLDIER	159
11	LOVE AND PATRIOTISM	177
12	SCENE FROM A ROOF	210
13	PRIEST AND WOMAN	223
14	A MEETING OF SANFEDESTI	247
15	CONFESSION OF A RENEGADE	270
16	THE CONSPIRACY OF THE SANFEDESTI	281
17	AN HOLOCAUST TO LIBERTY	304
18	THE MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF ADRIAN	317
19	FATHER FRANCISCO AND SIGNORA SAVINI	331
20	ELOPEMENT OF A WOMAN WITH A PRIEST	351
21	NICOLO SAVINI AND MATHIAS FORLI	364
22	THE CAPTORS AND THE CAPTIVES	372
23	TWO WOMEN, OR LOVE AND VENGEANCE	388
24	CONCLUSION	418

TO OUR READERS.

Some time before commencing this work, we were looking at the political map of the world, when our attention was particularly attracted by the various elements contending for power and supremacy; and we were struck with surprise at the wonderful increase of Catholicism, and the influence it exercises upon the destinies of the world.

Protestant England, unhappy Ireland, Jansenist Holland, philosophical Germany, turbulent and agitated Hesse-Saxe-Mecklembourg, liberal Prussia, Calvinistic Switzerland, infidel France, schismatic Russia, despotic Austria, independent Poland, oppressed Italy, fanatic Spain, tottering Turkey,—all these countries, so different in government, so opposite in interests, so contradictory in spirit, so diverging in customs and manners,—each marking a distinct degree in the scale of civilization, are, at the present time, more or less, swayed, or strongly acted upon by Catholicism.

But, at the same time, and in direct ratio with that influence; we also discovered another no less striking fact. We perceived, that wherever Catholicism was paramount, civilization was either at a low ebb, or decreasing, as, for instance, in Mexico and South America; and that Catholicism and civilization were now, and had been for ages, in a continual state of antagonism. We were also fully convinced, that wherever that form of religion was prospering, the relative liberties, acquired by the constant efforts of humanity, up to the present age, were constantly decreasing,—and that the greater the power of Rome, the less were the liberties of mankind. And, as most of the wrongs of humanity have grown out of despotism, we were forced to the conclusion, that there were in reality, at the present period, but TWO POWERS in the world!—the one, representing the past, with its attendant burden of ignorance, crimes, and miseries, called Catholicism; the other, contending for the present, and foreshadowing the future, known under the name of Republicanism.

All other powers, either religious or civil, are but secondary constellations, moving in various orbits, and revolving on their axis, around the centre of these two

principals, according to the amount of liberty or despotism they contain.

The past, Catholicism, concealing her fondling, despotism, under the cloak of religion :—the present, Republicanism, inscribing on its broad open flag, Liberty ! the liberation of mankind.

It is around that simple, but expressive fact, that we have woven the woof of our story. We have also used the historical name of Ciceroacchio, the Danton of the Roman revolution, and endeavored to portray in him, the character and principles of Republicanism, such as it is conceived and advocated among the most enlightened portion of the Italian people.

So scrupulous have we been in the delineation of our characters, that we never took the pen without the conviction of portraying them from nature. The Italian peasantry; the Signora, a Jesuitic agent of priesthood; the greedy host, wavering between money and liberty, but finally yielding to the latter; the unflinching patriotism of Adrian, dying for his fellow-companions in Democracy; the precocious genius of the Italian boy, Jeronimo, whose devotedness to freedom, and repugnance to Catholicism foreshadows, in vivid light, the spirit of the coming generation; the innocence,

love, and recantation of Carlotina; the talent, ambition, and passions of Father Francisco, a priest, whose eminent faculties, forced into a wrong channel by the compressing hand of the Church, were rioting in vices, instead of progressing in virtues,—all these characters, moving in the circle traced around them by the principles they professed, are, we humbly believe, painted in keeping with the strictest law of the logic of the human mind, and also in accordance with time, locality, and the teachings of history, the records of the Roman Church, and the late events of the Italian revolution.

And now, a word more. If this book possesses any merit for the principles it propounds, we owe it not to ourselves, but to a great American idea, an idea worthy to inspire a more eloquent pen than ours. Let us have a Republican literature! Let our intellect bear the stamp of our institutions! Such is the voice of the people. Yes! Let us have a Republican literature!

It is under this general conviction, that we have been led to write against the most powerful enemy of Republicanism, viz.: CATHOLICISM!

CARLOTINA.

"THE ANGEL OF THE FIELD."

CHAPTER I.

AN OUTLINE OF THE CAMPAGNA ROMANA, AND OF THE ROMAN PEASANTRY.

On the outskirts of the city of Rome, among the numerous and desolate thoroughfares where usually gather the poor and the ragged of the Eternal city, there was, at the time our history commences, a hotel called the "*Angel of the Field.*" This hotel stood in the centre of a square, surrounded by a couple of decayed palaces, and some shabby houses—and had nothing in its appearance which could call to mind any of the pure and sweet reminiscences involved in its name. All these buildings were ugly, massive, and decayed. In many places, large pieces of the plastering were de-

tached from the front wall, and presented rugged stones and grinning crevices in quaint outlines peeping from the uncovered surface of the granite. The windows were small, and trellised outside with a strong iron-worked net, similar to a sieve, and so old, that the rust had made the part cemented into the wall, bend under the weight of the trellis, and leave its horizontal position. Thus this appendage of the building, instead of performing its intended part, had shifted from its place, and descended below the window, leaving it uncovered and unprotected. The sight presented by such a disturbance of architectural rules, was at the same time pleasing and ludicrous, and furnished many a joke to the neighbors and passers by. Another striking peculiarity of this hotel, was the irregularity of its form, which may be accounted for by the variety and diversity of wings attached to it. These wings were, originally, distinct and separate buildings, but had, through the vicissitudes of time, been linked together by a few planks, thrown like flying bridges from one window to another, in the same manner as rough boards thrown over a stream, in order to enable bipeds and quadrupeds to cross it. As a consequence of the establishment of this ærial railroad, windows had to lose their name, and become ennobled with the title of doors; while doors, yielding to the caprices of fortune, relinquished the lofty position they occupied before, and became windows. However, this change of functions, and the transformation of common dwelling-houses,

into hotels, did not cause any of them to look better; the system of association did not improve their condition. They continued to be what they had been before, a heap of ruins, made conspicuous by the grating noise of an old sign swinging from a projecting pole, over the side-walk, and—dangling and veering—like a weather-cock, at the frolicksome sport of the wind.

The "*Angel of the Field*," was not only a place of resort for the poor inhabitants of this thoroughfare, it was also frequented by the *carretieri* and *contadini*, (otherwise peasants,) coming from the adjoining country, to the markets of Rome, to sell their produce. Twice in the week, Tuesdays and Fridays, it was crowded with farmers and farmers' wives, accompanied by their younger offspring, consisting of an unlimited number of urchins, carried in straw panniers thrown across the saddle. These panniers present an opening wide enough to allow a grown person to sit commodiously between, and feel perfectly comfortable. Half-a-dozen young urchins, three on each side, are often seen in them, jostling, crying, eating and performing a multitude of other antics, perfectly indescribable. But generally the amusements on the route keep young and old in a perfect state of hilarity. Besides, they carry with them provisions sufficient to occupy the attention of the masticating powers of the young and noisy portion of this community; while the more rational and thinking part, is busily engaged in the management of the whole concern, mules, horses, and children.

The hotel was kept by a man named Nicolo Savini. Nicolo was about fifty years old; he had been married twenty years before, to a woman whose only occupation consisted seemingly in going to church two or three times a day, and protracting the hours she spent there, as much as she could. She had so adroitly managed her time, that when called for, nobody knew in which place she was—the church or the hotel—and more than once the servants of the house went to find her at the church when she was in her room, and to her room when she was in the church. The fact is, as this history will show, that often times she was neither in one place or the other. Though arrived at a mature age of life, the Signora Savini was yet fresh and attractive; she had flashing black eyes, a profusion of dark hair, a smiling mouth, and knew so well how to make all these advantages conspicuous, that a great many persons swore she was preferable to any young girl of the neighborhood. Besides, she possessed the great talent of giving a value to every one of her charms, by a rich toilette, a careful study of the expression of her face, and a deep knowledge of the thousand secrets known to women alone, and used by them with such ability in the conquest of man's heart. These seducing qualities derived a greater lustre from the high reputation of sanctity enjoyed by the Signora among her friends and acquaintances, and the veil of devotion under which she sheltered her fame, covered, at the same time, the worldliness of her mind, and the fashionable appearance of

her person. Such was the ability with which she had, until then, combined the love of the church with her love of the world, that it was impossible to say which exercised the greatest sway over her. She was situated, in public opinion, mid-way between the two heritages of the future world—heaven and hell—but nobody knew what part of the road she was traveling on, or to which she was the nearest.

As for her husband, he was a true type of the Italian *contadino*, prudent, considerate, saving and practical. Polite toward strangers, sometimes to servility, trembling before the police, familiar with his friends, obsequious to the priests, and especially devoted to his own peculiar interests; his reverence and attentions were given to those who paid him best. His heart was composed of the sparkling substance he loved so well, and just as hard; his half-shut eye-lids were only moved by its glittering, and his ears only sensible to its jingle. His cogitations had Mammon for an object; even his dreams were full of golden visions. The continual presence of the many people passing and repassing in his house, had destroyed his sensibilities toward his neighbor, and made his affections a vast reservoir, the surface of which was smooth and polished, and the bottom paved with *pauls.** Nicolo smiled, shook hands, drank with all and bowed to every one he supposed to have a well-lined pocket. He did not love or hate any person, and these two passions were perfectly at rest within his

* Italian money, equal to about ten cents.

breast, unless the former had gold for its object, and the latter an Englishman. These peculiarities excepted, Nicolo Savini was in his character, manners, and habits, a complete personification of the Italian inn-keeper, one of those men whose social position spoils the heart and the mind, and who, by their very occupation, are rendered servile flatterers and egotists.

At the time this history commences—March, 1847—nature had just opened her new-born charms to the soft and balmy breezes of the Spring. The earth laid bare the treasures of her bosom, like a maiden who first feels her passion strengthened with the favor sought for, she decked herself with an enchanting dress of blooming flowers, in honor of her lover. Everything around, in the country, seemed wakening with joy and hope. Numerous flocks were seen in the valleys and along the sloping hills, cropping the growing grass, the lambs frisking in the lawn, the kids on the peaks of the rocks, all adding, by their animal levity, to the gayety of the rural scene. The grass was so thick and so tall, that the wandering goats scattered here and there, were hidden by the tufts, and the awkward and heavy oxen slept secluded from the inquisitive look of the cattle-driver, behind their protecting shade. From the midst of the dark field of verdure sprung up, from place to place a crest of some wild flowers, whose golden hue contrasting with the deep green of the prairie, seemed a spark of light, visiting, in a stormy day, the unknown depth of the ocean. In some places the tall grass sud-

denly vanished, as if burned by an angry flash from Heaven, and masses of red rock towered upward, casting their reflection on the surrounding objects, to which they imparted a dismal hue. In other places the landscape was agreeably diversified by gardens, splendidly decorated and divided into parterres, interspersed with picturesque laurel groves, where the swift lark, the lively gold-finch, and the melodious nightingale, were sporting and warbling, night and day, amidst the fragrancy of flowers. These gardens belonged to magnificent palaces, called in the Italian vernacular, *villas*, or Roman country-seats; they were exclusively inhabited by the Roman nobility and priesthood, and sometimes rented to English lords, who had come there to spend the winter and recruit the strength that had been injured by a prodigal youth, or escape the contamination of the spleen which hangs like an incubus over the atmosphere of London. These residences so really delightful, form an object eagerly desired among the fashion or "upper-tendom" of the old continent. Their terraced roofs, monumental collonaded porticos, elegantly ornamented and fluted galleries, were dressed with the shining leaves of the creeping ivy, mixed with the variegated striped bells of the convolvulus, whose multifarious colors delight the eyes with their diversity. These princely habitations stand in the *Campagna Romana*, as a monument of the greatness and artistical taste of past ages, and as a remembrance of Italian aristocracy and pride. The remains of the magnificence and splendor of the middle ages, are brought

back to the mind, and the visitor is forced to recollect the greatness, power, and luxury that once existed in Italy.

The prodigies of the old masters, fruits of the genius of past ages, hang in these palaces, and gratify the senses of those who have enough artistic taste to appreciate excellence, as well as teach lessons to the aspiring artists from all lands, who strive in vain to rival the efforts of former times.

But these splendid mansions are no longer inhabited by the luxury-loving Italians of former days; in the hands of their present proprietors they have become places of midnight revelry; their marble walls, gaudy decorations, and architectural excellencies are no more the pride of the country; on the page of history, aristocratic Italy is described as having darkened its former splendor by the coarsest passions, and the deepest stains of vice and infamy.

We have said that the market-days at Rome, attracted to the Hotel of the "*Angel of the Field*," an unusual concourse of people from all quarters of the *Campagna Romana*, who come to sell their produce, and buy in return the provisions necessary for keeping their farms, and supplying the wants of their families. This, being a market-day, a large number of wagons, teeming with market supplies of every description, were seen moving on the road with that sluggishness, and also with that safety, common to Roman mules and people. Once arrived at the small square upon which the "Angel of the Field" was exhibiting, like the

Sphinx of old, its incongruous structure, the wagons made a halt, to the great delight of the animals and drivers, who availed themselves of the opportunity to quench their thirst; the one at the well of pure water, the other at the wine merchant's: but as the men were not generally so expeditious as the beasts of burden, the consequence was, the incumbrance resulting from the gathering of the four-wheeled vehicles at the hotel-square was in a proportionate ratio with the thirst of the drivers. The accumulation of wagons, I would rather say, the thirst of the drivers, was so protracted as to hinder, sometimes, the navigation of the road to more active farmers, who wanted to profit by the laziness of their competitors, and reach the city before the market should get glutted by too many traders.

As it was Lent time, a season reverenced by the few, who pay attention to the commandments of the Catholic church, the farmers' carts were chiefly loaded with vegetables, such as salads, beans, cabbages, and other greens, heaped up in large hampers open at the top, and secured by a netting which entwined leaves and roots in a tight embrace. Sometimes, however, part of an attractive vegetable peeping out of its prison, offered a tempting prize to the appetite of a sturdy ox, whose rough tongue appropriated to itself that portion not secured by the meshes of the net, much to the delight of the urchins of the neighborhood, who laughed to their hearts' content, at the trick played by the sober animal, at the expense of the drinking farmer.

Some heavier carriages were loaded with small trusses

of hay, sacks of oats and bran, and other produce of a similar description, destined as food for cattle and horses. These trusses and sacks were marked with a large B., and what is worthy of remark, all had the same initial, though they belonged to different wagons, and were evidently owned by different proprietors. That day, there were a great number standing at Nicolo Savini's door. Many purchasers were flocking about, trying to profit by the abundance of the supply, and striving to make the scale of the bargain turn to their side. But to the great amazement and displeasure of the speculators, their contemplated operations vanished into smoke before the sturdiness of the countrymen who did not wish to hear of any proposition until they had reached the city, and when through the incessant solicitations of the buyers, the farmers were obliged to decline telling the motives of their refusal, they did so in pointing out to the purchaser the letter inscribed upon the trusses and sacks, adding, at the same time, that all their goods were consigned to the man whose initial they could see printed.

"Tell me the reason why," said a cattle-driver to one of the farmers then standing near his wagon, "you direct all your produce to that infernal scoundrel of a Ciceroacchio, the stupid idol of the people, and the most dangerous demagogue of the Papal States? Is not our money as good as his?"

Such an attack on a man idolized by the countrymen, caused at once a flash of indignation in the look of the person addressed, and was the signal for a general

quarrel; soon a crowd of people, attracted by the loud disputing of the cattle-drivers, and the moody indignation of the farmers, gathered around, ready to castigate the insolent calumniator of Ciceroacchio. One of the farmers, lifting his hand to pacify the angry multitude, replied in a cool tone: "Your money, sir, may perhaps be as good, if not as honorably gained, as the Ciceroacchio's, but your word may not be so trustworthy. We have been so often cheated by you and your like, that we have determined not to deal with anybody but an honest man. We may say, without injuring anybody's honor, or integrity, that we are now dealing with one, to whom our citizens at large, grant all the qualities of an upright, if not of a great man, and that one, the object of your base invectives and narrow jealousy, is as you know, and as every one knows, the great and good Roman patriot, ANGELO BRUNETTI, the friend of the people, the courageous and incorruptible advocate of our rights and liberties, whom we all call CICEROACCHIO.

"*Sangua della Madona*," replied a cattle-driver, a stout man, built like Hercules, with a heavy neck and broad shoulders, "I am tired of hearing that name so often repeated. It shocks my ears at least twenty times a day. By Lucifer, I believe there is not a rock or prairie in all the dominions of his Holiness, through which that name has not been echoed and re-echoed. There is not a shrine upon the road, or a tree along the wood, into which the knife of some of your lazy fellows has not carved or engraved it. It offends my eyes as

much as my ears, and though I scratch it out, every time I meet it, it nevertheless appears anew, as if some invisible hand wanted to torment me."

"Can you tell us," replied the farmer, "the cause of your animosity against Ciceroacchio? Has he ever injured you in any way? Has he directly interfered in your business, or, in a word, have you any personal motive of anger against him? We cannot admit that such inveterate abuse is the mere offspring of a rivalry of trade. Jealousy does not assume the appearance of hatred. You certainly have some other reasons, behind which, you hide your resentment. Let us know them, and if you are right, we promise you that justice will be done, as well in the interests of your own honor, as that of Ciceroacchio's."

"If I had any other reason to give than the anger of God, against the impious blasphemer who is deluding the people with the name of a Republic,* and trying to

* The Roman cattle-driver was, according to appearances, one of those numerous and unhappy victims of the system of education followed in Italy, and which is exclusively entrusted to the Jesuits, under the supervision of the Emperor of Austria. Thousands and thousands of political and religious catechisms are spread in the schools, teaching the pupils servility towards their sovereigns, and obedience to their superiors. We give here a few extracts of one of these catechisms:

Q. How ought subjects to conduct themselves towards their sovereign?

A. Subjects ought to behave towards their sovereign like faithful *slaves* toward their *master*.

Q. Why ought they to behave like *slaves*?

shake off the power of our Holy Father, the Pope, by exciting them against him, I would have ample ground before Heaven to justify my hatred. But your imbecility is for me sufficient motive. Do I not see every day, how that contemptible demagogue uses you for

A. Because the sovereign is their *master*, and his power extends *over their property as over their persons.*

Q. Is it a blessing that God bestows, in giving us good or Christian kings or superiors?

A. Yes, it is one of the greatest blessings the Deity can bestow, when he gives us good and Christian kings and superiors, such as those under whom we have the happiness to dwell. We ought to pray that God will grant a long life and a long reign to our beloved Monarch.

There are a great many of these catechisms circulating all over Italy. They differ in form, but all agree in the end. 2,721 copies are spread in the Lombard schools alone, together with 13,057 copies of a pitiful, servile, religious manual, of which we will give extracts hereafter.

The instruction given in that portion of Italy, is almost null in its effects: in the rural *elementary schools* especially. The ignorance and the negligence of the masters are proverbial; their salary is very small, and they are not sufficient for the number of scholars, all of an age requiring special attention. Musical instruction is proscribed, the direction of the schools is confined to the curatè, to the commissary, and to the delegate. They can dismiss the master at their pleasure.

In those schools the master is required to make a minute report to Government of the conduct of the scholars. The teaching is confined to a few elementary notions of spelling, writing, arithmetic, exercise of memory upon the psalms, hymn for the Emperor of Austria twice a day, the study of the aforesaid catechism and prayers for the Pope. They have not a single ITALIAN HISTORY, and the Italian literature is FORBIDDEN.

the benefit of his criminal designs! Are you not a mere tool in his hands?"

"How?" cried the angry crowd, now as thick as locusts, and pressing round the cattle-driver with angry looks and threatening gestures. "How is that? Explain yourself!"

"Yes," answered the cattle-driver, "you stupid, silly, deluded creatures, you are but the tools of that *fiol d'un cane*, (son of a dog), Ciceroacchio. If one of your lazy-boned *contadini* takes it into his head to sell his crop for twice its value, he says, Ciceroacchio will give me so much, and off he goes. If an old man, out of his wits, wishes to spend the balance of his decrepit age in indolence and drunkenness, he exclaims, 'Ciceroacchio is our father, he will provide for our wants;' and off he goes. If a man is afflicted with a son whose mind he cannot train or character subdue, he goes and finds the Ciceroacchio, who trains and subdues his rebel offspring. If an old woman gets into matrimonial difficulties, and wants to have the matter adjusted, out she goes for application to that damned Ciceroacchio, who settles the difficulty and sets husband and wife on good terms again. If any beggarly, ragged, impudent fellow, complains of a pretended wrong to the police, or has any imaginary wrong, for which to get redress against a priest, then the activity of Ciceroacchio is as unbounded as the great enemy of mankind can wish. He has no rest, no sleep, no tranquillity, until by some infernal process, he has endeavored to establish the pretended rights of the beggarly impostor, and obtains

satisfaction. His whole soul is engaged in the task, and he is filled with delight at the triumph. He glories in being called a Republican. He rejoices at that horrid appellation, offensive to God, to intelligence, and reason, as Lucifer rejoiced at having raised his arm against our Creator. Finally, the name of that man is always spoken of, and his assistance resorted to on all occasions and under all circumstances. The repetition of that unchristinn name irritates me beyond measure. I am disgusted with him altogether. I swear upon the shrine of the Holy Virgin, this thing must stop, or the man must die." And in uttering these bloody words, the cattle-driver, with a frantic look, and the foam of anger upon his lips, raised his hands, and made the gesture of a man stabbing another in the heart.

The hand raised as if to execute the bloody purpose, had not yet resumed its former position, when a blow from the handle of a loaded whip, directed by an unknown arm, descended with the swiftness of lightning upon the head of the declaimer. This blow was given so adroitly and with so much rapidity, that nobody saw whence the attack came, or to whom the whip belonged; so violent was it, that the Hercules fell, like a lightning stricken oak. It was apparent that no hopes of recovery could be reasonably entertained in favor of the wounded man; from his open cranium, divided into several channels by the entanglement of a thick mass of dark hair, the blood was flowing in different directions, whilst the victim, stretched out like a corpse upon the dusty road, was growing paler and paler, and

him?" A complete silence prevailed on that subject. It seemed as if an act of justice had just been accomplished through the stern hand of a legal tribunal, and the sentence of death received its application. The cattle-driver being generally looked upon as a dangerous man, every person felt, in his conscience, that his punishment, inscribed in the book of Providence, had been executed. Thus, nobody was anxious to examine what hand had fulfilled that decree, since, in public opinion, justice had been suspended only for a time, and had now claimed its prey.

CHAPTER II.

AN EASY WAY OF GETTING A STANDING IN SOCIETY.

WHILST this bloody scene of murder was perpetrating, in the midst of the bustle and confusion, a woman, carefully wrapped up in a sort of black silk dress, a garment which could have been mistaken as well for a domino, as for a cloak, was seen stealthily slipping through one of the lanes, and walking with hasty steps towards the house of the "Angel of the Field." She evidently was under the stings of strong mental excitement, for she did not notice any of the tenants of her house, who, seeing her in her morning costume, called her by her name, and greeted her with a "Good day, Signora Savini! good day! Do you come from some poor countryman's hovel? Oh, yes, you do! So charitable! so kind! You really are the benefactress of us all. Good morning, Signora Savini! Good morning, good mother! Can we do anything for you?"

These welcomes, pronounced by the women and men she met on her way, did not seem to attract any attention on the part of the Signora, for it was herself

who was at that hour of the day walking, at great pace, through the tortuous lanes to the hotel. Whenever she met a warm reception on her way, she instinctively, rather than consciously bowed, without uttering a word. Her folded arms were shielded from the morning dew by the pelerine of her overdress. Had anybody's glance penetrated through the silkworm tissue, he would have seen the little white hand of the Signora, restless with impatience, fumbling a sealed letter, whilst the other twisted the little golden chain, to which was suspended a rich crucifix ornamented with diamonds.

The demarch, the countenance, the look of that woman, was such as would have deceived the most strict observer of modesty. Seen with her head reclined, her eye cast down, as if too pious to glance at the profane spectacle of the world, one would have taken her for one of those sainted persons, devoted to the service of the Almighty, and spending, in prayer and good works, the time used to be lavished by the favorite of Mammon, in luxury and profligacy. Every thing outward was irreproachably virtuous; even the cocoa beads, which were purposely left dropping from one of her pockets, seemed to indicate the recent occupation of her mind.

On arriving at the hotel, she was informed of the circumstances of the murder, and running towards the dead man, placed her hands upon his cold heart. Then shaking her head, with an expression of "all is over," she knelt by the side of the *moribond*, and

pulling out her chaplet, she took each one by one, and rehearsed, always on her knees, seventy-two *paters* and *aves*, and half-a-dozen of *credoes*. When she had done praying she rose, and looked around her, to see what effect her piety had produced upon the bystanders. Alas! the room, crammed when she entered it, was now empty, with the exception of two old wrinkled women, whose angular jaws and bony face could have been used as an excellent specimen for the demonstration of an osteological problem.

A sensation of disappointment ran over her pretty face, like a ripple on the quiet surface of the water. Unclasping herself from her mantle, she called the female servants of the house, who hastened to come. Then, taking as soft a voice as ever human creature has possessed, she kindly said to them:

"Sarha, you will go to Mr. Dabelli, the undertaker; tell him that a dead man is in our house, that we should like to see him, and have a coffin made expressly for the dead."

"But, Signora," observed a waiter, "the city provides the poor with coffins, gratuitously. You need not go into any expenses for it."

"Do as I tell you to do," modestly replied the Signora. "It will not be said, that a man, dying in our house, and thrown by the will of God under our immediate care, will apply to public charity, in order to be buried."

"What an excellent mistress you are!" observed the servant.

"Then, Sarha, when you have done this errand, you will call at Father Francisco's, my confessor; inform him of the circumstances of the affair. Beg him to come. Tell him the dead needs his holy prayers, to be received among the just; and that his blessings can as well help the one who is in heaven, as those who remain on the earth."

"I shall not fail to follow your commands, Signora," replied the servant. "Those who serve such holy persons as you and Father Francisco, never can use too much zeal and devotedness in the accomplishment of their duty."

"Very well, my good Sarha, you shall be rewarded for your sentiments; hasten to perform your errands, and try, if possible, to bring along with you Mr. Dobelli, the undertaker, and Father Francisco."

"Feliciana," said the Signora, to another servant standing by her, "after Sarha has gone out, Feliciana, you shall go to the garden, gather the best roses, compose as handsome a bouquet as you may find, and take it to the altar of the Virgin Mary."

"Yes, Signora;" replied the servant.

"Don't forget," continued the Signora, "to kneel before her, and to recite one hundred and forty-four *aves*, for the soul of that poor cattle-driver. You may, through your intercession, help that poor sinner to clean out his conscience, and to appear before the Almighty, as white as a lamb."

"Do you think me virtuous enough, and the prayers I will utter," observed the servant, "sufficiently effi-

cacious to have the power to release from the flames, the black-hearted sinner who has just departed this world ?"

"What is that, young girl ?" vehemently retorted the Signora. "Faith! I think you assume upon yourself the right of reasoning. Beware! the tempter is close by, ready to pounce upon the unhappy creature who trusts in her rational faculties. Is this what I taught you? What an aberration of conduct! I hope, Feliciana, this will be the last token of independence you will give in this house. This is, indeed, a very bad example."

"Don't give yourself up to anger," replied Feliciana. "I go, Signora; I go to do as you have told me. Another time I will not be so bold as to express such foolish suggestions. You must excuse me; I came from the country, from among peasants, who have pretty much the custom to express themselves freely on all subjects. It is in their society, that my mind has been slightly tainted with wrong notions."

"For which, I expect, you will atone in the confessional," said the Signora. "Now let me tell you further what I wish you to do. After having deposited the bouquet upon the altar of the Virgin Mary, and recited the number of prayers I recommended you to say, you will go to St. Joseph's altar, and change the faded branch of lily for a fresh one."

"Yes, Signora."

"Then you will go to Carlotine's room, and ask her if she has finished the embroidered cloth for the main altar."

" Yes, Signora."

" Now, let me see : No ; that is all. I don't think I have anything else to tell you. You will remember every thing, Feliciana, will you ?"

" Oh, yes ! Signora. The bouquet for the Virgin Mary's altar, one hundred and forty-four *aves* for the cattle-driver, a fresh lily for St. Joseph, and your commission to Carlotine. Is not that all ?"

" Very well, Feliciana ; I see your memory is better than your judgment. Now you may go. Peter," added she, to a male servant also in the room, " take these two florins to that poor woman with a sick child, that we saw yesterday. I shall go myself to her, as soon as my time allows."

" What an excellent woman !" thought the persons in the room, on hearing the Signora Savini ; " What a model of piety and charity ! No one can excel her in the performance of good."

" Feliciana," added the Signora, whose interrogative glance seemed to absorb with avidity the testimony of favorable impressions she had caused upon the minds of the bystanders, " Feliciana, my girl, there is not far from your route, a poor carpenter, who broke his legs the other day, by falling from the roof of a house. Go to him, and ask whether we can do anything for him."

This new proof of delicate charity, which anticipated even the wants of the necessitous, and saved them from the shame of asking, excited, to its utmost pitch, the admiration and respect of the witnesses of this scene. All the persons present, all, *one* excepted, seemed to be completely overwhelmed with the good

ness and liberality of the landlady of the " Angel of the Field."

But who, in that moment of unanimous feelings of respect and admiration, could refrain from joining in such a spontaneous tribute ? Could there be in the room a being, hardened enough against the communicative influence of virtue, to refuse paying due respect to such saintly actions as those just performed by the Signora ? Who could be that old, indurated sinner, recreant to the display of a catalogue of virtues such as those just now exhibited ? Was he a being born in shame, educated in crime, and living in infamy ? Was he deaf, dumb, and blind to the moral power of good ? Had he spent the long train of his days in the contaminating influence of vice ?

Alas ! whatever may be the thoughts of our readers, respecting the perversity of such a creature, we must, however, say, in honor to truth, who he was; leaving to the following chapters the care of displaying to their eyes, a full view of the characters of the persons involved in our story.

The only creature showing himself unwilling to bow before the shining merits of the Signora, was no other than a lad about ten years old, of a slender frame, surmounted by a large head, whose expression—rather older than his age—seemed to indicate a precocious maturity of thought, not usually found among boys of the same number of years. That head was covered with a beautiful forest of fair hair, the curls of which, falling behind, floated upon his shoulders,

like the hair of a Franc chieftain. His features beaming with intelligence, were perpetually in motion, and so vivid were his feelings, that his face reflected like a mirror, the impressions of his soul. His eyes, of a chestnut hue, gleamed with an extraordinary lustre. It was impossible to look at that boy and not be struck with the idea of a superior creature. The shape of his head, pre-eminent on the forehead, and sufficiently elongated behind, would have satisfied any phrenologist on that point. Whether the previous gifts so plentifully bestowed on that child, had been developed for good or for bad, is a thing which will be shown hereafter. We hasten to state this fact, that whatever may be the important part he is called to play in the progress of this narrative, he had been amply provided with faculties equal to circumstances, so as not to let circumstances overcome him.

That boy was known in the "Hotel of the Angel of the Field," under the name of Jeronimo. Left an orphan at an early age, in some remote part of the country, the name of which he never would tell, he came one morning, on his way to Rome, to the above-named hotel, rested a moment on the steps at the door, and pulling a piece of dry bread from his pocket, he commenced eating his frugal pittance with the appetite usual among the hungry countrymen of Italy. The poor boy seemed to be in a destitute condition. His head was only protected by the thick mass of his beautiful hair, and his feet still less than his head, were only covered with a heavy coat of mud, which he had gath-

ered on the road. His youth, his destitution, and his appetite, attracted the attention of Nicolo, the landlord, who being then in want of a boy, soon concluded a bargain with him. The boy remained at Savino's house, and hired himself for the term of one year. His services were to be rewarded in the shape of his boarding, lodging, and dressing. No money was to be added to these paltry conditions.

During the conversation of Signora Savini with her servants, Jeronimo had remained hidden in a corner of the room, seated on a chair, his knees on a level with his chin, his two hands on his knees, and his head between his hands. He seemed to be a patient listener to what was going on, rather than a participant in the scene. He did not move from his position, except when it was the turn of the Signora to speak; then he raised his head, twisted his mouth, pulled his tongue, grinned, and then placing his head again in his two hands, resumed his position. He thus continued the same manœuvre, till the Signora having achieved to distribute her orders, turned towards him, and with rather a severe voice, exclaimed:

"What are you doing there, little rogue? Do you think I am the gull of your feigned obedience? Your softness, sir, the apparent pliability of your character, are all artifices. You are a hypocrite, sir. Go and hide yourself in your room, study your catechism, and learn from that divine book, the duties you seem so little to understand."

"I am going, Signora," replied the boy, humbly; and

leaving his position, he went out of the room, not without secretly making a gesture of contempt with his hand, behind the Signora, who, standing by the door, was addressing the two aged women, bidding them to stay there awhile till the undertaker should come.

It was not long before the Signora herself left the apartment. Having asked one of the waiters whether two strangers had not entered the hotel, she was answered affirmatively; then taking the way of the parlor, into which these two men had been introduced, she prepared herself for her interview by the following soliloquy, muttered in a low voice on her way.

"Now," said she, speaking to herself, "everything seems to bid fair for our future success. The scheme laid down by the powerful mind which moves and animates the policy of Rome, has shot its branches into the spirit of foreign diplomacy, and promises to become a stated fact in the intentions of potentates. Meanwhile, the partizans of reform seem to lose ground everywhere. Thanks to the action of the Sanfedesti, scorn and contempt are every day heaped upon the name of Roman democrats. The honest society of Rome, the partizans of peace and order, are ready to unite in a crusade against the enemies of public security. Let us go to work. The task is noble, and better, the reward is worthy the effort. The murder just committed by the friends of Ciceroacchio, is well calculated to bring odiousness on his party. Like Abel's blood, it will stain the whole race of his fratricide republicans. Joy to us! Joy to the church! Rome is again triumph-

ant, and leads the van of civilization. . . . Now, I have this letter to deliver to these two noble lords, the secret agents of English policy. Beware of myself! 'Discretion and craft,' said Father Francisco, in handing me this paper. I must be as cool and as impenetrable as marble. Let us go: my countenance is to vouch for the importance of my mission."

In thus saying, she arrived at the door of the parlor, which she gently opened, and skipping through, she found herself in the society of two gentlemen.

CHAPTER III.

HARMONIOUS UNDERSTANDING OF TWO ARISTOCRATS, AND THEIR LOVE FOR INTRIGUE.

Let us enter the room where the two gentlemen were now seated, and without indulging in a graphic description of that apartment, an occupation that we leave to the imagination of our readers, let us go straight at once to the personages themselves, and describe them as well as possible.

Could we master the pencil of a Correggio, or handle the brush of a Rubens, we would take care not to apply them in the present emergency. To say the truth, it would be prostituting both, to use the tools of genius in the delineation of these two personages. Supposing it was the case here, to ask and obtain the gift of some of the eminent geniuses of old, in order to give a perfect resemblance of the original, we would, perhaps, have ventured to ask the assistance of Hoffman, the painter of eccentricities. But as this privilege has not yet been granted to our fervid prayers, we will, all alone, and independently of any invocation to the

muses, endeavor to give, in all its truth and candor, the full front-face of these two strangers to our readers.

Both had names and titles; and, as a consequence, both had an ample provision of self-conceit and prejudices. They were English, motives of pride; lords, an excuse for aristocratic feelings. They wore starched collars, had much stiffness of sentiment, plenty of red hair on their heads, and very little principle in their bosoms. Selfish and pale, vain and thin, cool and keen, nature, or rather education, had done for them what she did for the toad; she had made them repulsive.

Neither in shape or in morals were they handsome. Ugliness, the result of a life of sensuality, as well as pride, the conclusion of a false education, were marked in broad lines on their sunken cheeks and bald foreheads. As close to caricature as a laughable object can be, the sternness of their glances, arrested on the lips the smile ready to break out. They would have been ridiculous, had it not been for the haughtiness of this glance; odious, had not the stamp of raillery flourished, and expanded itself in broad and distinct characteristics all over their motley individuality. In fact, the classification of these two men would have puzzled a Buffon or a Cuvier, the two princes of analysis; they rather seemed to be an exotic production of the land we live in, rather than something grown in it; and like the parasitical excrescence on the trees,

they lived on society at the expense of its sap and marrow.

"Well," said the tallest of the two, addressing his companion, "what do you think, Lord John, of our little morning walk?"

"To speak candidly, Lord Momento," replied the person called Lord John, "I thought you was going to lead me to quite a different place. What idea have you had, to choose such a lizard's nest for the aim of our promenade?"

'A lizard's nest," exclaimed Lord Momento, lowering his voice, "hush, my friend! hush! Pray, don't slander this place. It would bode us ill luck. On the contrary, my friend, nothing more charming; upon my word it is."

"Faith!" exclaimed Lord John, "I hope you are not going to call this rubbish charming?

"Lovely! lovely!"

"You ruin your taste, by such an appreciation."

"Ruins always conceal life."

"They also shelter vipers."

"And hawks, the emblem of wisdom."

"Who dare not go out by daylight."

"But who catch birds without moving, and by the single attraction of their glances."

"Whom do you call hawks?" asked Lord John.

"The Sanfedesti,"* replied Lord Momento.

* The society called "*Sanfedesti*" *or Holy Faithites*, is a secret association, well-organized, like freemasonry, carbonarism, &c.,

"Your Sanfedesti appear to me to be a selected band of thieves and rogues, and should I speak my mind, I would say, assassins;" retorted Lord John.

"They are a religious association," observed Lord Momento.

"And because they wear the badge of religion, you stick to them; is it not? Will you not turn a monk yourself, one of these days? What would say your brothers in faith, if such a change was to take place?"

"They would congratulate me, and say that I have yielded to political necessities."

"Would you make your conscience subservient to such a miserable consideration?"

"Must I stand against the pressure of circumstances for the sake of a foul stubbornness?"

"Lord Momento, you have no conscience at all."

"Lord John, your wisdom would lodge itself in a fly's head."

"Lord Momento, you lower the fame of England, through your petty manœuvres and underground intrigues."

"Lord John, your obstinacy has worked out the ruin of cabinets in which you have participated. Your rigidity of principle and stiffness of opinion, will be the test of all powers in which you will have a hand."

"Better to work out ruin with noble means, than to

but having for its object, the maintenance of Priestcraft and Kingcraft—instead of the extension of liberty and civilization. The Jesuits were the founders of this organization. It exists in all countries, though its centre lies in the States of the Church.

God, I shudder to listen to such doctrines. What do you expect here ?"

" I will tell you. I expect a message."

" Where from ?" inquired Lord John.

" From a priest."

" Can you tell his name ?"

" Father Francisco."

" Who is he ?"

" A man of genius, and ambition; whose faculties are great enough to found an empire, had he only sufficient room to move in."

" And is this man your auxiliary ?" inquired Lord John.

" All strong men are :" replied Lord Momento.

" Is he, alone, in the secret of your mission here ?"

" He is alone to know the secrecy involved in it. But, no ! when I say he alone, I commit a mistake. A woman is concerned with him, and shares his work."

" A woman, Sir !" exclaimed Lord John, in a state of astonishment, " A woman, and a priest ! the assistants of English diplomatists abroad ! You amaze me indeed."

" Who are the diplomatists, tell me, Sir John," retorted Lord Momento, with great self-complacency, " who have not several of these creatures in their sleeves ? The position of the priest enables him to know every body and every thing ; and then, where the priest cannot reach, the woman penetrates. You understand me now ?"

" Admirable ! admirable ! Now, tell me, what is

the line of policy you are going to follow, in relation to the present Pope, Pius IX. ?"

" That I am not at liberty to say. Priests prepare the events we profit by. All we have to do after that, is to ride and drive them as fast as possible."

" And go to hell ;" mentally thought Lord John.

" This stupid blockhead," said Lord Momento to himself, " believes I will reveal to him the mysteries of our system. Does he take me for a fool ? What an infatuated being he is ! Self-conceited and stubborn, he believes himself useful to the prosperity of England, whilst, in fact, he, and his associates, have done nothing, when in power, but alarm the people and hasten the destruction of the aristocracy, by disseminating the seed of opposition among the masses."

" Shall I stay any longer with this vilifier of English honor ?" soliloquized Lord John, who, not wishing to continue a discussion very disagreeable to his feelings, had drawn near the door ; " shall I sully my honor by a more protracted contact with his impudent personality ? Fy ! my heart rises with disgust, in simply looking at his perverted principles. Women and priests ! Sanfedesti and rogues ! scoundrels of all hues ! assassins of every description ! Such are his co-associates. Oh, my country ! my country ! In what hands art thou fallen !"

" Gentlemen," cried out a soft voice, " Gentlemen, can you receive me ?"

Lord Momento, having quickly turned his head to the side from whence the voice sounded, saw the

graceful and enticing figure of Signora Savini peeping through the door. He immediately put two fingers to his lips, so as to recommend discretion.

The lady nodded, as if she understood, and swiftly glided into the apartment.

She had neither precious jewels, nor any costly dress on. She was simply dressed as it becomes a devout person; a black silk gown, tied around her waist with a ribbon of the same color. Her hair was plainly plaited on each side, and simple gold ear-rings adorned her countenance. However, when we said that no ornament of any value was seen on her person, we forgot to mention a golden crucifix, inlaid with diamonds, and suspended to her neck by a very slim gold chain. The value of that truly magnificent trinket was estimated at the trifling sum of two thousand dollars, and had been given to her by a priest, who was an admirer of her virtues. As the jewel was representing the symbol of all holiness, people did not seem to suppose it could hide any inclination to coquetry.

"Whom shall I thank for the honor of your visit?" gallantly said Lord Momento, advancing towards the lady, and kissing her hand, as is the fashion in Italy.

"Nobody, but zeal to your service;" whispered the Signora, taking good care not to be heard by Lord John.

"Have you seen Father Francisco?"

"I have. Here is a letter for you," said the lady, handing a folded paper to the English lord.

"A thousand thanks to you, my dear Signora; for you really are the most amiable, and prettiest lady of the Roman States."

"Silence, Sir," said the Signora, nodding, "Don't make compliments before this stranger. He would think that I am accustomed to hear them, and I should lose in his estimation."

"Are you so much the slave of your reputation, as not to listen to a compliment in public, for fear of endangering your piety?" inquired the lord.

"Pious women lose every thing besides their piety,' she replied, "when appearances are gone. The world is so wicked, that none but a saint, and I don't know whether a saint could stand it, is at liberty to hear profane language. Slander is at every one's tongue's end, and a sprinkling of it is sufficient to tarnish the most glossy surface."

"Well, don't be so much afraid; my friend knows many things about my business here. However, it is not necessary to inform him of my dealing with Ciceroacchio. He possesses strange prejudices. He might take the alarm, and, in a fit of madness, tell all our secrets."

"Which are not ours, but the secrets of the Church," observed the Signora. "Take care; be cautious, Sir. We have a great game at stake. Let us not lose it by imprudence."

"Be quiet; I know the value of my friend, and will take great care not to expose them by an indiscretion. Tell me, what is Father Francisco doing?"

"Corresponding with the Sanfedesti," replied the Signora.

"And the Sanfedesti ?" inquired Lord Momento.

"Watching the movements of the Young Italy Society."

"And you ?"

"Watching both, the Sanfedesti, and the members of Young Italy."

"You are an angel !" exclaimed the Lord, in a fit of rapture. "I wish you would do something for me !"

"What ?" maliciously inquired the Signora.

"Read in my heart, and love me," retorted Lord Momento, with as affable a glance as his ungracious person could allow. "Won't you ?"

"Read your letter, sir," said the Signora, smiling. "This will learn you more, and will cost you less. I have no love to bestow, except on the church."

"Alas !" said Lord Momento, trying to heave a sigh from his exhausted lungs; unfolding the letter handed to him by the Signora, he added: "This is a rival I have no chance to contend with. He is too strong to be defeated, too cunning to be deceived, too jealous of his power to share it, and that as well in love, as in affairs. I shall not try."

"Well, then, do without it," added she, whilst the English Lord was busy reading the letter.

The letter contained the following words, which Lord Momento communicated to Lord John:

"*In Nomine Patri, et Filii, et Spiritui Sancto:* CARISSIMO FRATELLO.—The bearer of the present message being a member of the *Sanfedesti* Association, you can have full confidence in her.

"The information you asked about Ciceroacchio is not calculated to encourage any attempt to bribe him. That man is made out of Roman cement, and like it, indestructible, incorruptible. He, and his *Transteverini*,* are immovable in their opinions, and will not yield an inch from their principles. The Holy Association thinks that the best means to get hold of them, is to seduce them with the promise of Italian nationality and unity, under the patronage of the Piedmontese king, Charles Albert. If you manage adroitly that hobby, it may likely prove successful. You must not spare the Italian people in your conversation with him. Tell him that they are the authors of all the murders secretly committed in the city of Rome; that they are ignorant, superstitious, and cruel, and perfectly unfit to govern themselves; speak of His Holiness, the Pope, as the great friend of the Romans; liberal in his disposition

* The *Transteverini* are a portion of the Roman population, forming a distinct class, and dwelling in a certain part of Rome called *Transtevere*, across the Tiber. They are distinguished by their handsome physical appearance, by the beauty of their women, and by their ardent love for liberty. Having mixed very little with the invaders which at different periods have polluted the city, they have preserved among them the principles of their ancestors, and will be probably called one of these days to play a great part in the liberation of their country. They are mostly composed of workingmen and mechanics.

towards them, and ready to acquiesce in their wishes. In fine, promise as much as you please, that costs nothing, and may produce much. It is necessary also, that you sympathise with them in their efforts to conquer their liberties, but never entangle yourself in compromising alliances. This is, I believe, in accordance with the Whig doctrine, and will be fully appreciated by us all. Good success! You have our best wishes and our benedictions.

"J. P., Secretary of the Sanfedesti Society."

This letter being read, Lord John remained as before, in a state of perfect amazement. The things he witnessed were so new to him, that he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"I confess, sir," said he to Lord Momento, "that the more I advance in the study of your diplomacy the less I understand it. It goes altogether beyond the reach of my mind, and of my political education, it is as astounding as new to my judgment."

Lord Momento smiled with that air of superiority that a man assumes toward another, whenever he believes himself to be the smarter. He tapped with a protective familiarity upon the shoulder of his companion, saying:—

"This, I hope, will evidently demonstrate to you, that in whatever country our government stretches its hands, it finds, all ready to its services, friends and allies, disposed to sustain its policy, and to favor its measures. The Society of the *Sanfedesti* have, in all times, been the best friends of the English government

Their policy having identical interests with ours, it happens that working for us they work also for themselves. Composed of the aristocrats and priesthood of all kingdoms, they are the strongest opponents to revolutionary movements, and we find them in all circumstances ready to serve the partizans of constitutional monarchism. The secrecy of their order, their affiliation with the crowned heads, and their connection with the Catholic church, enable them to know everything, to go everywhere, even to penetrate into the mysteries of the family hearth, in short to be informed of each and everything. Their principal tools are recruited among women; it is through their influence that they move society, extend their intrigues, check and prevent the political manœuvering tending to upset the institutions of Italy—excite jealousy, foment division, and sow discord in the four corners of the globe. So you perceive how so powerful a society, placed as it is, at the disposition of the conservative party, may give help towards the preservation of the prevailing institutions, and oppose all movements of a revolutionary tendency."

"I have heard," replied Lord John, "as I have already told you, that these Sanfedesti were profligate wretches—selected among the dregs of society—and ready to execute at all times, every sort of crime, from theft to murder."

"Those you speak of, are only the militant army of the Sanfedesti," said Lord Momento. "As to them alone, the permission of wearing arms has been granted, it is on that account they are so much dreaded."

"Let me, once more, compliment you on the choice of your associates," answered Lord John. "You have a very fine way of securing for yourselves the affections of the Italian people. To choose your allies among their enemies, is a thing which never would have entered the brain of a Tory, I assure you. Besides, it is said that your friends are the authors of the numerous robberies and assassinations which have lately occurred in open day in the city of Rome; and, it is added, that through the adroit management on the part of the Sanfedesti, the stigma of these atrocities have been fixed upon the people."

During this conversation, the Signora Savini had been attentively watching at the door, and listening if anybody was coming in the galleries. Having heard a noise, she went out and saw the face of her husband coming toward the room. She immediately came back and warned their lordships of the arrival of the newcomer. Then, as she had good reason not to be perceived by her watchful husband, she left the place and went out by another passage, leaving their lordships to the amiable company of Master Nicolo Savini.

The proprietor of the "Angel of the Field," having heard the names of the distinguished guests now in his house, was at first struck with the idea of the dollars he was going to earn, a desire which strongly combated in his heart the hatred he entertained for Englishmen in general. He consequently resolved to be polite at first, and to regulate his conduct by the liberality of the new-comers. When he presented himself before

them, he took off his hat, bowed and re-bowed several times. Then, with an emotion which could as well have been mistaken for fear as for respect, he exposed to their lordships his confusion at having been left in ignorance of their arrival, and how sorry he felt for the coarseness of the company he was obliged to receive. Finally, he ended his harangue, by announcing to his distinguished guests the arrival, in his house, of Angelo Brunetti, called the Ciceroacchio, adding that he was sent by him to inform them that he was ready to receive their lordships, and to listen to their propositions.

"Oh, yes!" replied Lord Momento, with a peculiar inflection of the voice. "That poor Angelo! I told him yesterday my intention to buy some food for my horse, and probably he is now anxious to terminate the bargain. I never knew so covetous a soul as a merchant's. Always ready to barter it for the least profit! Ah! ah! ah!" and Lord Momento, enchanted with his witticism, left the room in the company of his friend.

"I do not believe a word of what thou sayest, twice felonious Englishman," muttered the host, surveying him as he left the room. "I do not believe a single syllable thy cursed tongue utters. It is not hay or bran thou wantest to buy, but the conscience of Angelo Brunetti. Happily this will be a harder bargain than thou thinkest of. I hope thou will'st return without the trouble of untying the strings of thy purse. Meanwhile, be cursed thou and thy family, and all thy kindred, to the remotest generation.

acquired, joined to that natural eloquence, whose sacred enthusiasm is kindled to the purest flames of the heart, step by step, elevated the patriot from his humble station, to the noblest a man can aspire to, that of tribune, or advocate of the people. His ascent to that high position was an herculean effort. His life, constantly exposed to all sorts of vicissitudes, was a constant struggle from commencement to end. Cast in the midst of a society, whose maxims he had to accept, in order to find a place in it where to stand; he soon rejected those maxims, laughed at its precepts, spurned its laws, and stood alone in the isolation of his courage. That society he thus treated, hurled against him the thunder of its vengeance; he sustained the blow, and, with the help of his God, turned the thunder against his enemies. Wherever he went, he found oppression instead of assistance, misery in lieu of wealth, ignorance occupying all the issues of the mind, superstition forced on the people by the compulsory hand of clerical power, underhand influence and venal corruption, acting upon every one's conscience, and making menials of all the servitors of the Church. As it is natural to suppose, he found an enemy in every privileged man, and, consequently, a foe in every priest. The enmity he had to contend against was so much more dangerous, that it was concealed beneath the flowery appearances of smiles and courtesy. His opinions were not contradicted, but denounced. Often he spoke in the midst of an assembly of clergymen, on his views respecting the rights of man, and the most

convenient form of government, without, however, making any allusion to the government of Rome, and, strange to relate, his words were warmly applauded by the very men against whom they were, by implication, directed. But the next day he was upbraided by the chief of the police; and, sometimes it happened, that he spent a few weeks in prison, for the crime of having expressed the same ideas, as was formerly promulgated by republican Rome and the first apostles. Nevertheless his speeches were not lost. Many of the priests were brought to reflect; many were entirely of the same opinion with the patriot; but, as soon as the stern eye of Rome glanced at them, their frightened consciences took the alarm, and they retreated to their old doctrines, as if the devil had rung the knell of desolation in their ears.

Scarcely had he received his first lessons from the family hearth, than the Roman patriot, Ciceroacchio, then a boy, commenced by looking for an instruction, which, nowhere around him, was he able to discover. The schools offered no aliment to the activity of his mind; for, the schools being under the control of the priests, were no better than nurseries for convents and theological seminaries. Catechisms and religious manuals, books entirely devoted to prevent the mind from soaring in the broad atmosphere of free thought, were the only food provided to satisfy the cravings of his intellectual appetite. Not a single man of any value was to be found within the walls of these places; they were entirely given up to mediocrities, whose whole

object was to bend the minds of the children to the yoke of passive obedience. Not a truly useful book was placed within their reach. The literature of Paganism, together with a perverted compilation of the history of the Church, and a few rules of arithmetic, were the only objects taught in the primary schools. In the superior schools, there were taught curtailed history, geography, arithmetic, algebra, religion, with poetry and rhetoric. But, as if all these sciences were of no great importance to the student, they were only slightly touched upon, and *one single master was appointed to teach all these things.** Thus, the student, having wasted away a part of his life in superficial study, had learned just enough to know nothing. His head, filled with words in lieu of facts, could not grasp two ideas, and whenever an attempt was made to do it, the conclusion drawn was erroneous. A bell-ringer spending his life in his noisy business, never showed symptoms of dizziness, equal to a pupil who had just quitted a papal school. The records of Paganism, blended with the history of the Church, the life of St. Pancracius, intermixed with the deeds of a Hannibal, or the wisdom of a Cato; the love of an Aspasia was crowded into his mind, with the love of St. Therese; the sacrifice of human beings and beasts, with that of our Saviour on the altar; the good and the bad, the sacred and the profane, the holy and the unholy, walking arm in arm together in the same front with the teachings

* See "Italy, Austria, and the Pope," by Mazzini, p. 26.

of the Church, could not but cause strange perplexities to the unhappy student. And, after being trained for a period of ten years and upwards, in this strange mixture of discordant elements, he was, for the first time, launched defenceless, in the midst of a world, as far different from the ideas he had studied of it in the schools, as the east is from the west.

To him, everything was a riddle, a subject of surprise, a motive of wonder. Men and things were so different from what they had been represented, that he knew no more of them than if he had lived all his life in some wilderness of the Thebaid. He knew, however, how to prattle agreeably, and to chat with much fervor. His words were as wily and his person as cunning as the caustical moral he had imbibed. He had learned the way to smile, to look, to humble himself before the world, and to work stealthily for the elevation of the church, without forgetting his own aggrandizement.

One must not wonder if disgust took hold of the young Angelo Brunetti, at the mere sight of what was going on inside the schools. His father, a *Transteverini*, a man of manly virtue, had opened the field to his inquisitiveness of mind, by the narration of the greatness of the Roman Republic in ancient and modern ages, and by the example of great men and great deeds. These burning precepts were easily graven on the happily gifted mind of the young Ciceroacchio. They had, as it were, formed the strata on which all future teachings were to rest, and as in the buildings of old, whose

ruins are still an object of wonder to our age, his education was based on the imperishable cement of Roman Republicanism.

Alas! what a stumble for him, when, passing from the teachings of his father to those of the schools, he met the catechism, the hymn-book, and the prayer-book. He thought he had entered an unknown world, and trembled as if severed all at once, from his family ties and thoughts. The more he studied, the less he understood. Finally, annoyed by his fruitless efforts, he one day left the school, and appearing before his father with that firmness of attitude which was at some future period to pass into his acts, he respectfully declined attending school any longer.

"Are you not in a fair way of learning?" asked the father.

"I don't know, father, if I learn anything or not. But if I do, I am much at a loss to know what it is."

"Hum! true. There is not much to make out of their teachings. They have been, and remain faithful to the doctrine set forth by Francis I., of Austria, at Lubiana, in 1820. 'We have no need of knowledge,' said the despot; 'it is enough for me if my subjects know how to read and write. *A me basta che i miei sudditi sappiano leggere e scrivere.*"

"Well, father, if you think they will not carry me any further, what is the use of my going there?"

"They will carry you further, that is to say, they will feign to do it. They will fill your head with all sorts of nonsense, abstractions and theories, things per-

fectly useless, and far from the real and practical education of life. They will impose upon you the doctrine of blind obedience, thereby blinding your understanding and annihilating the power of your reasoning faculties. They will make a tool of you, not a man!"

"Why, father! Why! in the name of my dear dead mother! why do you send me there?" asked Cicero-acchio, in amazement.

"For your material benefit, my son, that is to say, for your advancement in society. These reasons have compelled me to a measure, against which my conscience recoils."

"Can I not cut my way through the world without going to school?"

"No, my son. The school is the way to rank and fortune, and as rank and fortune are only obtained through the intercession of the priests, it is necessary for your welfare to go to school, and obtain there your first degrees of advancement. Thus, and only thus, you shall be prepared, at the age of your manhood, to make a favorable entrance into society."

"Father, I feel I shall know nothing on my entrance into the world."

"The question, my son, is, not what you *know*, but where you went to school?"

"I shall be an ignorant man, father."

"That is precisely a title to your preferment in life."

"But what good can I do, if I know nothing?"

"The Church does not require knowledge. She

requires faith ; she wants you to be a believer, not a philosopher. The Church rules; that is her sole desire, and she does not care a whit about any other thing, provided her object is attained."

" You surprise me, father ! Then, I must stay at school, if I want to make a good figure in society at the age of manhood ?"

" Yes, son, be obedient to the Church, and everything will go straight for you."

" I understand, father. They want me to *obey* them, and *not* to reason. This explains why they are powerful and the people weak. Is it by curbing their intellect, that they succeed in subjugating and ruling over them ?"

" You have said it, son."

" I shall not go to school any longer, father."

" Then you must expect to remain as poor as I am."

" Be it so. Poverty is preferable to servitude. My choice is made, father."

" Well, come, my son, you shall be like me, a coal merchant."

" Father, can I not procure books, that I may read, and instruct myself ?"

" What books do you mean ; catholic books ?"

" No. Books which are books. The histories of Hume and Robertson, the philosophy of Locke or Bacon, the works of Walter Scott or Eugene Sue."

" Hem ! Faith, son, don't think any more of these

books; their introduction into Italy is not allowed. Penal laws are enacted, forbidding their entrance."

"Is it possible, father? Why, these books you were speaking of, and which you told me you read during your stay in France, are they not permitted to enter Italy?"

"No, my son; I would sooner think of smuggling a whole cargo of American tobacco, than one of the books you have mentioned."

"But our own authors, father?"

"Even these are difficult to procure. True, the ancient writers are, in the views of Rome, harmless, as belonging to ancient time, and not referring to any of the ideas of the present age. These books are, to a certain extent, permitted. But, as to Protestant, or modern books, they are entirely suppressed."

"What does an author do, when he wants to publish a book in Italy?"

"No book can be printed in Italy, if it does not fulfil the conditions of the programme."

"What do you mean by that, father?"

"There is, in this country, my son, certain rules, which are enjoined upon an author, to observe in his compositions; from which he may only think and write, as is permitted by the Church. The most ridiculous of these laws is that advanced by RAUMER, a witness that cannot be suspected, '*that dramatic writers are enjoined to place a good prince beside a bad one in their works, whether history bears them out or not.*' Besides these, there are censors for

journals, for books, for pamphlets, and, in short, for everything."*

"Consequently, when we read a book, it is not the author whom we read, but the statutes of the law, and the work of the censor?" observed Ciceroacchio.

"Ha! ha! ha! That observation is pretty smart, for your age, my son. Yes: you have said it! Authors, in Italy, are like eagles without wings."

"Father," said Ciceroacchio, surprised at the details of such an atrocious order of things, "I give up all idea of becoming an educated man. Take me home. Do with me as you please. A coal digger! a hod carrier! a street sweeper!.... I don't care what! But, for God's sake! rather let me remain an ignorant man, than be educated in the Catholic schools."

From that day, Ciceroacchio remained with his father, assisting him in the business of his trade, and at the same time fortifying his mind by self-thinking, and occasionally adding to his own thoughts, the reading of a few books which he procured from some foreigners. When he was of age he went into trade and established himself as a produce dealer. His business put him in relation with a great many farmers, people whose minds were less entrammelled than that of the inhabitants of Rome, by the all-powerful control of the clergy, and were also better prepared to listen to the accents of independence which the Roman patriot whispered in their ears. This, however, was not the only benefit he

* See "Italy, Austria, and the Pope," by Mazzini, p. 32.

conferred upon the Italians, for at the same time he was instructing them in their rights, he was careful not to omit the list of their duties; and we would say here, in honor and truth, that forbearance and charity were among the virtues he urged upon them. Far from exciting them against the priests, a thing which is unhappily too much the case with some of the Republicans, he proved to them that the conduct of these men, was the result of the exceptional position they occupied in society. That they were obliged to yield to wrong, on account of the falsity of the doctrines they propagated, and to show themselves moral and oftentimes practical tyrants, by reason of the system of tyranny which they had embraced, and had to defend at the peril of their own welfare, if not of their life. He disapproved much, that sort of persecution which stuck to man and not to principles. He rebuked persecution and bloodshed as advantageous to the clergy and fatal to liberty; and proved from history, that Catholicism, undermined by Luther, and ruined, beaten and scorned, and morally destroyed by the French writers of the eighteenth century, would have perished, or transformed itself into something more rational, had it not been for the persecutions which it sustained from European revolutions from 1790 to 1800.*

"Catholicism," said he, "as it exists under its present

* Ciceroacchio, though right in principle, was not as correct respecting the authenticity of his historical documents. True, many priests were persecuted, and religion disregarded; but both would have been respected had it not been for the intrigues and manœuvres of the clergy, whose aim was to destroy the Republic, by calling on foreigners for aid, and opening, themselves, the gates.

form, could not subsist, if it did not support itself upon questions more vital, or extraneous to its own constitution, and entirely different from the object of the founders of the church. This it has done for ages and ages, till Protestantism appeared. Three centuries ago, Protestantism could have destroyed it, had it not fell itself into most of the faults it first aimed at destroying, and shared in the errors its mission was to annihilate. We may say with some reason, perhaps, that if the upholders of the Confession of Augsburg had been as strong and as pure as the principles contained in Protestantism itself, all was over with Catholicism, and its fate was sealed.

This, having not been done, the work of the annihilation of Catholicism slipt out of the hands of theologians, and became the task of those defending socially and politically, the right of human reason against the slavery of the mind. Soon the battle-field changed; Catholicism did not find much to fear from Protestantism. Heresy was no more the hydra-headed monster which she wanted to crush. A new enemy, far more powerful, raised its head against the church of Rome. That enemy was the Republic;* the soldiers she had to con-

* After the struggles which have filled the history of the world during the space of sixty years, who are among those who have fought the Catholic church—those who have gained something at the present time? There are two: *the Revolution and the Church.* Outside of these two, there are none. Is it Protestantism? No. Philosophy? No. Temporal power? No. True Liberalism? No, a thousand times no!"—Montalembert, des interets Catholiques, au XIX. Siecle, p. 56.

tend against were the Republicans. The religious struggle ceased to be as dangerous to her as the democratic struggle. The principles of liberty contained in the two forms of government above-mentioned, were mortal to the church. As soon as she saw the danger, she determined to save herself, cost what it would. Immediately each priest became inwardly, if not outwardly, a soldier against the republicans; he received the mission to preach against the republic, and sustain monarchism and empire. My friend, added Ciceroacchio, "the priest, mark it, is under the system he obeys, no more than the soldier under his general." Have for him the same regard as you have for your enemy in war. Once a prisoner, turn him out free. You say: 'He will fight against us;' is not the soldier doing the same thing? Does that prevent you to win victory? No! Then let principles, let reason have its natural channel. A book is more efficacious against Catholicism and priesthood, than an army of one hundred thousand men. A fair discussion, a meeting, a journal, is more powerful to work out its destruction than persecution and torture.

History shows that every time Catholicism has been benefitted, the advantages it received have proved fatal to its own existence. Tyranny, either religious or social, is wont to destroy itself by its own prosperity. Prosperity itself is the touchstone of principles. When principles are bad, prosperity destroys them; when good, they secure and ground them more firmly. Don't fear to see Catholicism prosperous; it has never been

in greater danger than when fortune seemed to smile upon its acts. Then take good care, my friends, not to give yourself up to persecution; for persecution changes even love into hatred, and an assassin, persecuted, is well nigh to inspire as much interest, as a hero crowned with laurels.

Such were the teachings of Ciceroacchio; and to him are due that exemplary forbearance, that Christian charity, showed by the Roman people towards the clergy, at the time of the revolution of 1849.

Not only did the Roman patriot teach his fellow-citizens the pure morals of the gospel, but he also practiced them. He was the reliever and comforter of the unhappy. His charities were as boundless as his services. Once, the Tiber having overflowed a part of the city, where the poor Roman citizens were located, he and his father embarked in a boat, and, neglecting their own store, which was overflowed at the time, went and succoured the inhabitants, carrying provisions, and distributing them gratuitously to all. This fact, and many others of the same character, contributed to engrave his name in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.

The elevation of Pio IX., by giving a larger scope to the hopes of the people, naturally brought Ciceroacchio to a more elevated standing in the estimation of the Papal government. His influence on the people, had made him redoubtable to the Conservative party, and it was in order to have him in its interests, that the influential members of the Church had, secretly, advised Lord

Momento to sound the patriot, and see what sort of agreement could be made with him. The patriot, whose ideas were bent on conciliatory measures, and whose kindness of heart did not perceive the snare, laid for him by the skilful hand of the Church, heartily condescended to listen to these propositions; and it was with a mind favorably disposed, that he went to the meeting appointed by the English diplomatist.

CHAPTER V.

PATRIOT, MONK, AND ARISTOCRAT.

As two representatives of English policy were moving, with a slow and majestic gait, towards the room where the Roman patriot was waiting, a sort of monkish fellow, with a shorn head, oily face, greasy frock, and jesuitical countenance, crept, rather than walked, towards their lordships, and hinging on his hips, as long as a dancing master teaching obeisance to a lady of the world, he finally stood erect before them, waiting for a question.

Lord Momento had no sooner perceived the fatty personage, than immediately his look became brighter, and an expression of indescribable satisfaction was seen blooming on his moon-like colored visage. Such must have been the glance of Lucifer, when in his wandering tour through the globe, he chanced to meet either of his friends, Beelzebub, Astaroth, or Mephistopheles.

"God forbid," exclaimed the English aristocrat, with as musical a voice as that which nature has given

to a frog, "this is, if my eyes do not deceive me, our friend, Crawlingstoni, one of the servants of Father Francisco. What good tidings bring you here, my friend? Have you anything new to communicate to us?"

On this inquiry, the monk, completely overwhelmed by such politeness, threw forward the superior part of his person, made another obeisance, and tucking his hand into the folds of his loose frock, a little above the rope coiled round his waist, he said, with the most humble and sweetest voice:

"God bless your lordship, and may the bountiful heaven pour upon your family the bounty of his treasures."

This blessing, granted to an English heretic by a fervent Catholic, drew an imperceptible smile to the lips of the two lords.

"A thousand thanks to you for your kind wishes, good father. May the same power bring upon you, and the brethren of your faith, all the good you desire to us."

"*Dominus det vobis suam pacem:* the Lord grant you his peace;" replied the father. "I have a message for you, from Father Francisco."

"Alleluia!" replied Lord Momento: "What does the holy father want?"

"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Francisco;* the angels of the Lord have announced to the Rev. Father Francisco, that the Sanfedesti would meet this evening, at the 'Angel of the Field.'"

"*Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum:* may the divine assistance always remain with us;" replied the English diplomatist. "For what object will they meet?"

"*Sparso verbi:* to spread the seeds of heaven, or, to speak in worldly language, to put down the efforts of the Roman Republicans;" replied Father Crawlingstoni.

"*Ad firmandum cor sincerum:* and here the faithful rest secure;" added Lord Momento, with a compunctive sigh. "Please tell the father that I will assist him with all my might in his glorious attempt. As soon as my interview with Ciceroacchio is over, I shall return to Rome, and will set at work all the strength and influences I can dispose of, for the purpose of furthering his plans."

"*Gaude Ecclesiæ, Virgo gloriosa:* Rejoice, O Church! Glorious Maid!" returned the agent of Father Francisco; "the great of the world are with thee! The father, my superior, told me that he would shortly address to you his instructions, relative to the present affairs, through correspondence. He begs of you to watch the infidels, and to report all their manœuvres to him, so that he may help you to stifle down their criminal attempts."

"Tell his holiness, that my whole mind is engaged in that pursuit, and as soon as his precious intervention will be needed, I will let him know. Now, father," said Lord Momento, pulling out from his pocket a heavily-filled purse, "please to accept this for your

poor. Let me not forget that it is through charities to the needy, that the Church is enabled to bestow her services upon the wealthy; and that he who gives to the Church, receives, in blessings of all sorts, ten times the amount."

A flush of pleasurable sensation pervaded Father Crawlingstoni, at sight of the handsome purse. He stepped forward, bowed with a submissive attitude, crossed his arms on his projecting belly, and, with a voice, whose tones seemed rather to belong to his nose than to his larynx, he exclaimed, "*Gaude et lætare, Virgo Maria!* Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary! said the monk, in receiving the purse. "I shall not fail to fulfil your orders, your lordship. *Auri sacra fames:* you shall have glory for your money," added he, misconstruing the Latin words; "Yes, give to the Church, so that the Church may in future give to you. *Animas prævidit futura:* I shall pray God to give you strength and courage against your enemies: *contra hostes tuos.*"

Each of the sentences spoken by Father Crawlingstoni, was preceded and followed by an obeisance, and a step backward, in the direction of the door. Finally, feeling that his supply of Latin was about to be exhausted, he made an obeisance, far lower and more humble than the others, and suddenly disappeared.

"Is this another of your friends?" inquired Lord John, after the departure of the father. "Upon my soul! had not his coat been so greasy, and his nose so

red, I would have taken him for a gentleman. His Latin was of the purest nature, and his obeisances as humble and numerous as a courtier's."

"For God's sake," replied Lord Momento, on perceiving Ciceroacchio in a room, situated on the other side of the winding gallery in which they stood, "Silence, Lord John; let not this man listen to our secrets, otherwise we shall betray ourselves, and our cause with us."

"Be it as you order, sir. Since circumstances have made me a temporary accomplice of your political device, I must submit to my fate, and be faithful to my position to the end."

In finishing these words, the two lords entered the room. No sooner did Ciceroacchio see them, than he left his seat, and advancing to the middle of the room to meet them, he bowed with a respectful and dignified air. There was, in his frank and honest countenance, a sort of elevation, the impression of which seemed to reflect itself upon the astonished air of the two foreigners.

This fugitive sensation did not prevent Lord Momento giving himself up to that movement peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race. He took the hand of the patriot, and shaking it with a long convulsive grasp, as if he wanted to convince him of his feelings through the repeated action of his muscles, he said:

"The honor of meeting you here, sir, is one which I esteem of greater value than I dare to express.

Respect and veneration stops sometimes the overflowing of the heart, but none of its sentiments are impaired for all that."

"Oh! my ears!" soliloquized Lord John, in a low voice. "In what country are you, to listen to such a deceitful flattery! Has John Bull lost his pride to prostrate himself before a Roman clown, or has nobility stooped so low that dignity itself has forsaken it?"

"Does he take me for a fool, or does he want to try my vanity?" murmured Ciceroacchio. "Pshaw! innocent that I am; do I not know what is the meaning of all these flatteries? Albion is faithful to her system; she crouches but to make a better jump. Your lordship will excuse me," added the patriot, raising his voice, "I am so little acquainted with the customs of the court; the questions and answers of its civilities are so unknown to me, that I feel perfectly incapable to stand with you on that ground. Oblige me then, sir, to speak plainly and shortly, as you would to one of your own tenants. I assure you, I will understand a simple conversation a thousand times better than a complicated one."

"Oh! all simplicity!" exclaimed Lord John. "What sort of a brain is yours, that civility itself cannot peep through it! And is this a leader of the people? is this the chivalry of the age? the monarchs of the present century? oh Israel!"

"I do not accept that excuse; it is only a proof of your too great modesty," replied the English diplomatist. "No language is either too polite, or too elevated

for such a bright intellect as yours. However, since it is your pleasure, I shall go straight to the point without losing my time in long speeches or useless circumlocutions."

Faithful to the habits of an English politician, Lord Momento did all to the contrary of what he had announced. His conversation was prolix, his thoughts diffuse, his language intricate. He protested the sympathy of his government for liberal opinions, (a thing which Ciceroacchio did not believe a word of,) he said that constitutional governments were the best of all governments; a wounding proposition which caused his patient listener to dubiously move his head. He spoke of the Duke of Tuscany, of Austria, of Carlo Alberto, and of the king of Naples! In a word, he followed exactly the instructions received in the letter a few moments before.

After half an hour of a conversation, during which Lord John had several times shrugged his shoulders in spite, and Ciceroacchio harrowed his brain in order to make something out of it, Lord Memento concluded his speech with these words:

"Yes, sir! there is no alternative for the Italian people, except this; peace, respect to laws, religious and civil—love and gratitude to your governors—reverence to the Holy Mother Church—regard to the clergy—an enlightened obedience to the present order of things, that is to say as regards property, family, and religion."

"This is the executioner's blow," thought Lord John,

to himself, dealt by the hand of a Whig, to the glorious English church! The idea of recommending love to the Popish government, can only spring from a treacherous heart, and be uttered by deceitful lips. How low must be the doctrines of these men, how perverse their ideas! Shrink, my soul! shrink, my tongue! from any longer connection with these contemners of public morals and honest purposes!"

Ciceroacchio, always on the defensive, vainly strove to discover in the midst of the twaddle which Lord Momento was fixing like useless trappings around his true design, the point he wanted to strike. But when he saw the common-place sentences of respect to law, to family, and religion, crowning his lordship's discourse, he could not refrain from smiling. The English agent saw it, and a frown appeared upon his brow.

"My lord," said the patriot, with great earnestness of accent, "permit me; I am not here for the trifling object of discussing opinions, or controverting ideas. You have done me the honor to call upon me, with a higher and more practical view. Please to inform me with them, so that I may learn what I have to do for your service."

"Sir," replied the Lord, "your influence among the people, tells you plainly enough, what the friends of order and peace are expecting from you. A volcano is now boiling in the breasts of a majority of your fellow-citizens; stifle it—prevent the explosion—and society will owe you one of the greatest of God's blessings, peace!"

"Had I the influence which you suppose me to possess, I would not have the power to do what you want me to do. No human hand can set a volcano at rest. If the time has come for its breaking out, let it do so. Revolutions are not the work of man, they are that of Providence itself!"

"Revolution!" exclaimed Lord Momento, with an air of surprise. "Revolution! do you expect a revolution?"

"A revolution!" exclaimed Lord John, with a terrified look. "Oh! Ichabod! Ichabod! what a shame for thy house!" said he, raising his hands towards heaven. "No more hope for thee! The glory of thy days are gone by, and thy bright garments polluted by the hands of the Whigs will never be restored to their former lustre!"

"I wish I could understand what that longish old ugly gentleman says," thought Ciceroacchio to himself. "He speaks, his face turned to the wall, as if the bricks were gifted with ears. What the deuce can he mutter so?"

"But why a revolution?" inquired Lord Momento. "Do you need it to be happy? Why not obtain that which you ask by peaceful measures? Are you compelled to resort to such dreadful means as revolutions always are, to reach your aims? Speak, Signor," added the lord, seeing the look of amazement of the patriot, "speak! Let us hear your reasons."

"I have none, sir; none to give to men, who like you, seem to be so ignorant of the state of our wretched

country. None to those, who like you, mistaken on the awful system of the church of Rome,* seem to think that there can exist a system of conciliation between two things as directly adverse, one to the other, as

*Extract of a work of Mazzini, on Austria, Italy, and the Pope.

ROME—PAPACY.—The electors of the Pope, the Cardinals, each eligible after him, and feeling themselves his equals, substitute their pleasure for his, every one in his sphere. The Bishops, also partaking in this divine character, and in irresponsible authority, exercise a wide and almost independent power. The same, too, with the chiefs of the Holy Inquisition. The ecclesiastics, holders of the principal offices, incompetent from past habits and studies to undertake their administration, discharge their duties by the aid of inferior employees, who in turn feeling their position uncertain, as dependent, or a necessarily short-lived patronage, are guilty of every possible malversion, and aim solely at self-enrichment. Beneath all, the weary people, worn down by all, re-acting against all, are initiated into a corruption, the example of which is set by their superiors; or avenge themselves, as they may, by revolt or the poignard. Such, abridged, is the normal state of Papal Italy.

In such a system there is not, there cannot be, any place for general, social interests, but place for the interests of self alone. The people who govern, have nothing in common with the governed; they may have mistresses—they cannot have wives; their children, if they have any, are not legitimate, and have nothing to hope for, but from intrigue and favoritism. The love of glory, the ambition of doing good—the last stimulant left to individuals when every other is wanting—exist not for them. The absence of all unity of systems, the instability of all principle of government, as evidenced at Rome, under each new Pope, and in the provinces under each new legate, wholly destroys the possibility of such an impulse. How should men devote themselves to amendments that

liberty and despotism. Call it intellectual or physical, I care not. It comes to the same, since its results are identical. I will not do you the injustice to think that you don't know the actual system of things in Rome,

can be in force but a few years, that must pass away ere they can have fruit? Besides, as I have before said, the ecclesiastics are driven, by their want of political aptitude, to govern by auditors, assessors, or secretaries, why should they labor for good, when the glory would all go to their chiefs? why should they not labor for evil, when the dishonor will fall there also? fear has no hold on the subalterns, for not acting in their own name, they have nothing to dread save from their patrons. Fear has no hold on the heads, for as to some, their powers, and the part taken in the election of the reigning Pope, as to others, the Apostolic constitutions or the traditions of the church, establish an *irresponsibility* in fact or law.

Consequent on the irresponsibility of the holders of office, combined with the absence of distinctive limitations to official authority, no irregularity is too extravagant for the Popedom. The Cardinal Dutario, claims the right of setting aside the ordinances of the Pope, whenever it seems good to him.

A law of Benedict XIV., confirmed by Pius VII., and Leo XII., ordains that every farming of duties, and every contract relating to the exchequer should be effected by public competitions; and that after the first auction, a certain time should elapse to see if any party will advance on the highest bidding; and yet the Secretary of State and the Treasurer, constantly violate this prudent regulation, and, for a sum in hand, without the slightest formality, assign such a contract to whomsoever they please. Cardinal Alboni, published at Bologna, on the 1st of February, certain ordinances of Gregory XVI., of the 8th October, 1831, to the effect that for the future no man should be taken out of the hands of his native judges; and twenty days later, he created a Provost's Court, that treated as crimes, acts not before obnoxious to the law. The

and since you know it, you ought not to speak as you do. And now, my lord, that I have finished speaking, permit me once more to ask what your wishes are. I don't know whether or not you are aware that I am still waiting for them."

Cardinal Treasurer, and the Cardinal Camertengo, promulgated at the same time, 1828, two opposing regulations relating to the ports. The functions of the provincial heads were laid down by law, but the Pope reserves to himself the gift of a Letter or Brief of Instruction, by which he extends their power to what limit he pleases, and often invests them with the exercise of a portion of legal jurisdiction in civil matters; they may abuse these powers according to caprice, for whatever they may do, *they cannot be recalled till the expiration of three years.* But why cite facts which may be increased to infinity? Who is there to whom the enormities of the Papal Government are unknown? Is not their best proof, that general agitation, which for the last twenty years has been ever spreading in these provinces? Were they not recognized by the five courts themselves, in the memorandums they presented to the Pope, on the 21st of May, 1831? And the declaration of Sir Hamilton Seymour, in his official correspondence in 1832, with the Austrian Ambassador at Rome, is conclusive on these matters.

Under this anarchy of fleeting and ephemeral powers, all in arbitrary action, all in conflict, all moved by individual passions—in this den of abuse, of patronage, of venality, and of corruption; its inevitable consequence—the sources of material prosperity, are one by one withering. *The uncertainty of the law, the confused* state of the regulations respecting mortgages, the "repudiation" often granted to debtors by the Pope, unknown to creditors, the tediousness of legal process, the delays arbitrarily awarded to influential debtors, the privileges belonging to the Tribunale della *Fabrica di San Pietro*, charged to search in wills and other deeds, ancient and modern, for the existence of pious legacies unfulfilled—all these

"That Italian clown is not so stupid as I thought at first," observed Lord John, in a low voice. "After all, he seems to puzzle my Whig friend. Could the unsullied glory of the church of England find a defender in such a low personage?"

tend to the depreciation of property. From the same causes, and from the frequent variation of the always extravagant high scale of duties, commerce is swallowed up between the monopolist and the smuggler. Industry is shackled by exclusive privileges, by restrictions, by a vexatious excise, and above all, by intrigue, which is favored by the officials, who are linked to Rome, as against every provincial manufacturer that may likewise be carried on in the metropolis. The enormous weight of taxation, bearing not merely indirectly, but under the name of *Focatico*, and the contributions for military purposes, also directly on the peasant, hinders all progress in agriculture. The treasury, when not plundered by the irresponsible Treasurer, is exhausted in pensions scandalously lavished on idle Prelates—on inferior proteges, whom it has been necessary to deprive of their employments, but whom it is hazardous to bring to justice or ignominiously dismiss—on women of ill life, courtezans to the Cardinals, or no such as have rendered secret services to the government or any of its members. It maintains a large part of the congregations of the Propaganda; it foments political plots in Spain, in Portugal, and elsewhere; it everywhere keeps alive, by secret agents, Jesuits and others, the assailant spirit of the Papistry; it feeds the luxury of the most demoralized court in Europe, in the midst of a famishing population. Before 1831, the public debt was nearly 600,000,000 Italian livre, but is now much augmented. In 1831–2, such was the exhausted state of the treasury, a foreign loan was negotiated, one was imposed on the *cities of the Legations, the funds of the charitable institutions of Bologna were seized on*, and the land tax was increased a third. Other laws were effected in succeeding years. No variety of expedients has been left untried, and yet the financial position of the government becomes daily more critical.

The direct question put to Lord Momento, seemed to call to his mind all his reflective powers. His head drooped downward in the direction of the floor; his looks obstinately fixed on the same spot; his hands behind his back, his mind in the association of some evil spirit; his moral and physical faculties, his whole being, in a word, were that of a man embarked in a false direction, and making his way through a storm.

"What can he thus devise?" said the patriot to himself. Probably he digs at the bottom of some mischief, and wishes to mix me up with it. Now, I see! His plan is as clear as daylight. He wishes to make some suitable proposition of bribery, but appears at a loss for means to reach his object. I wish I had not been so sanguine in my expectations, and had remembered the usual system adopted by English policy; I should not now be here."

The patriot was following the thread of his reflections, waiting for an answer from his lordship, when a creaking of the lobby floor announced the approach of some person. The two lords having started at the noise, Ciceroacchio went to the door, and observing the whole passage at a single glance, he saw the leaden *tibias* of Signor Nicolo Savini, moving slowly in his direction.

The appearance of the host, at a moment when he knew him to be aware of his engagement with the two lords, rather sharpened his curiosity. Like all men of genius, the Roman leader had a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and of the man he had to deal with.

CHAPTER VI.

A JESUIT IN PETTICOATS.

We must now leave the English lords, and return to a more agreeable, and less unhappy creature.

Our readers undoubtedly remember, that Signora Savini, after having fulfilled her message to Lord Momento, seeing her husband coming, left the room with the hurry of a thrush at the approach of an owl, not that the placid countenance and quiet demeanor of the landlord of the "Angel of the Field," had anything analogous with the preying appetite of the ravenous bird—but, because uneasy consciences are apt to take alarm the more easily, even when in security. Thus is the murderer haunted, either by the avenging ghosts of his victims, or by the threatening appearance of some officer of justice. Once out, Signora Savini flew, with the swiftness of a nymph escaping the embraces of a satyr, through the numerous by-lanes, in the midst of which the "Angel of the Field" was situated. Having arrived at a certain point, where the lane was abruptly broken by a projecting building, she turned

to the left, and climbed a little outside stairs, the greatest portion of which was let into the thick wall, whilst the other part protruding outwards without any railing, presented a real abyss, open under the feet of the visitor. The Signora, notwithstanding the danger, boldly mounted, and stopping before a little plain pine door, she gave three taps, and the door opened.

A young country girl, seventeen years old, blooming like a moss rose out of her velvet corset, appeared on the threshold. As soon as the two women met, they embraced each other.

"My dear Carlotina!" said the Signora, tenderly pressing the young girl to her bosom.

"Carissima Madalena!" replied the girl, with no less veracity of sentiments. "How pleased I am to see you! Sure you gave me ample cause of grumbling, for neglecting me so long,—but I love you so much, that the mere gratification of seeing you, makes my anger evaporate." And thus saying, she took the Signora inside of her little room, and made her sit in the only arm chair she possessed.

"Dear Carlotina," said the Signora, "don't bear any grudge against me. If I was free to regulate my conduct, according to the pulsation of my heart, I would come to see you every day; for you know I look upon you as my own child, my darling, the object of my dearest affection; and if I do not treat you as I should, it is not because I don't wish, but because I cannot do it."

"If reciprocity of affection could be proved by mere words, I would say to you, what is not yet in my power to show, in another way, and that my affection for you is natural, that my heart feels what my lips cannot express, and that all my desire is to find the opportunity of testifying to you, that my devotion to your person is as unbounded as my gratitude."

"Poor little dear Carlotina," replied the Signora Savini, in taking the hands of the young girl, and directing upon her a glance, where treachery was skillfully dissimulated, under an expression of feigned sympathy. "Poor little dear Carlotina!"

"I don't ask you, how is the Signor Savini," said Carlotina, "I see him every day. It was from him that I learned your absence from home, and your visit at Rome."

"Yes, dear," said the Signora, "and instead of grumbling about it, you ought to show yourself thankful for the news I bring to you. For," said she, lowering her voice, and gently clapping the hands of the young girl, one against the other, "I went to visit the soldiers in their barracks, and there I saw a handsome sergeant, who spoke to me about a lady of my acquaintance, and who said, that I ought to kiss her in his name, whenever I met her." And, in finishing her sentence, the Signora jumped upon her feet, and clasping the head of Carlotina, kissed her, and re-kissed her, as if possessed by a supernatural fit of affection.

The young girl blushed up to her eyes with confu-

sion. Her cheeks, her neck, her bosom, seemed to have been steeped in that purple juice, so abundantly furnished by the bright sun of Italy.

"Why do you blush so?" exclaimed the Signora. "Why! my dear, is it a crime to love? Are you not young, handsome, and lovely? Have you not eyes as bright as diamonds, hair as dark as a raven, and lips rosy as coral? My dear, when I was at your age, and could boast of your advantages, I would not suffer a man to pass by, without his immediately falling in love with me."

"Well, Carissima Madalena," said the young girl, in drawing her chair nearer that of the Signora, "since you know so well the empire of man's love upon woman's heart, you will pity mine. Tell me, then, tell me, quick, what my dear Adrian said about me. How is it that he does not write to me, and why am I so long without hearing anything of him?"

"Dear Carlotina," replied the Signora Savini, affecting great composure and assuming a serious air, "I have to speak to you about your Adrian. But, as what I have to tell you is rather of a delicate nature, please to look around, lest anybody should hear us talk."

The young girl, frightened by these words, and the serious air of the Signora, rose up, went around the room, opened the door, looked outside, and, after having convinced herself that the words pronounced inside could not reach any human ears, she resumed her seat, at the feet of the wife of Signor Savini, and

raising her blue eyes towards her, her glance expressing both curiosity and anxiety, she prepared herself to listen with confidence and attention

"What I want from you, Carlotina," said she, "is a full and sincere answer to the questions I am going to address to you. And, to make you aware of the importance of what I have to say, learn that the Holy Father is interested in it."

In pronouncing these words, the two women made the sign of the cross.

"Has your Adrian, ever communicated to you what his political opinions were?"

"Never," said the young girl.

"Has he ever let you guess what they might become, should a revolution break out in Italy?" inquired the Signora.

Here the young girl leaned her head upon her hand, and seemed to interrogate her memory.

"I cannot positively answer your question on that point," replied Carlotina. "I have a confused reminiscence to have heard him speak of *Giuseppe Mazzini*."

"Well! what did he say concerning him?" inquired the Signora, fixing her glance upon the young girl.

"As far as I can recollect," returned Carlotina, "he pronounced him to be a good Italian, a true friend of liberty, a man who loved his country beyond anything else, and the population of Rome as his own children."

"Did you ever hear him say anything against his Holiness?" inquired the Signora.

"God forbid!" exclaimed the girl. "He is too good a Catholic, and respects too much our *Sante Padre*,* for having taken such a liberty."

* The title "PAPA," (the Italian word for Pope,) has been declared by some, to have been derived from the two first letters of the Latin words, PATER PATRUM, (father of fathers, &c.,) by others, from the initials of *Petrus Apostolus Potestatem Accipiens*, Peter the Apostle receiving power, an etymology which perfectly describes the continual object of the head of the church. However, it is generally admitted that the word Pope is derived from Papa, (or father,) a title borne by *all* the bishops, and not exclusively by one, during the first seven or eight centuries.

At the time when Constantine divided the whole Roman world into four Prefectures, the whole empire, says Gibbon, was divided into thirteen great Dioceses, each of which equalled the measure of a powerful kingdom.

The bishopric of Rome enjoyed all the privileges of a Metropolitan over all the bishops of the provinces subject to the vicar of the city. In like manner the bishop of Milan exercised the power of a Metropolitan over all the bishops under the vicar of Italy, who was a civil officer, and one of the four Prefects selected by Constantine.

"At that time," says Powell, "no clear evidence appears that any of the fathers of the first three centuries, ever maintained the divine right of bishops *alone*, to be successors of the Apostles, and to *ordain* and *govern* pastors as well as people."

In A. D., 580, John, bishop of Constantinople, having assumed the title of *Universal Bishop*, the following letter was sent to the bishops of his diocese, from Pelagius, the bishop of Rome, arising against the ambitious presentation of the Eastern Patriarch. "You ought not," says he, "acknowledge John as *universal* bishop, unless you propose to depart away from the communion of the bishops." Gregory the Great, writing some time after on the same subject, says: "All those who have read the Gospel know well that

to see your child share with another, an affection that you covet undivided for yourself?"

"Why, Miss," replied the Signora, uneasy at observing with what stubbornness the young girl was defending her lover, and how difficult would be the task to raise in her mind a suspicion against him. "Mercy on me! Signorina, are you going to accuse me of treachery? or do you suppose me cruel enough to trifle with your sentiments for the mere sake of egotistic love. No—disabuse yourself—what I say here is as pure of alloy as truth itself."

"Well, dear mother, if what you have to impart to me about Adrian is so terrible, why don't you tell it to me all at once, and not let me linger in trances of anguish?"

"Beware!" said the Signora, "your little head takes fire at the least imputation against your lover; because when I speak of him, you let your imagination walk quicker than your reason, and instead of listening to wisdom's advice, you seem rather disposed to hear the beating of your heart and the whims of your fancy. Why, Miss, did I not see you ready to quarrel with your mother because she dared to speak against the object of your love?"

"Excuse me, dear mother," replied Carlotina, in joining her two pretty hands as for a prayer, "see—must I not be like other girls of my age! is it not what you said to me some time ago?"

"Yes," responded the Signora, with a smile, "ex-

cept, however, that the girls of your age listen to their mother, even if what they have to say is contrary to the opinion of their daughters; whilst you, little rebel, have for more than a quarter of an hour completely set aside the voice of duty by lending a favorable ear to the voice of your inclination."

"Well, mother," I am going to listen exclusively to the first—speak, and I will try to be as attentive as to the service of the mass—speak, dear mother."

"I am glad to see you becoming more rational," said the Signora, seeing the young girl disposed to lend her ear to what she intended to reveal. "But as what I have to communicate, requires a few preliminary remarks, you will be careful not to interrupt me, if I take a little circuit, before alluding to the subject you have so exclusively at heart."

"Well, mother, go on. I promise not to interrupt you."

"I do not know, my dear Carlotina, if you are aware that, in the midst of Italy, under its sunny sky, which makes fruit so sweet and voices so melodious, you ever heard of a secret society, living in darkness, feeding upon intrigues, and working slowly and underhand, towards unchaining upon earth, the dominions of hell?"*

* Here is a short extract of a catechism, circulated in France and Italy, through the hands of the Jesuits, and recorded by the partizans of the re-action, as the definition of the principles belonging to republican. This catechism is hawked about in the city and country, and given gratis to the peasantry. One may see that the Church and the State, the Pope and the monarch, are not

436344

"Never, mother," smiled Carlotina.

"That society," continued the Jesuitic female, "entertains the most abominable doctrines—doctrines which, were they for a single minute triumphant, would bring upon us the anger of Heaven, and cause, like

slumbering in either country, but by all possible means, calumny leading the van, try to tear down liberty and raise the edifice of absolutism. Let the catechism speak:

Q. What is Liberty?

A. The triumph of despotism and the reign of arbitrary power. Under such a triumph and such a reign, stores and shops, instead of being opened as they ought to be, are constantly closed.

Q. What is Equality?

A. The right to put down his neighbor, and to raise above him; the largest application of that common saying is:—Get you out! Let me get in!

Q. What is Fraternity?

A. The want generally felt by the poor, to plunder the fortunes of the wealthy, and, if necessary, to kill them.

Q. What do you understand by workman?

A. The laborer who gets his pay, and does not work.

Q. What do you understand by meritorious men under republican regime?

A. The one who having never done anything, is found by his very position, able to do everything.

Q. What is the religion of the revolutionists?

A. Revolutionists have no religion. Were they going to admit the existence of God, they would strike at the great principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. The reason is for them that God being a King, despotically ruling the Universe, he cannot be either the equal nor the brother of any man.

Such are the ideas and sentiments lent to the republicans of Europe, by the Catholic Church, and the absolute sovereigns of the old continent!

formerly, for Gomorrha and Sodom, a rain of fire and brimstone."

"God bless us, mother, I hope my Adrian has nothing to do with such a society!" replied the young girl with a shudder.

"That society," continued the Signora, without apparently noticing the remark, "is composed of a handful of rascals, plotting and accomplishing in the dark recesses of some ruined palaces, together with the robbers and assassins going thither to seek for a shelter, the most villainous schemes that imagination can dream of. They swear, perjure themselves, and are given up to the most outrageous infamy against our mother the church, against our fathers of the sacred college, and, a thing horrible to tell, against the Holy Father himself!"

"Why, Mother, even against our *Santa Padre, Pio Nono?*"

"This would amount to nothing," replied the Signora, who being affiliated to the Jesuits, was a Gregorian,* "if they had not put down as an article of

* The name Gregorians was taken by the Jesuits and their followers, the Sanfedesti, to distinguish themselves from the partizans of Pius IX. The death of Gregory XVI. having brought the election of Pius IX., who was accused of being tainted with the ideas of Young Italy, there were two great divisions in the church. One walking with the liberals towards reform, the other clinging to their former privileges, and unwilling to yield, or to concede anything to the people. Hence the enmity which arose between the Pope and the Jesuits, an enmity which, ending by the flight of Pio IX., from Rome, assured for the latter, a supremacy which

their creed, the abolition of the civil power among our fathers, the priests, and if, blinded by a hellish passion, they did not think to divide the power of the Roman States among themselves."

"What an abomination," said the young girl whose pliant mind had been marred at an early age, through the all-powerful influence of ignorance and superstition. "How is it possible that such men exist? what do you call them, mother?—are they strong?—are they numerous?—do they look like Christians?" repeated Carlotina, who had been taught to look upon the despisers of the priests as monsters.

"There is no more relation between them and Christians, than there is relation between light and darkness, between good and evil, between Jesus Christ and the devil," replied the Signora. "These men have nothing human in their persons. Coarse is their voice, devilish their appearance, their features are pale and elongated, their eyes flash as the phosphoric gleam of a spectre, and their chins covered with a long and repulsive beard, like those of the barbarians of the north. When they move, it is during the night, like the owls and the frogs. They style themselves with the name of LIBERALS, and are sworn by the most terrible oaths to their society, which they called with the odious name of '*Young Italy.*'"*

they have preserved until now. This is but one of the numerous instances of the so much boasted *unity* and harmony of the Roman Church.

* The society of *Young Italy*, (*Giovine Italia*,) was founded by

"You frighten me, mother! Are these men the enemies of religion?'

"Who can doubt it!" replied the Signora, starting. "Have they not stamped upon their faces, the stigma of the monarch of hell, to whom they belong? Look at their sinister countenance! Why! those men are so much frightened with their own conscience, that they bend their heads downward, and never raise it

Mazzini, in 1831, when his exile from Geneva obliged him to take refuge at Marseilles. The main plan of the Italian patriot was to unite the *disjecta membra* of Italy, under the national banner, and to create an Italian nationality. The first members of Young Italy were men who had been mostly Carbonari, and whose hopes of good from the accession of Charles Albert, were dispelled by his conduct. *Young Italy* was an educational movement, not merely revolutionary but regenerative. Their flag displayed in Savoy, in 1834, bears Italian colors, (white, red, and green,) on one side, *Liberty, Equality, and Humanity*, on the other, *Unity and Independence*, GOD AND HUMANITY; this was its principles in all its foreign relations, as GOD and the PEOPLE was in all its labors for its country. From this double principle, it deduced all its religious, social, political, and individual creeds. It was secret so far only, as was necessary for its interior operations; its existence and purpose were public. It had a central committee abroad to keep up its standard, to form communications with other countries and to direct the enterprise, and committees in Italy to superintend the various movements. It had the formula of an oath, or declaration of political belief—a method of recognition, especially for the envoys of the association—a branch of cypress for a symbol in memory of the martyrs, and as an image of constancy, and the words "Now and Ever," (*Ora and Sempre*,) for device. (*Dem. Rev. January*, 1852., p. 45.)

Though ignorant of its signification, the poor girl bent her head, and a blush covered her face.

The Signora rose from her chair, and taking the maiden by the hand, led her before a picture representing *Santa Madalena* pouring a vase of oil over the feet of the Lord, and having directed the girl's attention to it, said :

" How much would you give to spare our Signor, Jesus Christ, a single suffering, and to be as devoted to him as that great saint ?"

" My life !" quickly replied Carlotina.

" Your life does not belong to you, but to God, consequently, your life amounts to nothing."

" What, then ?" said the young girl.

" What ? what is that held by woman as the most precious of all gifts, as an inestimable treasure, dearer, and more sacred than life itself ?" said Madalena.

" I do not know," replied the young girl, trembling lest she should understand.

" Mark !" exclaimed the Signora, with a malicious glance, " mark ! Carlotina, you must have that man's secret ; I mean your Adrian's secrets. Your duty towards God, imposes that obligation on your conscience. Truth, concerning him, must be known, cost what it may. On that condition alone can you save your soul from hell ;* and, as your soul is still more

* In a meeting of Jesuits held in the city of *Chieri*, Piedmont, father Roothan, the actual general of the order, exclaimed : " *We must not recoil at any cost, whenever it is necessary for us to possess a secret.*" (*Abbot Leone, p.* 102.)

precious to you than your honor, sacrifice your honor rather than endanger your soul. You understand me, Carlotina. Your lover, and I am well informed on that point, is plotting against the Church, that is to say, against our Lord Jesus Christ. Get his secrets, by whatever means may be necessary, and with Saint Madalena, your name will be blessed, and your memory cherished. I told your Adrian to come and see you this evening, so you have every chance to discover from him all that is important to know. I will be here to-morrow."

"Mother! mother! don't leave me," said the young girl, with emotion, on seeing that the Signora had opened the door, and was ready to go out. "You know that I never received Adrian alone."

"Tell him," said the Signora, "that I am engaged, and will see him in the evening. He must, of course, have a great deal to say to you, and my presence would only impose a restraint on the conversation. I leave you, my dear. Good bye. Mind your duty; and, above all, don't forget that you must have Adrian's secrets, or renounce for ever my affection, your own salvation, as well as your hope of saving him from perdition."

In thus saying, the Signora retired, and before getting out of sight, made a sign of friendship to the young girl. Her form was quickly hidden from view by a turn of the lane behind the hotel, whilst Carlotina, dismayed by the Signora's language, contemplated, in a sort of intellectual stupor, the abyss of infamy openly

recommended to her by one she used to respect as a protectress, and to cherish as a mother.

"Well!" soliloquized the mistress of the "Angel of the Field," in walking to her residence, "well! I have not lost my day: to-morrow the secrets of the Young Italy Society will be mine! then the hours of happiness will strike, and love will open the door of my most cherished hopes. Yes! mine," said with pride the vain landlady, "yes, mine! that is to say, to the Church! To the Church? Is it really her interests which make me act as I do now? Oh! my heart! stop! don't beat so quick, lest thou shouldst betray me! Art thou not the accomplice of my thoughts and actions? and more, dost thou not command me, and am I not thy slave? Silence, my heart! silence! Remain yet awhile hidden in the obscure prison whence thou deceivest the world! The day of thy triumph is not far off. The hour when thou mayest appear in all the pomp of public honors, and the greatness of fortune is near at hand! Courage, my heart! and thou wilt have reached the apex of human glory and felicity. Then power, that lever of the world, will be at OUR command, and people will worship the idol of my golden dreams."

CHAPTER VII.

PURCHASE OF A YIELDING CONSCIENCE.

When Signora Savini had left the young Carlotina, she went through the many tenements of the hotel, to a little lane, along the line of which were several doors, communicating from the neighboring court-yards. There she met her husband, face to face, as he was just stepping out of one of these doors.

The countenance of Signor Savini was, contrary to its usual expression, full of good humour and smiles. He held a little folded paper in one hand, whilst the other, plunged into his pocket, seemed to be employed in securing something still more precious.

Instead of taking another way than the one followed by his wife, a thing which the peculiar affection he bore to his better-half, generally induced him to do, he advanced with a satisfied air to meet her, and, with the most agreeable manner he could assume, he held the folded paper in a parallel line with his nose, and then stretching his arm straight-forward, exclaimed :

" Carissima Madalena, *ecco une letterina per te :*

here is a note for you." After these few words, the tenderness of which astonished him, perhaps as much as they astonished his wife, he stopped abruptly. Signor Savini had not the habit of using long sentences.

Madalena took the note, and casting a glance upon the superscription, she read these words: "To Lord Momento; to be delivered immediately."

"Jeronimo," said the Signora, calling a little boy, who was catching flies at the window of the parlor, "come down."

The lad, rather than come down by the safer route, jumped from the window, about twelve feet high, and in a second was near his *padrona.*

"Who are the two gentlemen who came out here this morning?" asked the Signora.

"Who? Ciceroacchio?" inquired the boy.

"No! you silly creature; I speak of two foreigners; those who came two hours ago, where are they now?"

"Ah! Signora, you mean the two glum lords, as stiff as wax candles, and holding their heads as if they had thorns in their cravats; they are just going out. Shall I call, and tell them to come?"

"No; take this paper first, and run after them. Take care, don't lose it, do not tumble down: what a little rogue he is," said the Signora, on seeing the boy starting as an arrow from a bow.

"He is the best of all our servants," muttered her husband, as an echo to her words and sentiments.

"Can you tell me, sir," asked the Signora, abruptly changing the subject of their conversation, "what has happened since I saw you, and how it is that you are in possession of this letter?"

"I am willing to tell you anything and everything," replied the landlord of the "Angel of the Field," "with so much pleasure that it will be between us a renewal of those tokens of confidence I had formerly the happiness to inspire you with, and which have been for years and years declining, declining always, not on my side, but on yours," added, with a sigh, the plump host.

"Well, sir, let us see whether you are still worthy of it or not."

"I will not go far to prove to you that I am so. Apart from the present event, I could say that I did not remain until now without being at least partially aware of your connection with certain personages, my acknowledged political faith prevented me from seeing; and if I have kept silent about them, it is because it entered into my calculations to be so, and not for want of eyes, as you might imagine."

"Bless me, sir, I would never have believed you to be so sharp! Can you tell me how far your knowledge in that matter extends, and what information you gained from so fine a discovery?"

"It is unnecessary to pierce me with your ironic tongue, since your eyes have already shot through me," replied the host, reminded in that moment of the gallantry of his younger days. "As to your ques-

tion, it is perfectly useless to answer you, since my reserve and silence have just now been rewarded. What is past is past; my heart is too full of gratitude not to forget the sad moments of trial I have experienced to bring about the present result, and gather the reward of my sacrifice, or, as you call it, of my discovery."

"If ambiguous language, and sententious parables, are a part of your discovery, I warn you that I don't want to hear it," said the Signora, with an impatient movement of the shoulders.

"Don't be so fast, my dear Madalena," replied her husband. "My recent discoveries are but a part of your own history," added he, with a twinkling of the eye, "consequently, I will not relate it to you, except, however, the last chapter that you don't know, and that you would be sorry not to know."

"Yes! let us see that last chapter, Signor;" replied the Signora, somewhat stung with the raillery of her husband. "But, I warn you, if the part you occupy in it, is as ridiculous as that you are playing just now, it is better for you to keep it, as you have kept the rest.. ... you know what I mean ..... under silence ....."

"You know, my dear, that I have lived long without noticing your sarcasms, and that I intend to do so, still a while."

"Well!" retorted the impatient woman, vexed at seeing the immovable coolness of her husband; "will you keep me still longer standing here, for the mere

pleasure of listening to your impertinences, or will you tell me, at once, and without idle circumlocution, what you have to communicate ?"

"I shall proceed immediately to that part of the sought for intelligence," answered Nicolo Savini, with the same gravity. "I was, as you know I always am, attending to the business of the house, when the little Jeronimo, that same boy you have just sent away, came towards me, and pulling me by the sleeve, whispered in my ear that the Dominican monk, who lives next door, had told him a minute ago, that he wanted to see me on urgent business, and that he wished me to call upon him as soon as possible."

"What do you mean ?" said the Signora, with an anxious look ; "Father Francisco, that holy man ?"

"Yes ; a holy man, as you call him ; you could say an excellent man, without exaggerating any of his qualities or virtues. The boy had no sooner spoken, than, leaving all business aside, I hurried towards the dwelling of the worthy man ; that is to say, of that excellent man."

"I thought," replied the Signora, with a smile, "that your political faith, as you name certain curious ideas of yours, would have prevented you from taking such a step ! Has your conscience changed of late ? and are you at last coming to better sentiments, and to more sensible views ? If it is so, we shall easily understand each other."

"I might answer to your imputations," said the old man, "what Tancrede said to Clorinde : 'you don't

Arrived at this point of his narrative, the host and his wife had reached the hotel, and entered the parlor situated on the second floor. Signora Savini looking through the window lattice, perceived a carriage, and Lord Momento ready to step in, with the little Jeronimo at his side, handing him the letter. The landlady wishing to let their lordships understand the part she had taken in the message, drew back the blinds, and the noise having caused Lord Momento to look in that direction, she put her forefinger upon her forehead, and drawing it down vertically, twice she accompanied that gesture with the most enchanting smile.

"What are you doing there, my dear?" said her husband.

"God forgive me!" said Signora, collecting herself and bounding upon her feet in leaving the window. "God forgive me! I think you are blaspheming, Signor Savini!"

"Don't mind the reminiscence of old habits, since I am now making atonement for my old sins," answered Nicolo, but let me continue my narrative.

"When the monk saw me, a smile as rapid as the lightning of a summer day, passed on his lips. He stopped the business he was engaged in, and showing me his stately form, he was upon his feet and pushed towards me a worn stool, such as those used to lay coffins upon in the church.

"'Sit down,' said he, 'Signor Savini, and excuse me if my poverty prevents me from having a softer seat to offer you.'

"I sat down, and as I placed my hand in my vest, to get my handkerchief, I felt the pulsation of my heart two-fold stronger and quicker than usual. I attributed this to my timidity, not knowing whether the sinister look of Father Francisco, had or not, any influence upon the circulation of my blood.

"'Signor Savini,' continued the holy man, 'I for a long time desired an interview with you, and I thank Heaven, for having at last accomplished my desires. I did not, as you may easily suppose, form this desire without any motive, and now that you are here, I will with all the sincerity I derive from the grace of the Almighty, and with the honesty of intention and purpose which rule the acts of all members of the church, and prevent them from falling into the snare of vanity tendered by the satisfaction of mundane enjoyments to common people, I communicate to you my instructions for your peace in this world, and your salvation in the next. May it please the Almighty king of kings, to regulate my mind, and direct my tongue in the difficult circumstance of my life, and to inspire me with abilities equal to the greatness of his service, and of the laws he has given to our Holy Church.'*

* Here are summed up a few of the "Christian" and political rules of the church. Let our readers judge whether they are in accordance with God's precepts:—

1st. Catholics must hate heretics, philosophers, reformers, and republicans of all sorts and shape. They will form a community of hatred which will daily increase and strongly bind them one to the other.

2d. It is, however, indispensable to disguise it, till the day arrives when it shall break out.

stared at me, watching the impression produced by his exordium. As he saw me as impassible as before, he understood that I had very likely heard the same thing in his last sermon of last Sunday, in church, and did not judge proper to make a rehearsal of his lecture before me. Consequently, he modified the train of his ideas, together with his language, and adroitly passed from this subject to another.

"Like causes must invariably produce like effects. Ruin will bring ruin, desolation produce desolation, and the time of the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, will make its appearance," continued the monk. "What shall we do? Let the world have its own way? It is the loss of mankind. Is not struggling and fighting till victory be ours, a nobler task, more conformable to the will of God, and the salvation of humanity? What do you say, Signo-Savini? Will you not join us, and walk under the flag, which we will unfold in defence of the Church, and the sacred principles represented by her?"

"I don't know whether I understand you," said I to the holy man; "of which flag are you speaking? There are so many, and of so many colors in our days, that I am not sure if the one present to my mind now, is the one you mean."

"Strange, my son, that you should not understand that I can mean none other than that of the Holy Catholic Church! Is there any other legitimate flag in the world?"

"It would be blasphemy to say 'yes,' replied I, and yet there are some persons in the Church contending for several Churches, for instance, the Church of Pio IX., which is not the Church of Gregory XVI. and the Church of the Cardinals Monsignori Prelates Bishops and Arch-bishops, which is neither one nor the other. Those holy men, I understand, do not approve of the reformatory measures undertaken by our present Pontiff, and form a sort of a reactionary party, pulling backward, whilst our Holy Padre pulls onward, thus creating a sort of division in the bosom of the united spouse of Christ. You will excuse me, holy father, added I, if my opinion be expressive of any want of respect towards you, but I had to explain the causes of my not exactly understanding you."*

* The opposition usually marking the advent of a new Pope to the seat of St. Peter, never was more rabid than on the occasion of Pio Nono's ascent to the Papacy. Our readers may judge of it by the following address, which was put into circulation, through the priests and other members of the Society of the *Sanfedesti*, on the elevation of Cardinal Mastaï to the pontifical tiara. The most active agents of the opposition raised against his holiness on account of his supposed liberal opinions, were, at the time, Cardinal della Ganga at Pasaro, and Cardinal de Angelis at Ferno, Lambruschini Antonelli, and others. Those representatives of the Jesuitical party were busily engaged in spreading among the country and city people all the documents which could disaffect the peasants, and sow seeds of suspicion in their ignorant minds.

"Dearest Brethren!—Our holy relígion is almost dead. The intrusive pontiff Mastaï is its oppressor. He is devoted to Young Italy. His attitude is very significant. Vigilance, prudence, and courage, dearest brethren, if you have at heart, as I believe, the maintenance of the religion of Jesus Christ, God-made man! That will triumph! He will assist, and already assists you. Besides the aid of God, we have that

caused her little feet to peep out from beneath the simple mourning dress she wore, and a better shaped and smaller miniature of feet never was seen under the sky of Rome, and perhaps of Italy. Her head covered with jet black hair, slightly kept together by a silver comb, and hurriedly twisted behind, unrolled itself by coming into contact with the back of the chair, and a profusion of waving curls spread themselves over the neck and shoulders of the beautiful girl. Seen in that position, with her red lips budding like a rose upon her olive complexion—her Roman nose, whose thin and rosy nostrils, allowed the rich color of

other, but that they have their root in the Catholic Institutions themselves, are identical to itself, and form as it were the life of Catholicity. At a proof of this, we will cast a glance on the book of history, where these institutions and their withering effects are the most perceptible.

1st. We have the words of the legate of Pope Adrian VI. to the diet of Nuremberg, in the days of Luther, in which he expresses the ideas of that Pontiff:—

"*I say that the Pope and Emperor ought to be implicitly obeyed; the heretics' books burned, and the printers and sellers of them duly punished.* There is no other way to suppress and extinguish the pernicious sect of Protestants."

2d. The decree of the Lateran Council, in 1815. This is the substance of it:—That *no book shall be printed without the Bishop's license:* that those who transgress this decree shall forfeit the whole impression, which shall be publicly burned; pay a fine of one hundred ducats; be suspended from his business for one year, and be excommunicated; that is, given over to the devil, soul and body, in God's name, and the saints! and no person allowed to trade, or deal, or commune with him!

3rd. The decree of the Council of Trent, session 4, sec. &c.—But being desirous also of setting bounds to the printers, who, with unlimited boldness, *suppose themselves at liberty to do as they please.*

her blood to be seen as easily as the mercury of a barometer, through the transparency of the glass—and her eyes, whose deep blue seemed to color themselves with lighter and darker shadows, according to the emotions agitating her breast—a peculiar faculty of the Italian glance, whose effect is most admirably adapted to express the tenderest emotions of the heart—you would have worshipped her as one of those celestial productions of Raphæl, called to life, like Pygmalion's, by the love of the artist.

Grace, youth, and beauty, increased by that unknown sympathy which attaches man's heart to the privileged one of the fair sex, was making Carlotina an object of admiration for men, and of envy for women. Had a painter looked at her in that moment, with her little fingers convulsively grasping the curls of her hair, her face expressing despondency and grief, he would have taken her for a Magdalen of the nineteenth century, in a moment of passionate love or sudden repentance, so handsome and dramatic was her countenance, so natural and intense her sorrow.

As we have already seen, in a preceding chapter, Carlotina had lost her father and mother at a tender age, before having the slightest idea of the world, and of the perils it was strewed with. Her relations were living at a distance from the Campagna Romana, and were as poor as herself. So, no resources or expectations of a more comfortable life were left to the poor girl, when the Signora Savini presented herself, and undertook, with the assistance of the church, to finish

the education of young Carlotina; that is to say, to use her for the service of the hotel. The proposition was accepted by the lonesome girl, who not having the first mouthful of bread with which to allay her hunger, looked upon her assistance as coming from Heaven.

Happily for herself, Carlotina was gifted with a voice whose clear accents, rather melodious than thrilling, full and soft, had the faculty to move the slumbering chords of the soul, and to moisten the eye with emotion. Such a bright gift was soon discovered by the monks and friars who then frequented the hotel, and a report having been made to the curate of the adjoining church, Carlotina was invited for the Sunday following, to sing with the choir. The innocent girl did not know a single note of music, and could scarcely read her prayer-book. She had learned all she knew from memory, in going to mass and vespers, but such was the aptitude of her organization for music, that she could learn an air by hearing it once, and repeat it, reproducing all the tones from a chromatic gamut, to the most complicated fioritures. That Sunday her triumph was complete. Never had such accents resounded in the church since the days of the Requiem of Mozart, and during six months and more, the whole conversation turned upon the poor Italian girl, whose voice had created such a sensation in the neighborhood of the "*Angel of the Field.*"

Her reputation extended even to Rome. A Cardinal spoke of her one evening to an actress, his mistress, who instantly manifested a strong desire of having the

girl presented to her. But strong objections were raised by the curate and other ecclesiastics of the district where Carlotina lived, and as the clearest profit of the church in Rome and elsewhere, lies a great deal upon the degree of talent and volume of voice of the singers employed, as it is said, to sing the praise of God, all sorts of efforts were made to prevent that interview taking place. The young girl was flattered, praised, and duly confessed. The Cardinal was warmly entreated, the actress humbly begged to leave the precious jewel in its own golden case, so that through supplications and prayers, no farther attempts were made to get Carlotina on the theatre of Rome.

From that day Carlotina, captivated by the advances of her congregation, subdued by the cajoleries of the priest, abandoning herself to the pleasures of flattery, threw herself entirely into the minute devotions of the Catholic rite, not on account of her simplicity or ignorance of mind, but rather in consequence of the simplicity of her heart, whose loving qualities, attracted by the pomp and mysteries of the Catholic service, were led, or rather misled, through a flowery path, towards a pernicious and unnatural end. We say unnatural, because education having for its object the progressive cultivation of both the faculties of the mind and the heart, and that all systems of education which neglect the one, for the exclusive development of the other, without due regard for the divine harmony existing between the two, must necessarily act in discord

with the laws of nature and produce the most baleful and deplorable results.*

* WEAKNESS OF HUMAN REASON.—The point which Roman Catholics love most to dwell on, is the *weakness of private judgment*, which they represent as a prevailing reason why we should rather give ourselves up to the direction of an infallible guide. In answer to this, several writers have very well defended the *right* of private judgment, others have preferred to regard it as a *duty*, and in truth, the exercise of it is both a *right* and a *duty*; or rather a *right because* it is a duty. But the most important consideration of all is the *necessity* of private judgment. A man who resolves to place himself under a certain guide, to be implicitly followed, and decides that such and such a church is the appointed infallible guide, does decide on his own private judgment, *that one* most important point, which includes in it all other decisions relative to religion. And if, by his own shewing, he is *unfit to judge at all, he can have no ground for confidence that he has decided rightly in that. And if, accordingly, he will not trust himself to judge even on this point, but resolves to consult his priest, or other friends, and be led entirely by their judgment thereupon, still he does, in thus resolving, exercise his own judgment as to the counsellors he so relies on.* The responsibility of forming some judgment is one which, however unfit we deem ourselves to bear it, we cannot possibly get rid of in any matter about which we really feel an anxious care. It is laid upon us by God and we cannot shake it off. Before a man can rationally *judge* that he should SUBMIT HIS JUDGMENT in other things to the church of Rome, he must have judged—1st. *That there is a God;* 2d. *That Christianity comes from God;* 3d. *That Christ has promised to give an infallible authority to the church;* 4th. *That such authority resides in the church of Rome.* Now, to say that men who are competent to form sound judgments upon these points are *quite incompetent* to form sound judgments about any other matters in religion, is very like saying that men may have sound judgments of their own *before they enter the Church of Rome, but that they lose all sound judgment entirely from the moment they enter it.—Archbishop Whately on the Errors of Romanism, pp.* 21, 22.

When she rose from kneeling, the pearl of emotion trembling on her eyelids, like a dew-drop on a rose-leaf, her sight was struck with the presence of objects, the nature of which were calculated to produce in her mind, the same impression she had just struggled against with the assistance of prayer. The ideas she had to contend with during the silent hours of her meditations were called back to her imagination by the presence of flowers spread around her, the sweet perfume of which gratified her senses, while the profusion of lace, velvet, silk, gold, and jewels, ornamenting the altar, decorating the shrine of the Virgin; and shining upon the shoulders of the priest, brought to her fancy the rich toilet, the gorgeous decoration, the splendor, the luxury and the pleasures of the world.

There was scarce anything around her which did not call to her mind some of the sweet reminiscences of her golden dreams. For where is the young girl of seventeen, handsome, and knowing herself to be so, who does not desire her charms to be enhanced by a rich toilet, and for her beauty the same homages as she sees paid to the lady of fashion, half of whose success is often due to the assistance of the dress-maker and skill of the milliner? Suppose, for an instant, that the spirit of religion may check this desire for a certain time, and under certain circumstances, does it mean that it has left all the recesses of the mind? Are there not some secret avenues through which the love of luxury will creep in, and little by little, invade the fortified place, and master the garrison of pious sentiments? To

preach humility to youth, or to forbid it the love of the beautiful, is to compress and pervert its innate sentiments. Rather order the rose to hide its colors under the green bodice which keeps it in captivity, forbid it to expand its bright colors to the golden rays of the sun, to perfume the air with the delicious aroma, sooner than to counteract that inmost sentiment peculiar to women, the worship of the god fashion, and an envious desire for rich dresses and showy ornaments.

Poor Carlotina! she had been so many times told to be contented with plain and modest dresses, that she dared not face the bright colors of the Holy Virgin's garments, nor the linen of the altar, nor the embroideries of the table-cloth, nor the gorgeous robes and laces of the high dignitaries of the church. Whenever her eye met in his glaring dress, one of these rich priests, she trembled in her soul, lest some mundane thought slide into her heart. A similar sentiment agitated her bosom whenever she raised her eyes and contemplated the bright face of her favorite saints, whose features reminded her of the lovely creations of her fancy, or when her glance ran over the silk and velvet in which they were enveloped. At that sight Carlotina recovering herself, shuddered, as if the snaky head of the tempter was creeping at her feet. The commotion she felt caused her to tremble as if she had committed some wrong action, and it was only through meditation and prayer that she succeeded in diverting, what for a while she thought to be the attempts of Satan upon her soul.

The seductions we have just mentioned, calcu-

lated to upset all the notions of humility recommended to her in the confessional and the pulpit, were not the only ones besetting her. We have already spoken of that bright and angelic face, whose pictures had, through purity of form and angelic expression, called the attention of the young girl, and caused her breast to heave many a sigh. We have said how Carlotina had personified in that head her ideal of beauty and love, and how that ideal had taken hold of her thoughts. But there were still several other causes of emotion for the young girl which were combining for the purpose of accumulating upon her new-born sentiments, that eagerness of desire, that thirst for the pleasures and enjoyments which are wont to besiege an inexperienced mind at its first onset in life. For instance, there were vases of flowers, the perfume of which, bringing to her recollection her walks during the spring, in the midst of enchanted gardens, the dances of the village with their wreaths and bouquets, the pressure of the hand in the dances, the exchange of glance between sexes in the garden, the solitary path in the valley overrun at twilight by lovers, the secret conversations in the grove, in a word, that association of ideas which naturally arise from a single fact, like a covey of birds at the sight of the hunter's gun, soaring in the bright atmosphere, and discovering objects until then hidden from sight. There is a relation between the events of life which can never be lost sight of, and it suffices for one relation to be brought to mind, to recall instantly to the memory, all those having directly or indirectly a mutual

let them read for themselves. We have not now in our hands the French and Italian text of these hymns, but we take at random, in the American book of hymns, published in New York and Philadelphia, and placed in the hands of every person, boys and girls included, a sample of that moral and religious poetry.

In a Hymn to a Guardian Angel, Carlotina read the following verses :—

DEAR ANGEL.

But most of all I feel thee near,
When, from the good priest's feet,
I go absolved, in fearless love,
Fresh toils and cares to meet.

And thou, in life's last hour will bring,
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards *will let me kiss*
Thy beautiful, bright face.
—*Lyra Catholica, p.* 503.

* * * * *

Sing forth the triumphs of his name,
All ye *enamored* souls, agree
In a loud symphony
To give *expression* to your *flame.*
—*Lyra Catholica, p.* 508.

* * * * *

Then for his love of worthless men,
His love of Mary's worth,
His beauteous wings the *Dove* outspread,
And wing'd his flight to earth.

O wondrous Flight! He *left not heaven,*
Though earth's *low fields He won,*
But in the Bosom still reposed
Of Father and of Son.

O Flight! O blessed Flight of Love!
Let me thy mercies share:
Grant it, sweet Dove! for my poor soul,
Was part of Mary's prayer.

Who knows in what a sea of *love*
Our Lady's heart he drowned?
Or what new gifts He gave her then?
What ancient gift he crowned?

Here we have a piece from the Spanish, not less rich than the rest. See page 495.

* * * *

Come, wandering sheep, O come!
I'll bind thee to my breast;
I'll bear thee to thy home,
And lay thee down to rest.

* * * *

I shield thee from alarms,
And will'st thou not be blest?
I bear thee in my arms,
Thou bear me in thy breast.

O, this is love—*come, rest*—
This is a blissful doom,
Come, wandering sheep, O come!

* * * *

I am my love's, and he is mine;
In me he dwells, in him I live;
What greater treasure could I find?
And could ye, heavens, a greater give?
O Saviour banquet! heavenly feast!
O overflowing source of grace!
Meet and unite in a sweet embrace.

O King of *love!* thy blessed fire
Does such sweet flames excite,
That first it *raises the desire,*
*Then fills it with delight.**

We leave to the imagination of our readers, the impressions which must have assaulted the mind of a young girl of seventeen, at the singing of these hymns. Place the name of Arthur or Ernest instead of that of Jesus, and you will have some of the most licentious poems which have been composed. We must go back to the time of Catullus or Propertius, of Piron or Parny, to find its like.

When we think that these pieces of pretended poetry are sung in all parts of this Union, by men, women, and children, from ten to sixty years old, we can but ask, who are the persons having charge of examining, of selecting, and approving the books for the education of children, and of fostering the religious sentiment among the masses? It is just to believe, and right to expect, when one presents himself as superior to others, at least, that his merits would fulfil his claims, and satisfy public opinion. We give our readers a specimen of their talents as poets, of their morals as teachers of youth, of their devotion as priests of the gospel and guardians of souls. These men, having charge of the selection of hymns and prayer-

* These hymns are to be found in the *Spirit of Devotion, a Manual of Pious Exercises*, says the book for Catholics, published with the approbation of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Right Reverend Bishop of Philadelphia. Pages 352, 350, 328. 1851.

books, are those claiming the right of education to the prejudice of all other religious sects; they are those who want a portion of the public funds for their own schools, pretending their system to secure more information, better morals, and more enlarged intellect to the citizens of this community, and of mankind at large. They are the same men who have proscribed from the family hearth, Shakspeare and Moliere, the two greatest geniuses the world may boast of, and who are every day hurling the powerless weapon of excommunication against the great men of the age, against those who are writing the glory and the fame of a country, upon the immortal book of posterity.

The reader must not believe that we have exhausted the quotations of the prayers and hymn-books belonging to the Catholic church, and that we have maliciously put forward that portion alone susceptible of criticism. There is not a single page in it, not stamped with some piece reprehensible to morals, taste, or literature. In fact, should the religionists choose to produce anything possessing one or several of these qualities, they would be obliged to go back to the middle ages, in Europe, or to the time of Bossuet, the sacred orator of France. Since that time, the masses have taken the lead, and are dragging the Church after them. For a thousand great men whom the world produces, there is scarcely one, belonging to the pale of the so-called Church. This age scarcely reckons one or two, among whom stand De Maistre and the Marquese of D——. But the one is dead and buried,

and the other, mortally wounded, seems to expire in the convulsion of a mental agony, by holding the censer under the nose of Louis Napoleon, in Paris, where he occupies the rank of Spanish ambassador. A worthy representative for such a government! As to the other beacons of Catholicism, now living, and in full blaze, we scarcely have the courage to expose them before the public. We fear, indeed, to injure Catholicity itself, and of being suspected of cruelty or malice, by writing down such names as those of Veuillot, Antonelli, Montalembert, and Brownson! These men are the very porcupines of their party. They are bristling with such audacious sophistry, and crying nonsenses, that not only the people, but their own clergy recoil before them, and tremble lest they shake the crumbling building down to the ground. They are now divided among themselves in France, in in the United States, and even in Mexico, and elsewhere, struggling, fighting, abusing each other. The spectacle is amusing, and pregnant with promises. Happy he who will live long! for much he will see, and much he will learn.

CHAPTER IX.

ADRIAN, OR A ROMAN CITIZEN UNDER THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.

While she was dreaming of her Adrian, he was, in compliance with the promise he had made to the Signora the day previous, leaving his regiment, and preparing himself to pay a visit to the object of his love.

Adrian, like a great many young Roman citizens, received a sort of mixed education, half clerical, half profane, and soon forgetting the former for the latter, adopted all the habits of the profligate youth of his age. He belonged to a rich and influential family, which, as is usual in aristocratic classes, was closely affiliated with the then existing power, and shared all its privileges. He had an uncle in the Cardinalate; his cousin was an archbishop, and himself a distant relation of the late Pope. These connections were forming around him a circle, in which his will and his thoughts were at first kept in bondage. He was educated to be a priest, and to edify the world with

the brightness of his virtues. But the fact proved, that education cannot supply all men with the qualities of a saint. Even at an early age, Adrian manifested a spirit of rebellion against the sacred prescriptions of the mother church. He kicked out his prayer-books, and made curls with his catechism, actions which were deemed highly reprehensible by his teachers, and which caused him to incur the penance of the whip. This, however, did not deter him from his propensities. One day, having received a more severe chastisement than customary, he, possessed with a spirit of revenge, amused himself by changing the wax candle of the altar, and put in the candlestick rolled white paper, perfectly imitating them. He emptied the holy cruet prepared for the mass, nailed the gown of the priest against the wall, painted the portrait of the Pope with horns on his head, at the door of the sacristy, and, after having accomplished all these mischievous deeds, he left the college, and ran through the fields, offering himself as a farm-boy, rather than to suffer any longer, studies, in which neither his mind nor his heart were interested, and a mode of education in which the whip played a larger part than indulgence and kindness.

When Adrian's family heard of his exploits, a great scandal prevailed in the high religious circles of Rome. It was a general cry of, "Woe to the rogue! Cursed be the young rogue! Send the young rogue to sea!" A thing which still added more weight to the general indignation, was the misbehavior of the sacristan, who, happening to be half drunk in the performance of his

functions, nearly set the church in a conflagration, in taking the paper set by Adrian in the candlesticks for real wax candles, and who persevered to light them, notwithstanding the opposition of some members of the church. During this operation, the worthy man swore that the saints had caused a miracle to happen, for the greater edification of the faithful, and the conversion of the infidel. The blaze produced by the candles of Adrian's manufacture, was so sudden and great, that they set fire to the silk dress of the holy Virgin, burned the pasteboard gridiron on which St. Lawrence had been roasted, and caused three strings of the harp of St. Cecil to crack. So that, the consequence of the freaks indulged in by Adrian, figured as strongly in the act of accusation produced against him, as the mischief itself.

As for himself, he was beyond the reach of these attacks, and too happy with the novelty of his situation to be the least affected by the reprobation of his family, or the thunders hurled against him by the indignation of the Church. He had found a situation on a farm, in the neighborhood of Rome, and had engaged his services for little more than half-a-florin a week. Thus he lived for a month, without repentance or remorse. At last he became tired of his position, and as he had then reached the age of thirteen, he resolved to come to the city, where he could find, he thought, employment more worthy of himself. He went, with the intention to regain the confidence of his uncle, the Cardinal, who, being his tutor, (Adrian had lost father

and mother,) was very much displeased in seeing again, one whom he thought to be a dishonor to himself, and to the noble genealogy of the Adrians.

From thirteen to eighteen, Adrian led the life of a dissipated youth. His wealth relieved him from the cares of life, and his naturally active and inquisitive turn of mind, made him seek for happiness in the regions of society, where profligacy, extravagance, and vice, were predominant.

During this period of his existence, Adrian was more often disgusted with himself, than any one may suppose. He even strove to change his mode of life, and sought to follow a more dignified and useful career. The difficulty was not for him to make a resolution, and to withdraw from the untoward path in which he was engaged, but to persevere in such resolution. The road to honesty is so difficult under a government which, like the Papacy, absorbs all the elements of individual liberty, for the sake of a principle of blind obedience and faith, that a man must be either unprincipled, ambitious, or stupid, if he wants to arrive at a certain place, to make his fortune, or to occupy an elevated rank in society. Adrian's character presented a great independence, slightly tinctured with ambition. He was no sooner engaged in the apprenticeship of a profession, than he became disgusted with it. He first resolved to become a doctor, but as soon as he had witnessed the injustice and vexations, to which those professing lukewarmness or indifference towards the Church of Rome were ex-

posed, the difficulty of attaining any standing in society without stooping before all the members of the Church, either male or female, from the Cardinals and their mistresses,* down to the bell-toller and his wife; the absolute renunciation of one's opinions, in either political or religious questions, required by the Papacy, as imperiously as the performance of a civil duty, such as the payment of a tax, that he shrunk from his intention, renounced the profession, and strove to find another one, in which the same abuses did not exist. But all his efforts were vain. The all mighty influence of Rome kept in its power the key of success, and he could not look at any career, without finding the hand of some priest upon the lock of the door through which he had to pass. The liberal professions, doctors, lawyers, painters, were filled by the relatives of the priests. Their cousins, to the eighth generation, crowded up

*The life of sensuality and lasciviousness led by the Cardinals, and the Roman clergy in general, as well in past ages as at the present time, needs not to be recalled here, to make a part of the convictions of all enlightened readers. The books of impartial history are redundant with proofs of that description, and there was a time when Roman licentiousness could not find any parallel in the annals of the past, except in the days of Cararalla and Heliogabalus. Kossuth, in his lecture delivered atthe Tabernacle, gave an anecdote illustrative of the continency and virtues of the dignitaries of the Roman church, which we reproduce here with pleasure. He quoted in his lecture a trait of Cardinal Caraccioli's life, who, having been ambassador to England, was asked to tell his opinion about that country. "England," answered the Cardinal, "is the most detestable country in the world, because there are to be found twenty different sorts of religion, but only two kinds of sauce with which to season meat."

the entrance to all offices, public as well as private; all were going to church, all were eager to show their servility, to take off their hats before the priests; to wear a badge belonging to some Catholic institution, either private or public; ALL, from the greatest to the smallest man, were more or less tools in the hands of the clergy. So that Adrian, disgusted by the spectacle of such odious servility, wounded in his feelings, outraged in his reason, shrunk from his good resolutions, and gave up for ever the idea of embracing a profession, rather than submit to the moral and physical slavery then prevailing in Rome.

As is often the case with young men who lead a disorderly life, without being depraved, and indulge in coarse pleasure with the sole object of blunting the sensibilities of their organization, and of lulling their sufferings under the intoxication of the senses, Adrian had preserved his heart pure of all pernicious contact, amidst apparently the most brutalizing system of life it is possible to conceive. He had drank largely at the cup of mundane felicities, without enjoying any of the sweet joys it is supposed to contain; his lips had pressed with a passionate fury the vase containing the dangerous liquor where often reason is wrecked without finding relief from his miseries; but the innate sentiments of what is good and right had never ceased to have the ascendency, and to preserve him from the dangerous allurements which sought to captivate his noblest faculties. Notwithstanding his apparent folly, recklessness, and love of enjoyment, he had not yet, in

reality, relished the delicate and sweet satisfactions of existence. He had reached the dregs, without having ever tasted the wine. The flowers of life were still hid from his sight. He had walked on blooming thorns which he mistook for roses, and had, one by one, left to the asperity of their prickly stems, the most part of his fragrant illusion. He had drained his heart of his greatest consolation—Hope. He had exhausted his mind by the pursuit of unsatisfactory pleasures, of profitless activity, and of ruinous dissipation.

None of his conceptions of happiness had yet been realized. None of the golden dreams of his youth had yet become a truth. Wearied, tossed, tormented, and annoyed, Adrian had reached twenty, and had not found in the whirl of his youngest years, any hour that he would have retained, and fixed on the dial of his existence, as an indication towards the path he would have wished to see his life directed to.

When he saw that all hopes of being at once a public man, a man of any profession whatever, and of enjoying his independence, was impossible, under the government of Rome, and that he had either to yield before the priest, or to renounce the life of activity and utility he had contemplated since a certain time, he seriously reflected upon his situation, and perceiving no chance of escaping the tedious profligacy which had until then filled all the vacancies of his time, he resolved to seek, under another climate, a life more congenial with his tastes. In consequence, he made his preparations for his departure, settled his business, and as he

was willing to crown, by the display of an unprecedented revelry, a career, until then spent in similar entertainments, he invited all his friends to a parting banquet, the description of which some persons affirmed to have previously read in the authors of the time of Lucullus and Heliogabalus.

It was on returning from that feast, the brain still clouded with the fume of wine, that Adrian advised his party to go to church. It was Christmas eve, a day of great solemnity in the church, and celebrated in Rome with that pomp and splendor which so remarkably contrasts with the humble simplicity of the church of former times, such as established by the Apostles. Through a singular coincidence that church happened to be in the neighborhood of the "Angel of the Field," and was precisely that in which Carlotina had made so brilliant a *debut*, and in which she was still pursuing her successful career. She had been appointed to chant the "*Adeste fideles*" at the midnight mass, for it is a matter of religion in all Catholic countries to upset the adopted custom, and to make day of the night, and night of the day, that is, to sing at a time when owls are looking out for prey, and robbers busily engaged in the pursuit of their profession. The religious exercises performed on that occasion are, in reason of the revelry preceding it, unworthy of that name. They are mere Pagan spectacles, in which the mind is as much disgusted as the heart. All those having feasted in European countries, and even in America, the great commemoration of the birth of Christ, can tell whether

the solemnity of that event, such as is celebrated in the Catholic church in the night of the twenty-fifth of December, amidst a congregation still under the influence of the fumes of wine, is not a profanation rather than an act of religious worship.

On entering the church, Adrian and his friends met, in their ascent to the portico, several stumbling blocks on their way, which, after a more close examination, were found to be drunkards, stopped in their devotion by the almighty juice of the grape. Once inside of the church, they saw, through the dim twilight produced by the few scattered lamps hanging from the ceiling, a re-union of jolly girls and boys, who were filling up time with very different occupations than those for which they were assembled. The chattering, the prattling, the gossiping, and the laughing, were so loud as to cover the voice of the choristers, and the bass of the officiating priests. That noise, notwithstanding the frolicksome disposition of their minds, so unpleasantly struck the young intruders, as to make them retrace their steps towards the street, when, suddenly the deep and solemn accents of the German organ interrupting the wanton conversation of that unseemly re-union, caused Adrian and his companions to stop and listen. Soon after, a voice, fresh, flexible, and soft, arose and mixed its mellow tones with the majestic gravity of the instrument. The silver-toned notes of that voice were as pure, as free from any worldly alloy, as far from the indecorous elements then gathered in the church, as the crystal water-brook warbling upon a bed of peb-

ble in the undisturbed corner of the rocky mountain, is distant from the muddy waters of an American bottom swamp. The purity of that voice strangely contrasting with the indescribable distractions of the church people, contributed to render it still more striking, more celestial, we would say, were we to use the expression of those lovers of epithets, always in quest of heavenly adjectives. The fact advanced by physiologists, that the voice is one of the most potent indications of a fine soul, was never better illustrated than in this circumstance. The voice of Carlotina, for it was her voice which was then making the church resound, possessed that purity of accent attributed by the poets to the choirs of cherubs, whose functions are to make the starry canopy of heaven sound with the praises of the Almighty.

The ecclesiastical records inform us of many conversions to Catholicism operated through the effect of the voices and the sounds of the organ upon men addicted to worldly pleasures. It is even said that those thus brought by the influence of music to the adoration of the saints and to the worship of the Virgin Mary, became saints themselves, and saints of the first water. We are not aware that such a result has recently been noticed among any of the votaries of the day, though we would not say it has not, since, in order to make a saint, and to be canonized, it requires for one's bones two hundred years of putrefaction under ground, as though it was indispensably necessary to be most earthly to enjoy a heavenly title; but as to the effects

produced upon the organization of Adrian by the church music, we may already state this fact, that the result was to make him fall seriously in love with the singer, without prejudicing, however, any of the consequencés which might in two hundred years befall his memory.

Adrian was so much captivated with the delicious sounds of Carlotina's voice, that he did not wait to the end of the mass to satisfy the curiosity he had conceived, but he immediately leaped, rather than ascended the chorister's gallery, to see the happy possessor of such a magnificent instrument. The enthusiasm which transported him at the same time made him forgetful of his friends, a want of politeness, which, owing to the circumstance of his leaving Rome, and the regard due to one's guests, was an infringement of the laws of ordinary civility; but entirely thrown out of his mind by the emotion he had experienced, his soul agitated by a thousand various emotions—doubt, fear, uncertainty—his heart divided between two sentiments, hope and disappointment; the one whispering to his ear that the singer could be no less than pretty, the other that she might also be ugly, he arrived at the choir like a soldier who has been fighting the whole day without knowing on which side is the victory, and who is expecting that a visit to his officer will unravel to him the mystery.

The better part of his hopes being for a pretty face, Adrian was not much surprised in seeing Carlotina. Only the shadow raised by uncertainty and doubt on

his brow, disappeared; his blanched features resumed their natural expression, and the light of joy visited his heart, like a ray of the sun upon the frozen crest of some flowers called again to life by the vivifying heat of the monarch of heaven.

The noise he made in ascending the stairs, induced all persons except Carlotina, who was then singing, to turn their heads towards the entrance-door of the gallery. Adrian confronted the fury of all their looks with perfect indifference. His eyes riveted upon the singer, he seemed as if he had been unconcerned with what was going on around him, and as if his faculties had fled upon the wings of the celestial currents to another sphere.

As for Carlotina, she yielded like others to curiosity, and once the musical piece performed, she also turned her head towards the entrance of the gallery. But to the great surprise and shame of the by-standers, and to the confusion of the congregation, her looks, instead of deviating from the bold and rather impertinent look of Adrian, remained fixed on him, like the trembling dove surprised in its nest by the imperial glance of an eagle.

What could be the reason of that incredible boldness, of that infraction of modesty, in so pure, so chaste, so young a girl! Let us hasten to tell it at once. The look of Carlotina was a consequence of the system of worship in which she had been brought up. Through one of the artist's caprice frequently met in the Roman States, at a time when a painter did not permit himself to draw or color one of his portraits with

out having the original under his eye, the head of Adrian, whose ancestors had very likely been used as a model, had a striking resemblance with the angel so often looked at by Carlotina in her prayers, an image which she used to carry in her mind, the day during her labors, the night during her watchings, and even in her dreams; an image which, however pure and celestial it had been represented by the artist that painted it, dwelt in the girl's heart aside with thoughts belonging more to a daughter of Eve, than to an inhabitant of heaven.

From that moment the rambling thoughts of the young girl took a form, a shape, a direction. The propensities of her nature, stultified, as it were, in the stupid contemplation of an absurd mysticism, flowed with the impetuosity of a stream long time kept in captivity, towards its natural issue. Her unknown trouble, the unforseen visions which from time to time crowded before her imagination, and caused the blood of her heart to flow to her cheeks, the often unaccountable restlessness of her mind, her perplexities, the source of which were still a mystery to her, had then a tangible object, an object which she could dwell upon with the consciousness of not being deceived by the phantasmagoria of her dreams. The advantage of that change, was to impart peace to that young girl's mind, to give a more rational turn to her reflections, consequently to inspire her with greater confidence in herself and in her fate. What had, until then, been the fantastical expectations of an enthusiastic fancy, the extravagant

conceit of a disorderly heart, the unfettered notions of a visionary mind, became the hopes of a practical, natural, and sensible judgment. By ceasing to love an image, Carlotina bolted the door to chimerical schemes and raving designs; like the man who was hunting the image of the moon at the bottom of a lake, she had until then, taken a shadow for a reality, and it was only after reality had presented itself to her eyes, in a relatively crude but palpable shape, that she could perceive the extent of her madness, and laugh at her previous conceptions of heavenly love and adoration.

But we will not proceed any farther in the disquisition of our psychological studies. The secrets of woman's heart, are like the delicate tissue of certain flowers, which wither and die at the simple contact of the hand, and which cannot stand the rough and rude assault of analysis. Let them admire them in their beauty and grace, as the Indian Caziques admired the rising sun, in worshipping and kneeling before it, and not like those alchemists of old, who, in the darkness and silence of a dirty laboratory, tried to decompose the light of heaven. In short, let us respect the mystery which the tender delicacies of woman's love drop like a curtain before the temple of her heart; and let us not, unworthy worshippers of the idol it contains, raise it before a sneering and ignorant multitude.

We will then leave to our readers the task of inventing a plan of introduction to the love of Adrian and Carlotina, and let them have the choice of the acts constituting the scenery of a respectful, honest, and de-

voted passion, without any dramatic shift or sentimental explosion, such as used by the romantic school of the day, a school which, by the way, cannot imagine simplicity in nature, a sky without a tempest, a smile without a tear, a sunbeam without a cloud, an affection without a nervous contraction or gnashing of teeth —a school which always shakes on its legs, and parades the streets with crape on its hat, and a handkerchief to its eyes; like a mourner of ancient times. That school has nothing to do with the plain, even surface of a happy love, or deep, unfathomable recesses of a true, but unhappy one. Nature is not fond of humbug; and the clattering of the feet, the tearing off the hair, the hyena-roarings prevailing on the stage, and in the novels of the day, are no more a part of itself, than the four clarions of the Museum, on Broadway, are essential to the harmony of a well-directed orchestra.

After these friendly hints, which cannot fail of facilitating the task of our readers, we will respectfully add, that instead of leaving the city, as was his intention, Adrian changed his purpose, and definitively settled in Rome. But as his life had then an object, and an honest one, he resolved to put an end to his profligacy and idleness, and to lead a useful and honorable life. The difficulty of embracing a profession, and of enjoying one's independence, under the holy sway of the successors of Christ, was, as we have demonstrated, as great as it is possible to suppose. Moreover, Adrian, who felt the necessity of breaking the chain of his perplexities, chose the career which seemed to allow little honor

without too much servility and religious exercises, and a little independence united to the agreement of an active and useful life. In a word, Adrian after having looked around for a long while, and not finding anywhere a solution to his wishes, did the best he could, and finally became a soldier of the Pope.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOY AND THE SOLDIER.

ADRIAN was coming near the mansion left by Nicolo Savini. His head bent downwards, seemed to yield under the weight of his thoughts; his arms loosely thrown back and joined together, with that carelessness peculiar both to thinkers and loafers, were in perfect harmony with the general disposition of his body. His steps, uncertain and wavering, seemed to be in search of the right path. Had it not been for the expression of his look, full of fierce determination, one would have believed him to be struggling against the intoxicating spirit which dwells in the vineyards, and among the casks and bottles of a Cardinal's cellar. The truth was, as we will see, quite different from that which any one endowed with an ill-disposed turn of mind might have inferred, from the shaking gait of Adrian The young man was not, as he appeared, under the sway of the mighty god of the juice, and battling against its power.

The real cause of his wandering to and fro, had not

originated with any vice of the kind. The fact was, as it may have been perceived, in the previous conversation between Carlotina and the Signora, that Adrian, since the commencement of his love with the young girl, had looked upon his life as a serious object, and had tried to fill it up with actions in keeping with the dignity of a man, the duty of a citizen, and the purity of his affections. The passion which silently burned in his heart, discovered to him a thousand paths, until then concealed from his sight, enlarged the avenue of his existence, and elevated his thoughts towards a sphere, more congenial with his true nature.

The consequence of the change in his ideas was, to make him busy with what he thought the most necessary to mankind, and the best calculated to improve its condition. It is not surprising that, in such a disposition, he grasped with avidity the first ideas of reform, then wedged in public opinion, and moving, like the first roaring wind of the ocean before the tempest, the agitated flood of the Roman people. Moved himself, how could it have been otherwise? By the all powerful influence of the political atmosphere then blowing and swelling around him, he became a politician, though he retained the garments of a soldier. The consequence of this was, to raise the young soldier above the vulgarities of an ordinary life, and to make his whole being breathe for the most cherished hopes of Italy, Italian independence and liberty. In a word, and to use the expressions employed by Catholics to designate that species of men, who dream of liberty

and despotism, of the universal liberation of mankind instead of its universal slavery, Adrian was a conspirator, a demagogue, a street rowdy, and a cut-throat.*

He was, as we have said, drawing nigh the "Angel of the Field," when our little friend, the waiter of the hotel, the same lad who had carried the letter to Lord Momento, profiting by the pre-occupation of his mind, and the unconsciousness of his own self, unexpectedly jumped upon the robust shoulders of the soldier, and awoke him from his meditations.

"The deuce take the little rogue," said Adrian, startled by the unforeseen encounter of the little Jeronimo, and by the singularity of his introduction. "What ails you, my little wag? Can you not present yourself in a more becoming manner?"

"Between two ways," replied the boy, with that atticism and promptness of mind, which gives so peculiar a stamp to the character of the Italian people, "I have chosen the quickest. I am acting with you, as I act with the slumbering Signor Nicolo. I shoot a pistol by his ears to awake him. You don't slumber, it is true, but you do worse. You dream. What I am doing now, I do on purpose. I know you very well. When you are in your reveries I would prefer to bore a hole in the iron door of a prison, rather than to make you speak or listen. As I wanted you to do those two things, all at once, if possible, I resolved to

*See *Boston Pilot*, *Brownson's Review*, and the Roman Catholic papers generally.

approach you in such a way as to start you in the first place, to make you mad in the second, and laugh at the conclusion ; sure that you would become sensible afterwards."

" And why sensible ?" said the soldier, tapping the boy's shoulder. " Am I not always sensible ?"

" Not always," replied the boy.

' How is that ?" inquired Adrian, frowning, and dropping the boy on the ground.

" You promised me that you would take me on a shooting excursion," replied Jeronimo. " Have you as yet done so ?"

" No " said Adrian ; " is it for that offence that I am not sensible ?" added the soldier, laughing.

" No ; you don't guess yet," replied the boy in the same tone. " You told Carlotina that you would be here in the course of a few days, and more than two weeks have elapsed since you have visited us."

" I hoped this time to have found the cause of my being not sensible," said Adrian, with a jocose accent. " I guess Carlotina has entrusted that to thy memory. If affection and malice unite in a plot against me, I had better give up the ground and retreat."

" Have you anything to do here," replied Jeronimo, in pulling the soldier's sword out of its sheath, and brandishing it over his fair, curled head. " How do you like me now ?" said the boy, and placing himself in the position of fencing, he threw back his chest with a half serious, half comical air, an exercise which at first greatly amused the soldier, but which ended by

annoying him, especially when he saw the boy, who had then accomplished several flourishes over his head, come and direct the point of the weapon upon his breast.

"I want you to mind what you are about," said Adrian. "Put up that sword in its sheath. Well! Now, come here," added he, seeing that the boy had acted in compliance with his request. "Come, and let me know what you have learned during my absence."

"Do you promise me that you will take me along, the first time you go hunting?"

'I solemnly swear it," replied Adrian, smiling.

"Do you add to this promise, that of enlisting me into the ranks of the 'Boys' Young Italy Society?'" added Jeronimo.

"I so much willingly adhere to that proposition, that I do not know any one, even among grown persons, which deserves it better than thee," replied the soldier. "Thou art a brave, faithful, devoted boy, and thy services to us are as much above the services of all other boys of thy age, as thy reason is superior to theirs."

"Very well, sergeant," said the boy. "Now, since promises are worth promises, and services services, I will commence to make the first payment, with the condition that you will make the second, and so on, till our accounts are balanced."

"Agreed," said Adrian. "Now, proceed."

"We have all been very busy this week," continued

soon the opportunity of seeing how much I was mistaken. The first time I met the father again, he called me, and instead of the chastisement I expected, I received two images and two *baioccos*."

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed Adrian; "did you tear the images and give the baioccos to the poor this time?"

"Not so foolish," retorted the boy; "I kept both, and hung them as relics at the head of my bedstead. The Signora Savini, seeing my devotion, admitted me in her confidence; and from that moment I saw what advantage I could derive from feigning sentiments that I had not, and a devotion to things which I utterly despised."

"My little lad," asked Adrian, surprised at such language, "can you tell me what it is that you thus despise, and why thou despisest it?"

"I despise, sir," said the boy, "what my father upon his deathbed told me to despise, and hate what he told me to hate."

"True," said Adrian, putting his hand to his head, as if trying to look back in his recollections. "I remember now, poor little Jeronimo! thy father was imprisoned for political offences, and died in prison. Is it not so? When was that, and how did the thing happen? Can you tell me?"

"Not only my father," replied Jeronimo, "but ALL my family. You recollect the plot of Mantua; and the Rubiera trial in 1822, in which all the inhabitants of that city were implicated? My father, who was an

eminent lawyer of that city, was obliged to fly. He wandered sixteen years in the mountains of Piedmont and Lombardy, chased like a wild beast from hill to hill, from forest to forest, sometimes living a whole week on a handful of chestnuts, at another time sharing the home of some poor farmer. My mother was accompanying him, and, like him, she supported with fortitude his fatigues, his privations, and his dangers. Finally, he was arrested, two years after I was born. This was in the year 1838. He was immediately imprisoned in a dark, filthy dungeon, where the light could scarcely penetrate through a closely-trellissed iron window, and in which the lizards, bugs, and all sorts of noxious vermin were swarming and crawling, as in a stinking puddle of water.* My mother, who

* DEFINITION OF THE CARCERE DIVISSIMO IN THE PENAL CODE, sec. 14.—The condemned shall be confined in a dungeon, secluded from all communication, with only so much light and space as is necessary to *sustain life;* he shall be constantly loaded with *heavy fetters* on the hands and feet; he shall never, except during the hours of labor, be without a chain attached to a circle of iron around his body; his diet shall be *bread and water*, a hot ration every second day—but never any *animal food;* his *bed* to be composed of *naked planks*, and he shall be forbidden to see any one, without exception!

The hot rations (*cibo caldo*) consist of slices of bread, steeped in hot water, and flavored with tallow. It is a common thing for those condemned to the *carcere duro* to wear twenty pounds weight of chains; they are worked like galley slaves, and have *neither light, nor paper, nor books;* never, except sometimes by an extraordinary favor, on Sundays (to attend mass) leaving their cold and humid cell.

That exceptional prison, the *carcere duro*, an eternal and odious monument of the tyranny of the nineteenth century, has been invented by

wanted to share his captivity, was not permitted to follow him to his prison as she had followed him through the woods. All she could obtain was to establish herself in the neighborhood of that horrid gaol, and to visit him twice a week. I was very young, but I remember very well all that was then taking place around me. The remembrance of these visits is still stamped in fiery outlines on my memory. My father used to take me in his arm, to sit on his plank bed, and then to weep silently during whole hours, with my mother by his side, weeping like him. At first I did not understand what all that meant; but when I felt my head and breast moist with the tears of my parent, I also shed tears. Seeing my grief, my father, who loved me more than I can express, and more than you can imagine, wiped his eyes, and tried to smile at me. But his efforts were beyond his strength; he turned his head round to the wall, striving to dissimulate his sorrow, and continued shedding tears. One day I ventured to ask him what was the matter with him. I recollect I was just commencing my sixth year at that time, but misfortune and the spectacle of constant

the rulers of Italy for the express purpose of extraordinary punishment towards the persons of political offenders. We have to recur to the records of the "holy office," to find the origin of such a barbarity. And when we think that this punishment, which we find described at length in the criminal code of Italy, only takes place in the same land where it is said that our Savior has established his church, we scarcely know which to wonder at most—the profanity of those daring enough to express such sentiments, or the innate cruelty of their souls.

grief matures judgment, and I was then as sensible as I am now."

"This is not saying too much," said the soldier, moved by the simplicity and naturalness of the boy's relation. "Well, what did thy father tell thee on that occasion?"

"He told me," replied the boy, "to love God and obey him; to despise the Catholic religion, which is working against His laws, and to hate our enemies, the Pope and the priests, the Jesuits and the kings, who are the enemies of religion, and the enemies of liberty. He then related to me how much Italy had suffered from the Church, and how much the people were kept back by her teachings. While he was speaking, I looked at my father with deep astonishment; I never saw him in such a state of excitement before. His head, from long imprisonment generally bent upon his breast, stood erect and firm on his shoulders; his eyes were flashing like lightning in a day of tempest; his gestures were full of energy, and it seemed to me as if vengeance directed his soul, and was flying upon his tongue in tempestuous expressions and bitter sarcasms. From that day to the day of his death, which happened two years ago, I never saw my father. A spy was at the door, posted by the police; on hearing what was said in the dungeon, he made a report to his superior, the result of which was, that the entrance of the prison was forbidden to us. Two years after, my mother died broken-hearted with misery, inquietude, and tribulation. I was left alone. A few days after the

burial of my mother, the gaoler of the prison where my father was, came for me, at the house of a neighbor who had taken me through charity, and told me that my father was dying. I followed the gaoler in a state of perfect insensibility; I had shed so many tears since my birth that I had none left for the occasion. When I approached the bed of my father, whom I had not seen for more than two years, he was looking so poor that I had the greatest trouble to recognize him in the skeleton that was now present before me. He rose from the plank on which he was lying, and strove to take my hand. His was hot with fever; the flesh was stripped from his fingers, and disease—produced by the infected atmosphere in which he was living, or rather dying—had left nothing of him but the bones and the eyes. When I saw him, with his cadaverous face wearing the stamp of death, I could not help recoiling, stricken with fear and dismay. 'Approach, my son,' said he; 'thy father is going to join thy mother, and thou wilt remain alone in this world. When I say alone, I mean with God and thy guardian angels. These mighty protectors give me confidence in thy fate. I leave thee in perfect tranquillity of mind. I have but one thing to say: think always of God, and act in view of his commands. I know not whether, in this supreme moment, I must add that the duty of an Italian is to remember his enemies, and to destroy them if he can. Charity commands forbearance and forgiveness; patriotism requires another sort of duty, and that duty is, justice to all and the triumph of truth,

which alone can secure happiness to our fellow-beings. Truth is, that Italy has at this moment but one sort of oppressors, and those oppressors are the Church of Rome. If I am here, my son, it is because the Church has sent me here! If thy mother is in the grave, it is because the Church has sent her there. If thou art an orphan, it is because the Church has killed thy father and mother—thy father once wealthy and of consideration; thy mother formerly the adornment of society—handsome, amiable, and admired. Now, my son, thou knowest what thou hast to do. Love the priests if thou likest; go to church if thou thinkest fit; be a Catholic if thy reason and thy heart say so. I feel that I am dying; receive my blessings, my son; come near me, that I can press thee once more upon my breast.'

"Thus saying, my father beckoned me towards him with his hand. But this effort exhausted his strength. He fell back upon the plank, motionless and breathless. His poor head never rose again. He was dead!"

Here the boy stopped. The emotion he experienced during this narrative had been several times remarked by the soldier. His words were faltering and weak as he described the death of his parents, and the dark picture with which their death was attended. But when he arrived at the farewell of his dying father, his sobs were so violent as to prevent his speaking, and finally, being unable to resist any longer the pressure of his sad recollections, he burst into a deluge of tears.

The military coat worn by Adrian, and the insensi-

bility of soul it was supposed to conceal, did not prevent the gallant soldier from being affected by the story of little Jeronimo. He turned round several times to conceal his emotion, and to wipe his moistened eyes. Though the recital of the sufferings endured by political offenders were not new to him, the tender age of their interpreter, and the particular interest derived from so much misery heaped upon so young a head, moved Adrian beyond description.

"Alas, my boy," said he, gently patting the fair curled hair of Jeronimo, "what thou sayest to me of thy sorrows is nothing astonishing. I know thousands and thousands of families scattered almost all over the world, in consequence of that religious and political ostracism which, for more than twenty years, has exiled and sent to prison the best of the Italian citizens. There are few among the citizens of the Roman States who have not suffered for the love of their country and the upholding of their rights. Persecution has, in these latter times, struck blindly like the plague all over the surface of the country, and, as was the case during the pest of Florence, there are but few persons not having a parent or a relative to mourn over."

"I am too young and inexperienced to understand what you say; but if there are in this land, or in any other, people as unhappy as my father and mother have been, and as I am now, I wonder why the world maintains any longer in power those from whom they have to much to endure, and so much to complain of. I cannot conceive, for example, how it is that the strong-

est does not put down the weakest, how the man does not crush the child, and the people their priests and kings."

"Because, my boy, there are artificial means, supplying the sinew of the man, and the power of the people. These means are in the possession of the kings and priests. For instance, wealth, with which they buy not only the materials of war, such as powder, cannon, and guns, but the men themselves. Besides, being in possession of political and religious power, their very position, the relations which it creates, the means which they have of reaching their ends by association, centralization, and diplomacy, enables them to magnify their forces, to create a fictitious state of things around them, and to appear formidable, when they are in truth weak and impotent. Their position is similar to that of the Chinese, defending themselves against the cannon of the English, with painted canvas representing fortifications, guarded by ridiculous pictures of dragons and other monsters. They guard themselves (I speak of the rulers of Italy) with the shadow of their powers, the bugbear of Austria and Russia constantly presented to them. Unhappily, the people take the image for a reality, and dare not face the obstacle!"

"Hush!" said Jeronimo; "here is the Signora Savini. Take care! she is our enemy!"

"I know it," said Adrian, squeezing the hand of the boy; "I know it. Remember thy conduct with Father Francisco. Before a Jesuit it is necessary to wear a Jesuitical face. Come, cheer up!"

"Ah, Signor!" said Signora Savini, with that enchanting smile we have had already the occasion to point out to our readers, and that enticing movement of the head, a sort of bird-lime with which she used to take the fools and the imbeciles, "Ah, Signor, what a wonder to see you at our house! Did you forget the way? It is more than a fortnight since we have seen you here, and was it not for my visit to your city, you would, very likely, still make yourself desired here."

"You are too kind indeed, too kind indeed, Signora Savini," said Adrian, as he gently pressed her hand. "But tell me, where is my Carlotina?"

"Carlotina has left the room she occupied in the main building, for a room in the rear wing. You will find her there. Please excuse me if I am not waiting on you this evening. You will find your dear love in her new apartment, longing for your presence."

The impudent look of that woman, and the sort of sneer which curled her lips as she pronounced these words, plunged the soldier into an amazement which was not without a mixture of confusion, at the idea which he supposed to be that of the Signora. But as his principles of honor were above suggestions not in accordance with the most irreproachable sentiments, he contented himself by smiling at the arch hint, and bowing respectfully, he took leave of her.

"Come," said he to Jeronimo; "come, my lad. Thou wilt be the witness of my conversation with Car-

lotina. I do not want it to be said that the young girl has received me alone in *tete-a-tete* in her dwelling."

"You have more respect for her than the Signora has for her husband," said the boy, following the soldier.

"How is that?" inquired Adrian.

"Why, she receives her confessor at every moment of the day in her private apartments, without having, like you, the delicacy of calling a third person to be present at the conversation."

"And who is that confessor?" demanded Adrian.

"Don't you know him?" asked the boy. "Whom can he be, if not my best friend, the giver of *baiocco* and of images?"

"Father Francisco!" exclaimed Adrian.

"You have said his name," replied Jeronimo.

"Well, my boy, if it is as you say, I am no longer astonished at the amount of information possessed by the woman, and her intrigues and manœuverings in the ranks of our enemies are no more a mystery. Watch her, my lad; watch her! Keep a watchful eye over everything that passes. Thou mayest be the most important instrument of our delivery, and of the delivery of the people of Italy."

"Watch her?" replied the little rogue, overleaping, two by two, four by four, the stairs leading to the door of Carlotina, with the swiftness of a roe buck; "watch her?—yes. Pray tell me, am I doing anything else? Have I not to revenge myself of the whipping and dungeon I suffered for over eight days in the house of

the Signora, by her will and through her order, though it was apparently permitted and done by her husband. Oh, yes!" said the boy, "I will watch her. The *baiocco* will turn into gold, and the image of the heart of the Virgin Mary move on the paper, rather than I forget the last words of my dying father, and the barbarous chastisement of those eight days. See—see, sir," said the boy, letting himself slip on the polished ridge of the hand-railing which protected the stairs, and falling at the feet of Adrian, who was then stepping over them, "See what a fine sleeping place this is;" and in thus saying, Jeronimo, changing the course of his conversation with the mobility of impression and instability of ideas natural in a boy of twelve, ascended again to the top of the stairs, and let himself drop down several times, muttering, between his lips, "Watch her?—yes, watch her!—yes;" thus presenting a contrast often offered by nature—a mixture of the highest faculties of intelligence allied in childhood to the peculiar features of its age, puerility and trifling.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE AND PATRIOTISM.

ADRIAN, having reached the little platform situated in front of Carlotina's humble dwelling, gently pushed the jarred door. The young girl was seated near a small table, in one of the corners of her apartment, her pensive head reclined on her arm, the shape of which would have excited the admiration of a sculptor. At that sight the soldier was struck with that ineffable sentiment of love, too confused to be expressed, too happy to be described, and too intuitive to be analyzed. He believed in contemplating the object of her affection in that delicious attitude, (who is the lover not infatuated with himself?) that the dreaming young girl was thinking of him, and that her soul was carried away, on the wings of thought, towards the enchanting regions of love.

Carlotina had left church a few moments ago, and was still under the impressions awakened in her soul by the multitude of ideas, which, for a certain length of time, had troubled the limpidity of her virginal

thoughts. The different objects of her adoration, the description of which we have given in a preceding chapter, always before her eyes, at the moment of her devotions, had, since her love with Adrian, assumed a different aspect. As the first dawn of the day drives forward the darkness of the night, and unveils, little by little, all that had been concealed from sight, so her heart, (woman's sun,) which can mislead, but never fails to enlighten the horizon of her existence, had revealed to her a whole world of ideas, till then unperceived. The paintings of the church, the tasteful decorations, the flowers, the silver and the gold, prodigally lavished in all its corners, the books of hymns, and even the style of her prayers, assumed quite a mundane expression to her mind. It was evident that the relation existing between the worldly form of adoration adopted in the Catholic ceremonies, and the worldly adoration between the two sexes, would attract her attention, as soon as she would have the opportunity of comparing the two systems,—the mundane with the religious, the celestial with the earthly, the holy with the profane. She soon perceived that the very words used in her prayer-book, and in the hymns, were those used by her lover to express his love, and when she thought to have spoken a godly language, known to God only and his angels, she found, alas! to her great confusion and remorse, that she had used that found in the vocabulary of earthly love.

We must tell it here, in honor to the religious senti-

ments of that poor ignorant girl, that she fought as long as she could, and with a courage sufficient to disarm the anger of an angel, against these unbecoming ideas, the very presence of which brought to her cheek the vermillion of shame. But her struggle ended as it may easily be supposed, by taking a worldly turn. That love, that adoration, those kisses, those extatic transports of passion, so minutely represented in her prayers and songs, had then taken a form, and were embedded in her bosom, in the person of Adrian. How could she suppose they were applied to any one else ? Can a young girl of seventeen have an idea of the shape of the Almighty ? and if that form belong to our frail humanity, if the eyes are bright, the arm fleshy, the body handsome, and respond to the idea we form of man, is it possible that it may befit the mighty conception of the Creator, the description of which no human genius can approach ? In such a case, is it not natural to suppose, that the young girl will love man instead of God, and will leave the one for the other ? Catholic priests, have you ever pondered over this question, and are you aware of the invisible shoal hid under the flowery path through which you make your flock walk ?

On that inclined plane, which leads from religious Catholic worship to terrestrial love, the point was so insensible, as to unconsciously carry the mind from one subject to another, and often to blend both together. The result of the pious efforts of Carlotina was then to rivet, more profoundly, the image of her beloved in

the abyss of her heart, and her thoughts, if not her eyes, were turned towards him when the young man presented himself, unperceived, on the threshold of her room.

Adrian stood awhile at the entrance, motionless, and breathless, like an artist before his master-piece, his eyes fixed on Carlotina, watching her movements, and trying to discover in her something he could apply to himself, or comfort his heart with. But the young girl did not rouse from her apparently slumbering state, and it was but after the Roman soldier had made a step onward, that she raised her head, and saw the smiling look of her lover.

The young girl perceiving Adrian, did not move, did not put forth a single exclamation of surprise or fear, as would have been the case, had her love been less, or had she been better acquainted with the dramatical or coquetish part of her situation. The sensation she experienced at his sight was too deep to be noisy, too serious and innocent to be frolicksome. The effect produced by the often dreamed of object of her passion, was like that of an electric shock, followed by indescribable and indefinite sensation of pleasure, the expression of which tinged her dark olive cheek with a rich purple color, and caused her little rosy fingers to separate the thick mass of dark hair with which she was covered. A modest meadow flower, expanding in full blossom, under the shadow of a dark green foliage, is no more charming than was the smiling face of Carlotina appearing at this moment, surrounded, as

it was, by the luxuriant curls which nature had bestowed on her.

The bold soldier, seeing her glance fixed upon him, hastened his steps, and once close to Carlotina, slowly and smoothly drew a seat towards her, and sat like a culprit before his judge, waiting for his sentence, and trying to foresee it by studying her glance, and penetrating her thoughts.

Women, however innocent or uneducated you suppose them to be, have so much the consciousness of the power which they exercise upon man, through the invisible agency of love, that their first impulse, a natural effect of their weakness, is to try their empire, often with injustice, always to their great disadvantage, upon the poor creature whom they have inspired with affection. Carlotina, seeing Adrian under her sway, and wishing to make him feel how sensible she was at his unusually long absence, shut her mouth, and turned her head against him, without inquiring at first whether the motive of her resentment had the least shadow of foundation.

"Can you tell me, Carlotina," said the soldier, whose heart had suddenly started with grief, at that apparently cool reception, "can you tell me, my dear, what I have done, that you turn your head from me, with that indifference more cruel than death, and why you receive me with such a frozen countenance? Have I, poor wretch that I am, been unlucky enough to incur your displeasure, or unwittingly done something of which you have to complain? Speak, Carlo-

tina, tell me what causes your fair brow to frown, and why you deprive me of the sweet rays of your glance, as if I was no longer worthy of your attention, of your esteem, I dare not to say, of your love ?"

" If absence," replied Carlotina, with a feigned coolness of language, " was indissolubly united with the loss of affection or friendship, you would have forfeited, sir, any right to a claim of that nature, and your question, at this moment, would have received its answer. No sentiment whatever, except indifference, can grow out from forgetfulness."

" I hope this is not for me, my dear," quickly responded the soldier. " Forgetfulness ! Absence ! I expect you don't suppose me capable of forgetting you, or that I take any pleasure in living far from your presence. God bless me, I, whose whole thoughts are for you, whose whole actions and projects, like the little brooks running into a great river, are concentrating upon you, and building up for futurity an enchanted castle of love and happiness, accuse me of voluntary absence, and culpable oblivion. No ! you dont think what you say, my Carlotina, otherwise how could you suppose that I would, with the ideas you entertain about me, dare to present myself before your eyes ?"

" What, then, has kept you so long from visiting me ?"

" Duties. Duties of such an importance, as to take away from love, all that love can lose without suffering, have prevented my coming as soon as I had promised."

"And what are these duties," asked Carlotina, looking at Adrian with that fiery glance which is only found in the land of volcanoes, "powerful enough to make you break your words, and overbalance your promises? I did not suppose," added she, in rather an indifferent tone of voice, "that so many sentiments as those you seem to entertain, each having an equal weight in your actions, could fill up your heart. Since you place what you are pleased to call your duties upon the same scale with your affections, I will be better advised another time, and the lessons of the present will be for me a rule of conduct upon which I will model my opinions and sentiments for the future."

"You wrong me, Carlotina," replied the soldier; "you wrong me in the most unjust and unreasonable manner."

"Why, sir? If so—if you think I am not correct in my appreciation of your acts, can you tell me the imperative reasons (and mark that I do not admit any one which can be more binding than true love)—can you tell me the mighty reasons," added Carlotina, "which have supplanted what you are pleased to call your affections, and made you stay in Rome, whilst you ought to have been here?"

"Do not ask the reasons, Carlotina, for I swear you would oblige me to tell you a lie."

"If you cannot speak to me without falsehood," said the young girl, rising from her chair with an air of offended majesty, "it is a proof that I have ceased to deserve your confidence, or that you have become un-

for having tried to discover, by a vain curiosity, as uncomely as unnatural, the reasons of your conduct, your business, the business of others perhaps, which I know are as sacred to you, as they ought to be for me, had I at first glanced at the motives which may determine you to silence. I know you too well, I love you too much, and my love is too sincere, not to allow you the same consideration that I myself should expect, had I been entrusted with the great secret of some important doings on which would depend the honor, perhaps the life, of my fellow-beings. I do not wish, then, to push my inquisitiveness any further. I feel confident that it would be as unbecoming to me as injurious to you. This is the reason why I leave you to your own impulse. Confidence is not at one's command. It requires as much virtue in him who receives as in him who grants it. I do not judge myself to have arrived at the degree of perfection which I suppose is necessary, to share your thoughts and assist you in the accomplishment of your designs," added she, with that woman's finesse and biting reply always concealed in some corner of their mind, and ready to break out on any occasion or circumstance.

"If you want to use the arms of your sex against those I employ in the duties of my profession, I am ready to confess that I must give mine up, without trying any longer to prolong the struggle," replied Adrian, laughingly. "Now let us speak seriously, Carlotina. Who can have excited in your mind the suspicion you have just manifested here?—for certain-

ly these thoughts do not originate with yourself! How could you suppose that aside from the duties of my profession, aside from my devotedness and love to your charming person, there were other subjects taking up my time and occupying my attention? These suggestions which you are speaking of, who imparted them to you? who dared to trouble the pure limpidity of your soul with the poisoned dart of distrust? Tell me, Carlotina," added Adrian, seeing the girl nodding her head, "tell me who is that enemy of mine who dared to blacken my face in the mirror of your affections, and disfigure me to your eyes."

"No!" replied the young girl, "no! rather ask me something else; this I am not permitted to tell. Did you not urge yourself, a moment ago, the necessity of keeping a portion of one's thoughts under silence? Well, I must profit by the precept and imitate the example. It is the best way to prove the respect and consideration I profess for the wisdom of your teachings." These words were followed by a modest bow of the head.

"Please do not add to the perplexity of my position the sting of your words. I am unhappy enough in being obliged to keep concealed from you what my heart would be ready to avow without entreaty, through affection for you, what my reason represents to be imprudent for me and unsafe for others."

"I do not request from you," replied Carlotina, "more than is in keeping with the notions you entertain as to the sacredness of an oath; and, since you

gave yours, keep it. It is not I who will urge you to violate it. My entreaties towards you had their foundation in a sentiment natural among affectionate women —I mean mutuality of thought and reciprocity of confidence. In my ignorance of the things of this world, I often said to myself that the duty of a devoted wife —excuse me if I was dreaming of that sweet name; I did not think, sir, that it could be mixed with trials of this kind—that the duty of a wife was to know the ideas of her husband as well as her own, since living in a single and same life, they aimed at the same thing. It entered into my calculations that if he was happy I would share his happiness; if not, I would comfort him in his afflictions. I have, perhaps, exaggerated the extent of woman's duties, and made the sanctuary of her functions wider than it ought to be. Pardon me, my Adrian. I wanted to involve my affections with your affections, my joys with your joys, my griefs with your griefs; have my part in the former, console you in the latter, love you always. When I shall be married, said I to myself, I want to look in the smile of my husband—in his eyes, in his countenance, to wipe off the cloud passing on his brow, to watch the idea stamped on his forehead, and to make his life as lovely and charming as I have conceived it. Alas, what a dream! I see now how mistaken I was. Is it true that woman's ideas of life must always terminate in the wreck of her affections? Oh, my Adrian! what a different conception I had formed to myself of the honor of being your wife. How un-

fortunate I am to see now that I must give up a great part of the notions I had framed upon the happy state of matrimony, or renounce any idea of that sort," said Carlotina, passing her handkerchief over her eyes to dry up the tears which she had vainly endeavored to restrain.

"Charming creature of my soul!" exclaimed Adrian, transported with the inspired accents and the ingenuity of sentiments of Carlotina, "listen to me. These lovely hours, in which the flame of thy eye penetrates mine, moving all the chords of my heart with the irresistible impulse of an invincible passion; these hours are thine; thine the pulsations of my heart; thine my thoughts, my sentiments, my all. All that I possess, all that I can give, all that I think, do, or dream, is thine. Thou wantest to know, thou shalt know; thou wantest my life, thou shalt have it; my honor, it is thine."

In uttering these words, Adrian, out of his mind, distracted with love, rose from his chair in a flight of passion, and taking the hand of Carlotina, covered it with kisses.

"I knew you were kind and good," said Carlotina, with an imperceptible movement of joy at her triumph, and disengaging her hand from the grasp of Adrian; "I knew that you trusted me more than you would let appear, and I thank you now, for having restored to me what I never ceased to deserve, that is to say, reliance on myself, and an entire security in my discretion. I will not remain behind such a generous con-

fidence. Yes, my Adrian! I must tell you what, at first, I had not intended to tell. You asked me, a while ago, who had suggested to me the idea of asking you for your secrets. I am ready to let you know her name. That person is a woman, now not far from us, —that woman is no other but our common friend, the Signora Savini."

"The Signora! our friend!" exclaimed Adrian; "I hope you don't speak seriously?" said he, staring at the young girl.

"Why? Is she not my protectress,—my second mother?" retorted Carlotina. "What have you to object against her?"

"My dear beloved, your ignorance of that woman, and of the motives prompting her to act as she does, cannot be comprehended by you, unless I explain that part of her conduct, and mine, which you are ignorant of. I must consequently spread before you the secrets I intended to keep. Besides, it is indispensable that you become acquainted with different subjects, until now hid from your sight, by the calculation of those concerned to keep you in ignorance. The bandage held on your eyes by interested hands must be rent, lest you mistake your path, injure my affections, and expose your happiness and mine."

"I am ready to obey you, in all that you may prescribe or order," modestly replied the young girl.

"I ask from you," continued Adrian, "no promises, no oaths, no protestations of any sort. I trust entirely in your love for me. This appeal to your affection is

sufficient to inspire me with an unshakable security. I know you cannot be false; how could I suppose that you can betray me ?"

"I swear that I would rather die !" exclaimed Carlotina, with a thankful glance.

"What you are going to hear," pursued Adrian, "will, I am afraid, impress you with rather a distrustful feeling in my words, and a reluctance to follow me in my opinions, will be the necessary result of that feeling. I am well aware that it is not in one hour, nor in one conversation, that you can be converted to my ideas, or accept them as the expression of truth. Nevertheless, I will speak to you my thoughts, be the result what it may. What would you say, my beloved Carlotina, if I, your lover, and, consequently, a little your slave, was going to say to you, that your education has been led in a wrong channel; that your ideas of things and men are false; that the way in which you were told to worship God, whom every one of us must worship, is not conformable to the dictates of reason, or to the inclinations of the heart ? If I, over whom you have an entire command, was advising you to blot out from your mind all that has been treasured in it through the care of the Church, and make room for new ideas and new sentiments, what would you say ?"

"I would say that I am an ignorant girl," replied the amazed Carlotina, "and would be ready to listen. I would not, however, promise to share your ideas. They are too extravagant for that."

" Now, my dear," continued Adrian, " turn to that period of your existence, when you, your father and mother, were living together in a wretched cottage, upon the estate of a Monsignori, a lazy spendthrift and sensual prelate, as you often told me, living in idleness and corruption, and expending in a depraved life an income of several thousand a year. Suppose that, after having painfully earned a dry piece of bread, your father, wearied by labor, the heart broken by the hardness of his position, the head bent on his hand through despondency, as he reflected upon the means of improving his condition. Suppose at that moment a man, a stranger, introduced himself in your humble dwelling, and said to your father or mother, ' I am here as an ambassador of the true God, the God who says that all men are his children, the God of charity and love, of liberty and mercy. My intention is to teach you how to obtain his blessings. Once this is done, you will soon arrive at the means of improving your condition, of educating your daughter, and of elevating yourself to the true dignity of man, by acquiring the benefit of free education, free thinking, and self-government. In a word, I will render you quite a different man, by giving you the means of getting a comfortable living ; I will give you an education appropriate to your intellect ; I will show you the way of becoming a useful member of your community, instead of being a mere machine ; I will elevate you to the highest standard of humanity, which is to love and worship God according to the dictates

of an enlightened conscience, and learn to govern others, by learning to govern yourself.' What would you have said to such a man, my dear Carlotina ?"

"I would have added his name in my daily prayers, and asked the benedictions of Heaven for him, his parents and relatives," said Carlotina, listening with eagerness to the words of Adrian, and concentrating her thoughts and life upon him.

"Now, if another man had entered the same door, and said to you, 'If thou listenest to that man, thou shalt be eternally damned; his words are inspired by the fiend; he comes here to bargain for thy soul, by the allurement of his deceitful promises; in other terms, that man is a Protestant; don't listen to him. I alone have a right to preach the gospel of God; through me, and by my intermediary, God lets man know his will, and no other man has been commissioned from Heaven, to spread the words of God upon earth.'"—

"Such men do not exist," hastily replied Carlotina.

"If that same man," continued Adrian, without apparently noticing her objection, "dares to add, as he will, 'Thou art not free in thy thoughts, in thy words and acts; but thou art obliged, at the cost of thy happiness in this world, and of thy salvation in the other, to think as I tell thee to think, to speak as I command thee to speak, and to act as I order thee to act. Thou must never infringe upon the orders of the church, which I represent, for the church and myself are but one and the same. In fact, as the spiritual power of

bishop or thy confessor. Work and pray. Work hard and pray often. Such is man's duty. God wants it, and he sends me here to tell it to thee. This valley is a valley of tears. Thou art born to be and to remain unhappy! Be obedient to thy fate!' "

"But such a man," replied Carlotina, "is not a human being; he is a wretch, a miserable wretch. Where did you see such a man, Adrian?" exclaimed the young girl, as if horrified at his words.

"Where? You ask me where, Carlotina? Poor ignorant girl that you are!" said Adrian. "I am sure that you never suspected that the very men possessing your confidence, and using it for getting into your secrets, the secrets of your families, and who thereby succeed in holding whole communities under their thumb, are precisely those who do not want you to think, to read, to be educated, to be free and happy, but those who want you to work, work and pray, and toil night and day, and be eternally miserable."

"But who are those men, pray—who are they?"

"Thy priests," replied Adrian, "the Catholic priests, as they qualify themselves, to designate their small but dangerous society with an epithet as unbecoming to the idea they represent, as untrue respecting their number."

"What do you say?" asked, with a vivacity blended with reproach, the young girl, who was staring at her lover. "Are you well aware that your accusations reach me to the heart? These men are my benefactors. They took care of me, taught me music,

watched over my actions with an interest full of affection, and treated me in fact as a father would have treated his daughter. You will at least confess, Adrian, that gratitude must, for want of a better reward, direct my conduct towards them, and inspire me with thankfulness for their services."

"I never dared to dispute a sentiment, Carlotina, especially when it springs from one of the noblest qualities of the heart," answered the soldier; "but we are often wont to exaggerate qualities and vices in others, by reason of our limited knowledge of men and things, and to attribute to a good motive what results from selfishness. Now examine your account with the priests, and tell me what you owe them. This will be the best means of simplifying their position and yours. And first, what did they teach you? Did you learn to read with them?" added Adrian.

"No," replied the young girl, in a low voice.

"Did they teach you your duty towards God and man?"

"Oh, for that, yes," replied Carlotina, pleased to see an opening through which she could refute the objections of Adrian, "I learned this in the catechism."

"But tell me," replied Adrian, smiling, "how could you learn the catechism, since you did not know how to read?"

"We were learning it by heart. The priest read it, and all the young girls preparing themselves for communion were repeating his words after him. The

exercises lasted till we knew the whole book well enough to recite it from beginning to end."

"This must be a very long and tedious way of learning; and it takes a priest to imagine such a system of education! Would it not have been shorter to make you read at first, and learn by memory afterwards? There would have been at least economy of time, and provision for the future. What results have you gathered from such an awkward method of education? I am sure they cannot be great. I would dare wager that you do not now recollect a single word of your catechism!"

"Oh!" replied Carlotina, stammering; "a word? that is too little. I remember a part of it."

"Well, supposing that you remember it all: what does that prove in favor of your teachers—protectors, as you call them? Do you not know that these men are paid and sustained by the state, and consequently that the task of educating you is a part of their duty? It is not the priest who educates you, mind it—it is the state; it is the citizens; it is the money which they give! Do you understand me? In fact, you owe nothing to the priest: it is the priest who owes the country, since he is paid for a work which he does not properly perform."

"You wrong them, Adrian; they were very kind to me. I was always one of the first called to the honor of dressing the altar, of putting fresh flowers in the vases, of lighting the lamp of the Virgin Mary's chapel, or of some other religious practices, the functions

of which are reputed a mark of esteem for the person fulfilling them."

"Did not these functions occupy your time?"

"Yes," replied Carlotina with astonishment.

"Were these functions rewarded by the church? Did you ever ask any money for your services?"

"Never: there is no money given for such holy occupations."

"Do you know any other person who would have done it, like you, gratuitously?"

"No; but I have also no reason to suppose that many a one could not have been found ready to do it as I did."

"I share your confidence, but only to a certain degree. Poor and innocent girls like you could, I understand, have very well been seduced by the vanity of these honorary functions, the estimation of which is only a consequence of the policy of the church; but rich people would not have been cheated out of their time and labor. They know too well the value of it, not to exchange it for positive results—that is to say, good profits. Now I see your accounts with the church are perfectly balanced. You have been learning the catechism, a lesson for which the priest is paid in advance, and which he is obliged to give; and that is what you call education! If you had learned it well—that is to say, if you understood it—I could perhaps conceive your gratitude, and subscribe to your feelings. But to take a bright and innocent being like you, made after the image of the angels who are in heaven, for a

parrot, is an insult to God who created you an outrage against the reason He has given us through which to know and worship Him, and an abuse of human intellect deserving the execration of mankind."

Carlotina looked with surprise at Adrian. She had never known him in such a state of exasperation before.

"So," continued Adrian, with the same accent, "you owe indeed a great, a very great debt of gratitude to the priests! True, indeed, they *have* been educating you—I mean teaching you—as we teach parrots, with words instead of ideas, with sounds instead of facts. They have profited by your labor without remunerating you, and still continue to do so. Indeed, Carlotina, indeed you are right. You must be very grateful to the priests—very—very!"

Carlotina continued to look with astonishment at Adrian. She could scarcely recover herself at such an outburst of aggressive indignation. It is not always at the first effort that the mind comprehends passion in others. It requires a certain preparation, a peculiar similitude of views and character, which time, education, and disinterestedness can alone impart. Such was not the case with the young Roman girl, who had always lived in the same circle of ideas and sentiments. She remained dumb and thunderstruck at the attacks of Adrian. She could not answer, for the fact was that nothing rational or sensible could be presented in refutation.

"A thing you are ignorant of," continued the soldier,

walking to and fro in the room, "is, that you possess a fortune greater, perhaps, than any Italian lady possesses at the present time. You stare at me, Carlotina. Yes, my dear, you have a fortune, a real fortune; for it was God who gave it to you. That fortune is your voice —that voice to which I owe my love for you, that is to say, my happiness and my glory—a voice which seems rather to have been stolen from the sacred choirs of heaven than to belong to the echoes of an earthly sphere, and which is worth I know not how many thousand florins. An *impressario* would pay for it an enormous price, and very likely would pay only to know that such a voice exists. Now, please tell me, what do you get from the church for it?"

"Nothing," timidly replied the young girl, casting her eyes down, and not daring any more to look at her lover.

"Nothing!—that is indeed a price which every one can pay; I do not suppose you make your affection for the church consist in such a reward. Now I see perfectly well the motives of your gratitude," continued Adrian; "they are founded on the inverse principles of rationality. According to your system, the one who owes nothing pays, and the one who is paid to do the thing does not do it. You owe nothing, and still you lend your voice and give your work. The priests are paid to educate you rationally, as a human being ought to be, and not as a brute. Have they fulfilled their tasks? What have they been doing for you? What did they impart to you? Only a few words,

which you have learned to rehearse, as would a popinjay of South America."

"But the glory of God, Adrian; do you not account for that?" asked the young girl, reproachfully.

"You mean the shame, my dear," retorted the soldier. "God cannot delight in such an abuse of the understanding, in such a speculation on the labor and time of a poor girl. He gave us an intellect to feed, a reason to use, and a heart to love. He has told us to exercise and cultivate these faculties; but I am not aware that a study of the catechism as you have learned it, or even the catechism itself, has been prescribed by Him. Besides, God requires justice; and justice requires that what the poor produce shall return to them in a shape convenient for the satisfaction of their wants. My dear," continued the soldier, fixing his eyes on the young girl, and trying to read upon her expressive physiognomy the sentiments which moved her, "did never anything whisper to your ears that you were created to feel, to learn, and to reason? Did never the secret voice, such as consciences pure as yours often hear murmuring in the calm hour of reflection, tell you of the value of instruction and the enjoyments of study?"

"I don't know whether I understand you exactly," answered Carlotina; "I will relate to you, however, all that I remember of my sentiments on that subject. I recollect often to have experienced moments of melancholy at the sight of a great many things, which, being a mystery to me, awoke in my bosom a thousand

varied and confused thoughts, which I myself could not understand. For instance, I have often asked myself why that fiery globe which we call the sun was leaving us at a certain hour, regularly every day, to disappear and go I don't know where; why, also, it was cool in winter, and warm in summer; why flowers are covered, in the morning, with bright pearls of water called dew-drops; why the quail emigrates, whilst the swallow stays at home; why this, why that. In fact, I should be embarrassed to quote one single object which has not aroused my curiosity and made me regret my ignorance."

"Those feelings," replied Adrian, "were the voice of God speaking within you, whilst the catechism was that of the priest. No wonder they contradict each other, and aim in quite different directions. Go on, my beloved Carlotina, go on. Let not thy budding lips rest on the sweet confidence of thy youth. Trust to him whom you have permitted to interrogate your most intimate sentiments and thoughts, to read the pages of your existence, still fresh with the impressions of your soul."

"What can I say, that you cannot guess?" replied Carlotina. "The dawn of life is like a cloudy sky, through which the light of heaven has scarcely penetrated. Confusion and change are prevailing in it. Is it necessary for me to speak of the agitation which seized upon me, and of the impatience and grief following it, at the presence of so many obstacles interposing

for having tasted the fruit of knowledge, that they were expelled from Paradise."

"The doors of which would be shut upon you, as had been upon them, were you to behave as they did. Is not that what he said? Yes," added Adrian, seeing the affirmative movement of the head made by the young girl; "these men are really very ingenious in the means they use to strike young people's minds with terror, and to profit by that terror, to arrive more surely at their ends. 'Keep people from thinking,' is their unvarying device. And they are right. They are consistent with themselves. For, from the day that people will think, they will think of the Church, and will cease to believe in Catholicism."

"You are indeed cruel in your suggestions, Adrian. Were I to trust you, I would be soon led to the belief that priests are all monsters, and Catholicism the scourge of the world."

"Understand me, Carlotina. There are two things in the priest,—the man and the function. The man, endowed like all creatures coming from the hands of the Creator, with sentiments and thoughts, with peculiar inclinations, and, according to my opinion, with noble aspirations and good tendencies,—the man, my fellow-being, my friend, my brother. I cherish, I respect the man. Would to God that I might say as much of the functions! As to these, they are like all functions relying on the slavery of intellect, adverse to the proper development of men's faculties. Religious education, such as is inculcated in the Catholic Church,

upon the tender mind of a young man, is like the knife of a gardener upon an espalier. The trees are planted, and pruned so as to be, and remain, dwarfs. The fact is, that the soul of the priest is bent from his infancy, and, like the creeping vine, it takes the bias imposed upon it, and when he, poor wretched being, wants to re-dress it, he is unable to do it. Understand me, my beloved. I do not condemn, I pity, the priest. I never look at one without thinking that he is a man, like me, and that he, consequently, has a right to the same advantages and privileges; I must love him. My duty is to assist him in his wants, sympathize with his griefs, and do towards him what Christ told us to do one towards another. It is for this reason that I tell him he is a slave,—that the slave in the galleys is no more so than he. Indeed, what is there which distinguishes one from the other? Nothing, as regards freedom. One is as much a slave as the other. The one waters the soil with the sweat of his brow, a chain to his leg and to his waist, and drags after him a lead ball. This is the galley slave. The other bears a life which does not belong to him, but to another. He is not at liberty to work with his own arms, but must borrow those of the Church; nor to think with his own mind, but with the mind of others, —Pope, bishops, or superiors. He is not free to love, free to marry, free to know the sweet joys of a family. He has only one liberty, and that is, to believe that his life will lead him to heaven. I don't want to tell you the name of that slave, Carlotina, you have guessed it,

—his name is PRIEST. When the slave in the galleys breaks his chain, he is free, till he is taken and put in prison again. This is the difference between the two. For the priest who breaks his chain, and throws off the yoke of Rome, can never, that I know of, be sent to prison again. He is free, really free. When I see a priest, I think of a bishop; when I see a bishop, I think of a cardinal; when I see a cardinal, I think of the Pope; and when I see the Pope, I think of Catholicism; when I think of Catholicism, I think of past and present history; and when I look at past and present history, I think of the slavery of mankind, and of the yoke imposed upon the Italian people by the Italian Church!"

It was impossible not to be impressed with the sincerity of Adrian, as he uttered these words with an earnestness of accent, and a feeling of grief, impossible to describe. The brightness of his eyes, moistened with the tears of sympathy; the language of reason, backed by the all-powerful voice of conscience; the ingenuity of the expression, and the choice of ideas,—never showed themselves more eloquent, or more attractive, than they were, at that moment, portrayed on the lips, on the forehead, and in the glance of the soldier.

Carlotina, subjugated, could not believe her ears. Her mind was struck, all over its surface, like the keys of a piano by a skilful hand. All the chords of her soul vibrated at these unsuspected reasons, and her ideas, in a state of faint twilight, were buzzing in

her brain, with a noise similar to the confused sounds arising from a great city, before the appearance of the sun has dispelled the shadows of receding night, and set everything in the light of day.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT MAY BE SEEN FROM A ROOF.

The ardent attention in which both of the actors in the scene we have just described was absorbed, had prevented them from paying any attention to little Jeronimo, who, as our readers undoubtedly remember, entered the room of Carlotina at the same time with Adrian. We have said that the Roman soldier, through a sentiment of delicacy and of respect for his beloved, had brought the boy along with him, to save her the uneasiness and confusion that a *tete-a-tete* always produces in a young and innocent heart. But once the conversation engaged, the boy had been forgotten and left entirely to himself. Jeronimo, having been disregarded by them, sought to fill up the tedious hours of loneliness with some sportive occupation. He first moved on his chair as if the seat had been stuffed with pins, then threw his whole body backwards, and commenced swinging in a painful manner. The eye of Adrian happening to meet him in the performance of that noisy exercise, he judged from the expression of

the glance that the safety of his ears was involved in the matter, and stopped swinging. The motion of the limbs immediately followed that of the body. The right leg, too tired to reach the floor, went on the knee of the left, while the two hands twisted together, formed a chain, in which the foot was tenderly embraced. The position was so interesting as to necessitate the accompaniment of an air of music. Jeronimo immediately understood it; and as his imagination was as prompt as his countenance was poetical, he immediately performed that exercise, and commenced whistling the Marsellaise. A second look from Adrian having had the magic effect of putting an end to the music, the boy started on his seat with an impatient gesture, which caused the right leg to resume its position on the floor again. It was not, however, without a visible repugnance that he renounced the comfort of such a posture. He arose from his seat, and went to look at some pictures hung to the wall. Having arrived at a certain place, where a gilded frame of larger dimensions than the others was conspicuously exposed to the admiration of the visitors he elongated his neck, so as to look more attentively at the picture. The result of this movement was to impart to his face a contraction similar to the grin of a monkey at its first challenge. He showed his teeth, pushed out his tongue, mopped and mowed, and when he had sufficiently exercised the muscles of his visage, he pointed his two fore-fingers at the object, and placing the one upon the other, crossway, he amused himself in making signs at it, with

that frolicsome ease which so agreeably entertains the first years of boyhood.

We must hasten to explain here the object of little Jeronimo's pranks. It was intended, as one may well suppose from the knowledge already given of the piety of Carlotina, to represent a pious picture, such as those seen in almost every peasant house in Italy. These images, coarsely drawn, often representing saints and virgins in indecent posture, are sold from door to door by pedlars, for the sum of one or two cents. The one which had excited the grinning pantomime of the Italian boy, had evidently been invented and executed by some members of the church. The taste and imagination of the composition could but appertain to one of their geniuses. The subject represented the sufferings of a Sinner in Purgatory. A large kitchen, supplied with its necessary implements, and filled up with little devils in the most picturesque positions and attitudes, occupied the whole canvas. A part of these devils were gathered around a table, and seemed much occupied with the cooking of the dinner. One was chopping, the other beating, a third preparing puddings and pastry, a fourth baking—every one, in fact, had his functions, which he seemed to understand with that superiority of intelligence that has not yet been denied to the reprobates from heaven. The activity, cleanliness, and skill prevailing in that laboratory of gormandizers would have excited the jealousy of a Parisian cook. Everything was so nice and relishing! It was not difficult to see, by the perfection of the drawing

and the minuteness of the details, that the author was a man of sensual mouth, a monk, or a cardinal, or at least a member of the Roman church. However, as the picture was intended to be a religious one, to instruct the sinner with some striking example of future punishment, the painter had, by an ingenious substitution of labels, contrived to reach that end without injury to the composition. To effect this, the pantry, larder, barrels, boxes, and bottles were labelled with some names borrowed from the Apothecary's shop. The flour barrel was stamped *Arsenic*, the sugar was called *powdered sulphur*, the butter *extract of Belladona*. Even the eggs had been decomposed in *nux vomica*, and the spices assumed the title of other poisons. This, however, was evidently a subterfuge on the part of the artist, to deceive himself and the public, for the flour, the sugar, the butter, the eggs, and the spices had nothing in their appearance of the baleful properties involved in their names. They were what they pretended to be, real as life, and as true as nature itself. The painter, who was at once a man of imagination and a philosopher, had given the last stroke to his subject by rendering the moral complete. In consequence, he had indicated the connection existing between causes and effects, and after having described the former, had undertaken to represent the latter. The effects were exhibited under the shape of a fleshy, red-nosed fellow, very likely an artistic reminiscence of some convent, to whom the savory dishes were served, and by whom they were swallowed. But as the pic-

ture was intended to convey a salutary impression in the mind of the sinner, the pain immediately followed the pleasure. No sooner had the dishes passed from the hands of the devils into the stomach of the glutton than the torments commenced. The fleshy man twisted his jaw in a frightful manner, put his two hands on his belly, and moved on his legs with that peculiarity of attitude appertaining exclusively to diseased bowels. Tears as large as hazel nuts were dropping from his eyes to his feet; some laying on the floor, others performing their descent. The inventive genius of the painter had selected that moment to impress the sinner with a sentiment of awe. Faithful to his system of labelling, he had written on each tear some of the vices appertaining to the Catholic sufferers. Each tear had its name. One was called gluttony, another lasciviousness, another cruelty, a fourth anger, and so on. The whole catalogue of sins was thus written down, inclosed in tears, and surrounded, as in a circle, the unhappy inhabitant of purgatory, presenting to his sight the retaliating spectacle of his own wretchedness.

It is impossible for people unaccustomed to the life of the poor in Catholic countries, to form an idea of the depravity of judgment, of the injury done to reason and taste, of the coarseness of sentiments produced by the sale of these images, pretended to be religious, and to aim at fostering religious sentiments among the masses. The description we have just given is far from conveying to the mind the tenth part of the silliness and stupidity existing in these compositions. Some of

them are really licentious, and, like the hymns quoted in a preceding chapter, call to mind all the seductions of the senses. The inclination to virtue would even be contended against in the soul of the sinner, by the frequent sight of such pictures. Aside from these defects, great enough to cause all sensible persons to proscribe with contempt all caricatures of heaven and hell, such as those produced by the church of Rome, as being injurious to the greatness of the Creator, and to the salvation of the creature, there are the considerations of art and talent which ought not to be neglected. How is it to be supposed that such daubings will ever help the innate propensities of the children for the fine arts, or develop in them the secret fire which is only called to light by the contact of the mind with the productions of the great masters, if he has always present under his eyes ridiculous pictures and frightful ideas? Also, it is to the propaganda of such images that the sentiment of profound disdain, and in some parts of Italy of deep aversion for the Roman Church, must be attributed. The masses are weary of being thus derided. From the child up to the man, every Italian sneers at them; so much so that they show themselves generally endowed with a love of arts and poetry, that neither the pomp of the church, nor the best gallery of peddled martyrs could ever prevent from being faithful to the genius of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo.

It is to be noticed that, in almost every case, it was through the hands and works of the church that the

web of indifference and disaffection for her was first woven. As time passed and new ideas went on, thicker and thicker these sentiments grew, till violence having been employed to snatch from the people a seeming of affection, hatred took hold of them, and expelled from their bosoms every trace of respect and reverence for her.

After having exhausted all his pranks and grins, little Jeronimo became fatigued with the pictures of the room. He looked around him in quest of new amusements. Adrian and Carlotina were then deeply engaged, and did not seem to pay much attention to him. There was neither dog nor cat in the room which he could molest, not a single mischief to perform. His situation was really intolerable. Tediousness was fast coming upon him, and he concluded to put an end to it. After having examined the most convenient plan to follow, he resolved to leave the company. The trouble was to get out unperceived. Happily for him, there was a little ladder placed inside of the room, leading to a skylight opening upon the roof. To climb the ladder and jump upon the roof was but the work of a moment. Once on the roof, his first movement was to glance at the nightly panorama which was then laying bare before his eyes the twinkling diamonds of the skies and the mysterious obscurity of the earth.

After having rapidly passed over the first line of the horizon, whose doubtful glimmering wavered on the far distant landscape like a will-o'-the-wisp in a churchyard, he drew his glance gradually closer and closer,

till it rested on the building directly opposite to the dwelling of Carlotina. There his attention was excited by a spectacle whose interest had the effect of immediately captivating his mind.

In an opposite direction to the observatory his active temper had prompted him to select, was an old building of an elongated shape, which, formerly used as a fodder-store, had been lately given up to the tribes of mice and rats which were wont to revel and riot in its precincts. That evening Jeronimo saw, to his great surprise, the gloomy habitation dazzling with lights. The long and narrow windows surrounding the third story were as bright as the apertures of a ball-room, and through them, the inquisitive look could easily distinguish what was going on inside of the building.

The spectacle was new and interesting. In the centre of the house, and outside of a long hall, around which a winding gallery had been established, Jeronimo saw a gathering of people whose countenances and features were unknown to him. This sight, as it may be well supposed, contributed not a little to arouse his curiosity. He could not imagine how so many persons, strangers to the place, could have penetrated unperceived into that building. On a closer examination, he discovered that a great many of these persons were not dressed in their usual attire. The pantaloons seemed to embarrass their gait, whilst the straight fitting of the coat and the tightness of the vest imparted to their gestures a peculiar awkwardness not usual among the civilians of our day. Some wore

false noses, others false beards and mustachios, the majority had their heads muffled in long, curled wigs, a precaution which Jeronimo attributed, with some reason, to a want of wool on the top of the head. After having cast up these different details, he concluded that the personages so careful to hide themselves, but at the same time so clumsy as to let the end of the ear appear, could belong to no other institution than the so-called *Spouse of Christ*, or 'the only true Church,' and that they were assembled with no other aim than that of entrammelling the liberties of the Italian people.

A small portion of the people then in attendance were countrymen, the costume of whom indicated that they belonged to some small cities of the Roman states. They were divided in small groups along the gallery, and seemed to lend their careless ear to the harangue of some of the men with false noses and mustachios. Their countenances were dull and stupid. Sometimes they bowed submissively before the speaker, but more often they rubbed their noses on their sleeves. That custom, peculiar to the countryman of the Campagna Romana, generally precedes a disposition to sleep; but on this occasion, we must incline to the supposition that it was only indicative of the want of handkerchiefs.

A small parcel of men, and these really strangers, were standing together at the entrance of the hall. Their attitude was vain, their glance scornful, and their hair red. They had swords at their sides, and

their boots were spurred. These men evidently belonged to the military. They were Croats, Sclavonians, Russians, Austrians, and English. They were all noble, all titled, and allied with the "*Holy Order of Jesuits.*" In fact, they were the sword on which the Jesuits were laying, in their weakness, and it was into their arms that the salvation of the inheritance of St. Peter had been entrusted. No wonder that they had swords on their sides, and that their boots were spurred.

Soon after, and as time was going on, the gallery, on which the eyes of Jeronimo were intently fixed, filled up with so compact a crowd, that distinction of ranks or persons became impossible. There was a moment of indescribable confusion. The thrusting and jostling were so strong, and the talking so loud, as to fill up the echoes of the neighborhood with surprise and awe. Even the owls and the bats, those peaceful inhabitants of the ruins, took fright, and retreated, in consternation, before the dread crowd of men who had just assembled on their premises.

A bell, hung inside of the same gallery, having rung, the pressed ranks of the thick crowd cleared little by little. A few minutes after, the place was left empty. As the crowd had entered the hall, situated in the midst of the gallery the Italian boy properly conjectured that they had emptied into that apartment. Besides, the trampling of the feet, and the humming of the voices, coming out from that spot, clearly indicated where they had assembled.

A quarter of an hour, as swift as the blessed hours of Heaven flew, and Jeronimo, amazed at this strange meeting, and unaware of the elapsed time, was still lost in contemplation and supposition. He had not yet moved a limb, nor changed the direction of his glance, when he saw a man coming with a hurried step, running rather than walking, and speeding as much as the length of his legs, and the weight of his body, permitted, along the windings of the gallery. The little boy had no sooner looked at the man, than, oh, surprise! he recognized the decided and assuming countenance of the giver of images and *baioccos*. He believes him to be the plaything of an illusion. But, no! the more he looks, the stronger are his convictions. No doubt. It is Father Francisco. But what is the matter with the holy priest? What hand has thus rumpled his white lace band, and set into disorder the symmetry of his wig? His face is red, his eyes flashing. A nervous contraction twists the corner of his mouth. A deadly paleness has replaced the vermillion of his lips. The passion of anger is stamped upon his forehead. His right hand is grasping, with a convulsive movement, a golden crucifix suspended to his neck; and thus, whilst the sign of redemption rested on his bosom, the tempests of hell were raging in his heart.

Like the others, Father Francisco entered the hall and disappeared. Jeronimo, whose attention has been excited by the arrival of the Father, moves from his position, and tries to discover a place from whence he

can peep into the hall. He stretches his neck in all directions, proves all the positions, climbs upon the chimney of the house, but all in vain. The interior of the hall remains concealed from his sight. His curiosity strengthens with the obstacles. He is just going to jump over a wall, separating the house of Carlotina from the neighboring house, when a yell, coming from the hall, stops him suddenly.

Scarcely had he turned his head towards the building, than he sees a man running, at full speed, along the gallery. This man is followed by the crowd rushing from the hall, with the greediness of a hive of wasps in a sunny day. At this sight, the hands of Jeronimo, clung to the wall, unclasped themselves, his arms are distended, and the boy falls with a heavy noise on the roof. Without losing an instant, he gathers himself up, and with as much swiftness as could be safely used on the sliding spot where he was treading, he advances and places himself on the edge of the building opening upon the street.

The man continues running. The crowd follows him. He winds his way through the gallery, with such velocity, as to prevent the boy from seeing him. His eyes follow him from window to window. He expects that some ray of light falling on his face will enable him to perceive his features. The expectations of the boy do not remain long undeceived. As the pursued man was crossing that part of the gallery whose windows were looking on his side, he turned his head towards Jeronimo. The boy catches a

would certainly not have taken the Signora for the wife of an host, but rather for a duchess of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, waiting for the visit of some royal beau.

A slight knock heard at the door, struck her with a nervous quivering. She immediately jumped up on her feet, and went in a hurry to unbolt the door, on the threshold of which, the light of the room showed the figure of a man, who entered the room, unclasped the cloak in which his manly frame was closely wrapped, took off his hat, and placing them in a corner, approached the sofa, from whence the Signora, who had resumed her former position, was following his actions with eyes, in which the flame of love had superseded the anxieties of expectation.

The costume of the man was remarkable, under the circumstance. He wore a long black gown of the finest cloth, falling down to the ankle, and made tight around the waist by a silk belt, fringed, on both sides, with a delicate net of the same stuff. His legs were confined in violet silk stockings, and a pair of varnished leather shoes, ornamented with golden buckles, shone on his feet, as the polished steel armor of a cavalier. This dress, which was that of a priest of high rank on a visit, differed from the official costume by a single detail. The opening of it, under the neck, down to the middle of the breast, had, in place of the usual band, a rich lace ruffle, whose treble ranks of embroideries were clasped together by a rich diamond broach, sparkling like a star of Heaven.

That man, of whom we have heard in one of the chapters of this story, was no other than the far-famed and justly illustrious Father Francisco, the paramour of Signora Savini. Famous for his zeal to the Church, dreaded for his craft, envied for his talents, detested by the people, and generally admired by the clergy, he was at once the pride and the scourge of the community, which had been entrusted to him by the confidence of the late Pope, Gregory XVI. His propensity for intrigue, and the aversion entertained by the population of Rome to his person, had induced his successor, Pio Nono, to remove him from the city, and to assign him a seat in the suburbs. But he continued there, what he had done in the capital of the so-called Christian world. He persevered in his tricks, cabals, and machinations. He tied the threads of his policy to other party's wires, and as he was then rather obnoxious to the head of Catholicity, he threw himself with open arms into the bosom of European diplomacy. He found there what he did not find elsewhere, minds responding to his wishes, and hands ready to uphold his designs. The English, Austrian, and Russian plenipotentiaries, the representatives of foreign countries, invested either with a public or private character, judging what advantage it would be for their governments to suppress the liberal tendencies of the new Pope, by making an alliance with the conservative portion of the Church, the Gregorians, as they were called, hastened to answer the call of Father Francisco, then the ostensible leader of the party. A vast

conspiracy was formed ; it was composed of the absolute princes of Europe, of the Jesuits, of the Sanfedesti, of a very small parcel of the most ignorant portion of the peasants of the Roman States, and of the high clergy, Cardinals, Monsignori, and Bishops. This powerful and terrible army, had for its object, the upsetting of Pio IX, the suppression of the Liberals, and a deadly war to all reforms.

Father Francisco was then a man of about forty-five to fifty years of age. Life was sparkling in his black eyes, whose burning flashes seemed, when speaking, to interrogate the innermost thoughts of his interlocutor. His forehead, though wrinkled, through tension of mind, was bold, elevated, and full of energy and ambition. His lips were thin, especially during the hours of reflection, and his cheeks, thick and fleshy, announced that, if he consecrated a part of his time to mental exertions, it was not exclusively at the expense of the claims of his stomach. The most peculiar and characteristic feature of the father was his smile. One would have taken it for that of a hyena, panting for the piece of meat tendered to it through the iron bars of its cage, by the guardian of the menagerie.

However overbearing were the habits of that man towards others, he, nevertheless, approached the sofa on which the Signora was leaning, with a trembling step and obedient look. Be that feeling either physical or intellectual in its origin, is what we will not undertake to describe.

When the Signora saw him drawing close by her,

she rose, went to the branched chandelier, in which several scented candles were burning, and extinguished three or four, an operation which reduced the light to a sort of twilight, and rendered the atmosphere of the room bright enough to enable any person to see, but not enough so to permit the eye to exercise all its functions.

This done, she went to the door, bolted it, shut the windows, dropped all the curtains, and, after having ascertained that every thing was quiet, that an entire calm was prevailing outside, and that security dwelt within, she resumed her seat on the sofa.

During these prudent preparations, Father Francisco had remained silently plunged in an arm-chair, near the sofa, as if absorbed in deep meditation.

The rustling of the silk dress on the floor, made him recover from his slumbering position.

"Signora," said he, "I have been advised of all that you have done in this late time, and have come to thank you."

"From the last time you saw me, sir, I have done nothing deserving your thanks, except causing a young girl, one of my acquaintances, my protege, to watch her beau, who is a member of the 'Young Italy Society.'"

"I know it," replied the father. "I know it through your husband, whom I saw the other day, and who, I believe, consents to be one of us. I have to-day commenced purchasing him, and, so far, think he will not set too high a price on his services."

a dream, said to Lord Momento on a certain morning that he, Lord Momento, was cursed—that the English aristocracy was cursed—that the whole world was cursed,—and, with these words, he abandoned his companion. Since then nobody has seen him; and some say that he has left the city, and gone back to England."

"And Lord Momento?" inquired the father, with a laugh.

"Lord Momento is busily engaged in his trucklings with the *Codini*,* making professions of servility towards the Cardinals, and is always concocting some new manœuvres with the Austrian and Russian Ambassadors. The worthy lord, you know, is not very talkative. He acts—that is all; but it is justice to say, he acts always in the right sense. He has the secret of moving the political wires of Italy, and of concealing his hand. He smiles in the most agreeable manner to every one, seems to be on the best terms with the Liberals, whilst behind he scorns at them, and betrays them all. You may rely on him as on yourself."

"I know," replied Father Francisco, endeavoring to smile. "I well know English policy. Always the best friend of Rome and, consequently, of the Church

* "Codini" is the word given to the reactionary party in Italy. It is derived from *coda*, a tail; *codino*, a little tail—consequently, "codini" means the court party, who wear (or rather wore) little tails to their peruques.

of Rome.* If other nations were half as efficacious in their services as these Englishmen are, the Liberals, Democrats, or Republicans, or whatever you may be pleased to call them, would not have so many reasons for rejoicing at their progress."

"They would not progress at all," quickly returned the Signora.

* ALLIANCE OF PAPACY WITH ENGLAND.—During the war of the Revolution, the government of England, which for a century had been exclusively Protestant, had conceived a more friendly disposition towards the Roman See. Pius VII. had been elected under the auspices of the victories of the coalition of 1799, in which England had so large a share. The Pope had, at a subsequent time, leaned for support on the power of England, and could not be induced to adopt any hostile measures toward her; nor could the English nation then deem it so necessary as heretofore to make the spiritual relation to the Pope a ground of entire exclusion from all simply political rights—from all qualifications for public functions. This had already been felt and expressed by Mr. Pitt.

In his letter to George III., 31st Jan., 1801, he says: "Mr. Pitt is convinced that the grounds on which the laws of exclusion now remaining were founded, have long been narrowed—that those principles formerly held by the Catholics, which made them considered as politically dangerous, have been for a time gradually declining—that the political circumstances under which the exclusion laws originated, arising from the conflicting power of hostile and nearly balanced sects, *and a division in Europe between Catholic and Protestant powers, are no longer applicable to the present state of things.*"—[Ranke's History of the Pope, vol. 2, page 254.]

What will the people think of Catholic and English policy after that? Will the Catholics still maintain that they are opposed to the English systems, and will the Irish Catholic editors brandish their shillalehs against the poor English, such good friends with the Pope, or will they resolve to overlook that trifling consideration, and continue to knock down English systems and policy? We will see.

"You are right, my dear, I mean, Signora," said the father, recollecting himself. "All English politicians carry on their finger the science of detail, and dexterously apply it to politics, which is looked upon, in England, as one of the first endowments of a nobleman, and for that reason studied by us all. The school in which their policy is framed comes to them, like the Catholic system, by tradition. Every one of their great men transmits some of his knowledge on his death, in favor of the one which succeeds him, and occupies his place. Literally speaking, then, political science descends to them through inheritance. Every aspiring politician cannot do without this legacy. To that motive we must ascribe the ability they have displayed in their transactions, their determination and readiness, their union of thought and action, and their unanimity, whenever the case has presented itself, of contending against the spirit of liberty spreading over Europe."

"I do not know as well as you, the intent of English policy," replied the Signora, "but I understand very well, how it acts upon governments and people. Lord Momento was no sooner in Rome, than he was in secret correspondence with all the men of the reactionary party, plotting with them, striving to unite them under the same flag, softening the differences existing among the princes of the Church about measures to be taken, and trying, as a counterpoise, to create divisions and foster animosities among the leaders on the popular side. Oh! he is an adroit

wrestler. He does not give up an idea, without having previously pondered upon it, and weighed its importance. He is the ablest man, to find an honorable pretext, and to shift from one place to another, without ceasing to appear consistent with himself."

"Oh! oh! Margueritte," said the father; "you have a remarkable talent to sketch a portrait. That dear lord, he does not suspect you of describing him so well. Shall I write him the drawing you have made of his person? But come," added the father, drawing his chair closer to the sofa; "come—let us speak of sweeter things. Let us not waste our minds in the arid field of politics, when we have here, near at hand, a flowery paradise waiting for us."

"Stop," said the Signora, changing her position, and leaning her charming form on the other side of the sofa. "The hours you claim will not come till mine have expired. The work which each of us pursues for our mutual benefit, requires, in order to arrive at a happy issue, an entire and mutual sincerity and disclosure of the springs now at play, to carry out the result. That I am participating in your secrets I am well aware. That I share your confidence, I am not. You have just spoken of a plot now forming in Rome, for the entire subversion of the Liberal party. How is that plot going to be directed? I am yet ignorant. What day, or on what occasion it will take place remains for me to know.

"How can you suppose," replied the father, "that I would keep under secrecy an affair in which your

services have been already employed, and in which you are now compromised? I thought you were informed of all that was passing. Are you not one of our most useful instruments? To get rid of you, or to conceal from you a single fact, would be, aside of the right you have on me, a right that I would make stronger, if possible, rather than to depreciate your services and injure you.

"I knew," replied the Signora, with a caressing accent, casting, at the same time, an expressive glance upon the father, "I knew, Francisco, that you would open your soul to me, as I open mine to you. Speak then, and tell me, tell me dear, what you have not yet told."

"You are aware, Margueritte," replied the father, "that Italy is now divided into different factions, one wishing for the maintenance of a monarchy tempered by a constitution, others for a pure absolute monarchy, others for trusting in the hands of the Pope the temporal power of the whole country, others limiting his action to the spiritual, others pleading the cause of union with Charles Albert, and a few, at least, dreaming of a republic."

"Yes, Young Italy," exclaimed the Signora, with a sneering fold of the lips.

"Young Italy, as you say; that is to say, young scoundrelism."

"Agreed," replied the Signora, laughing.

"This party, that is to say, Young Italy is, as I have told you, small and imperfectly organized. But there

is at its head a handful of men, full of activity, bold to impudence, and reckless enough not to recoil before obstacles of any kind. These men are speaking, writing, acting, influencing the people by their speeches, and profit by their ignorance to infuse into their minds detestable notions of liberty and self-government, as odious to the civilized world as to God himself."

"Why don't you grasp at the chiefs of that party, and send them to the *carcere duro?*"

'That is what we would have done," retorted Father Francisco, lowering his voice, "was it not for a man who is in our way."

"Who is that man?" inquired the Signora, advancing her head with a movement of curiosity.

"The Pope," replied the father.

"God bless us!" exclaimed the Signora, "the Pope!"

"Thanks to our labor, and to the help we have received from almost all the members of the church, cardinals, priests, and monks, we have checked his inclinations, and have rendered his efforts powerless."

"Fortunately you have done so," replied the culpable wife of Nicolo, tenderly glancing at the father.

"The Sanfedesti have also taken an active part in that affair; so have also the diplomatic agents of Austria, Russia, and England."

"How is that?"

"As soon," continued the father, "as the intentions of Pious IX. were known, we directed to all parts of the Roman States, some of our most devoted priests,

and several members of the Sanfedesti. These men had for their mission, to stop at every city, to indoctrinate the people, that is to say, to show them the danger resulting from the measures of the liberals, which we knew would be granted by the sovereign Pontiff at their solicitation. Whilst this was progressing, we had, secretly, among the peasantry, men who entertained sentiments of distrust and hatred to Pio IX."

"This was really magnificent," replied the Signora, but to what end did you act thus?"

"To what end? To the end of forcing Pio IX. to abdicate, and to elect another in his stead. Don't you see that this man will ruin the church with his ideas of reforms, amnesty, and what not?"

"And how have you succeeded?" inquired the Signora.

"Very well. The Fiorentino* have entered into our views, and are ready to second us. Several of them have arrived in Rome; several other cities have also sent their men to assist us in the present emergency."

"This is the part of your project which confounds me. I cannot yet see through it."

"At a certain appointed day, and upon a signal that I will give, all the men, with the Sanfedesti, with the agents of Austria and Russia, just arrived, will arm themselves—"

"To what purpose?" interrupted the Signora.

* The Fiorentino, are the inhabitants of the city of Fiorentino, in the Roman States, many citizens of which have been frightened and bribed by the priests, and gained to their cause both by fear and money.

"Each house in Rome," continued the father, smiling at the impatience of his mistress, "is numbered and registered upon the records of the police office: the name of the inmates, their position, influence, and political opinions, are noted down on the same book, so as to know on which side they rank, and how the government has to deal with them."

"And after—" inquired the Signora.

"After—" replied Father Francisco, somewhat embarrassed. "My dear, have you ever read French history?"

"Why, yes—I have."

"Do you recollect a certain passage, called the night of the St. Bartholomew."

"What?—oh!" exclaimed the Signora, with an involuntary sentiment of horror; but recovering herself, "yes, I know," added she, her head bent upon her shoulder, with an appearance of submission; "but pray, if you are suspected, discovered. I mean our partizans, or the partizans of Guise—what then will be the result?"

'Oh, don't be afraid, dear! Prudence watches over our counsels. Our men, the avengers of the true Church and the true God, will not act inconsiderately. Through our care, arms bearing the mottoes of the Liberals have been fabricated, and it is with these arms that we will strike."

In finishing these words, Father Francisco drew from beneath his gown an elegantly chiselled poignard,

bestowed upon you, but of one thing, her love for you."

"And who never will part from me, I hope," replied the father, "as long as gratitude and affection will make the bosom of a man beat."

And in thus saying, the father made a gesture as if to attract the Signora towards him. But she, repelling his hand, reclined on the back of the sofa, whispering the words, "And my husband?"

In hearing that name, the reminiscence of which in such a place, and at such an hour, seemed rather ridiculous than sublime, the father could not refrain from laughing.

"I thought, my dear," said he, "that you had entirely broken with the idea of calling yourself Signora Savini?"

"True! I had; but now that my husband is converted, I do not know if I must always entertain the same idea. Don't you think that I ought to follow his example?"

"Your sentiments are certainly of the most honorable kind," replied the father, "and if your husband could hear you, he would assuredly be both enchanted and edified," added he, with a sneering accent.

"My husband—there is no danger of his presence here. He is now too much occupied with Ciceroacchio, who has come purposely from Rome, this evening, to have an interview with him."

"Ciceroacchio!" shouted the father, with a sound of voice, in which passion was perfectly perceptible,

"Ciceroacchio! you say? Ciceroacchio? Ciceroacchio here, without my knowing it! You know that Ciceroacchio is here, and you don't tell me?" added the father, with a glance illuminated with the furor of vengeance. "Quick! make haste! let me go!"

"Where—where—where are you going?" said the Signora, frightened at the furious aspect of the father, whom she never saw before in such a state. "Where are you going, Francisco?"

"Where? Don't ask; I don't know myself." In saying these words, the father instinctively placed his hand in his gown, and ascertained if his poinard was there.

"Stay!" said the Signora, "stay! It is late; Ciceroacchio will be gone, and you will lose your time and your steps in a vain attempt."

"He must die," said the father, in a lower tone. "He must die; the scoundrel! at last his hour has come. The Austrians are here, the Russians also, and our faithful Sanfedesti hold a meeting this evening. He is ours. He cannot escape. He is ours!" shouted the father, in a loud voice, and without caring for the reputation of the woman with whom he was. "He is ours! The Roman chief of the Roman rabble is ours! What a success! What a victory! What a trophy! For twenty years, and more, to be his enemy, and to find but one hour in that fifth of a century—one hour only to grant to vengeance, and to satisfy the thirst of hatred which cankers in my bosom! Oh! blessed be the hour when my dagger will find its way to his

heart. Blessed be the moment, when I shall witness on his pallid face, the grin of agony and the spasm of death. Ciceroacchio," added the father, in leaving the room, "pray to thy God, if it be true that thou believest in one; pray to thy God;—for I swear upon the Gospel thy last hour has come, and thy end is near at hand!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A MEETING OF SANFEDESTI.

With his soul fired by hatred and revenge, Father Francisco left the apartment of the Signora, and carried away by his passions, darkening like a cloud on the clear surface of heaven the brilliancy of his intellect, he found himself, unawares, in the Sanfedesti meeting to which we have alluded in several of the preceding chapters of this book.

It is perfectly useless, we suppose, to inform our readers, that this meeting was the same one as that so accurately observed by little Jeronimo from his elevated observatory, and as they have already had a glimpse at it, we will avail ourselves of this circumstance, to deviate a little from the course of our story, and to retrace our steps twenty years back. This little circumlocution is necessary to the explanation of the hatred of the father to the Roman patriot, and to the exposition of the event which gave birth to that blind anger, the transports of which had set all his faculties into a raving madness.

It has often been said, without any fact to contradict the assertion, "that if rancor and hatred had disappeared from the surface of the earth, they would still find an abode in the breast of a priest." This axiom, uttered in the middle part of the last century, by the French Encyclopædists, and so well verified by the behavior of the implacable persecutors of the Republican martyrs in the late revolutionary struggle in Italy, never was better illustrated than by the persecutions directed against the Roman leader. During the twenty years that this hatred had been secretly fomenting and occasionally exploding, Father Francisco had exhausted the fertility of his imagination in diabolical contrivances for the sole purpose of reaching that end so ravenously sought for by the impure imps of his brain. But notwithstanding his malignant efforts, an invisible hand had always protected, pure and unsullied, the honor of the produce-dealer. This was not, however, without many sacrifices, and at the expense of many hours violently wrested from his happiness.

As well in Europe as everywhere, the efforts of priestly vengeance are to interfere with the common concerns of our existence, and to stifle the course of one's prosperity, by reducing him to nothingness and oftentimes to misery. The laborious endeavors of Ciceroacchio's enemies were directed against his trade, that is to say, his living; thus, sometimes, in the very midst of his greatest security, when the general aspect of his business was the most satisfactory, and his profits the greatest, a rumor was set afloat, nobody knew where

from, spreading the dismal news that one of his principal debtors had failed—that he was a ruined man. Ciceroacchio, justly alarmed by the sad foreboding, was immediately stopping the usual course of his business and reducing the amount of his operations. Meanwhile, his creditors, alarmed as creditors always are, at the least rumor of insolvability, were clandestinely warned to withdraw their funds, and to carefully hold the strings of their purse, by some secret agent, who officiously whispered into their ears, that Ciceroacchio was a ruined man, and that no chance of paying his debts were left to him. As is usually the case in such circumstances, these false reports were acquiring consistency and strength, as they were circulated. They were not long in producing their effects. All resources of credit were divested from the Roman produce-dealer, almost instantaneously, and at the very time he most needed it. Becoming suspicious by the unity of action among his usual friends, who for the most part, were unknown one to another, he began to make inquiries into the cause of their sudden change of feelings toward him, when he learned to his great surprise, that a panic had been started about his solvency, by the Church, and had spread abroad in the social circles through the smiling mouth of charming ladies, or the grave voice of some old member of the congregation.*

CATHOLIC CONGREGATIONS.—The history of these congregations requires a book of the largest size, in order to give only a faint sketch of what takes place within their pale. By congregation it is not merely understood, as Protestants would believe, a community of the faithful, actu-

It was but after several weeks, and by dint of great exertion on his part, that the Roman patriot found out the truth, and made it known to the parties interested. The truth was, that none of his debtors had failed;

ated with a single religious purpose, but also an association of men acting in view of temporally promoting their own material welfare, and that of the church. These associations are altogether religious and worldly, profane and holy; mass and business are equally performed in these places, and billiards, ten-pins, foot-balls, and all sorts of games and amusements are generally found there, in connection with Mary idolatry and wooden god worship. But these are the least objections. If we pass to the serious ones, then we find these places to be manufactories of slander and calumny. There are forged the arrows directed against the opponents of the church. There are studied Loyola's Precept-Book, Molina's Casuistry, Dens' Theology, and Liguori's, who sums them up. There the pupil is taught that famous sentence, "It is necessary to be a hypocrite in order to cut one's way through the world." But here we must let M. de Montlosier speak, for he has studied these institutions on the spot, and hence is a good witness of their influence.

"In France," says M. de Montlosier, "every town has three congregations—of the gentry, of the *bones etudes* (for professional students), and lastly of the common people.

"The inferior classes of the society were in this respect treated as the superior classes. By means of an association, called that of St. Joseph, all mechanics are at present enrolled and disciplined: there is in each district a sort of centurion, who is a bourgeois of consideration in the arrondisement. The general-in-chief is M. L'Abbé Leoven. Under the auspices of a great personage, he obtained the grant of the Grand Common Hall of Versailles. Here he proposed to unite, as it were in head quarters, eight or ten thousand mechanics from the departments. Enormous expenses were already incurred in preparing this edifice for the reception of the enrolled. After having painted in light red the interior and exterior of this vast building, they are now repairing the roof. A *million* will hardly suffice for all they have consented to do at the will of M. L'Abbé Leoven.

"While the mechanics were disciplined, the wine merchants were not

and, that his financial position was better than it had ever been. Still, these happy tidings did not suffice to quiet the minds of Ciceroacchio's correspondents. Though the danger was warded off, yet suspicion remained, as a safeguard against too liberal a confidence. Thus, though vanquished by the uprightness and honor of the patriot, the priests did obtain the advantage of arousing a certain suspicion against his character. True, the peremptory fact of the solvency of Ciceroacchio, could not be contested, as, in a few

neglected; some of them have been ordered to supply their wine at a cheaper rate.

"Even while they are getting drunk, they have formulas of pious meditation, or of prayers to recite. There is no situation, down to the appointment of domestics, of which they have not taken care to possess themselves. I have seen at Paris *chambermaids* and *valets*, who were said to have been recommended by the congregation.

"The villagers of the country, officers of the court, the royal guard, have not been able to escape the congregations. It is within my knowledge that a marshal of France, after having for a long time solicited the place of sub-prefect for his son, *could not at last obtain it but through a recommendation from the curate of his village to a chief of the congregation.*

"I know nothing positive of the Chamber of Peers. As to the Chamber of Deputies, the public, in the month of April last, sometimes counted one hundred and thirty, sometimes *one hundred and fifty members of the congregation.*

"Such are the different soils to which the congregation is attached by strong roots. It possesses still stronger ones in the consciences of men, from the religious sentiment which it professes; and in their opinions, from the royalism of its doctrines. ABOVE ALL, IT HAS THE CIVIL AND POLITICAL AUTHORITIES ALMOST ENTIRELY AT ITS BECK, FOR IT HAS HAD THE NOMINATION OF ALMOST ALL."—*La Religion la Société et le Trône, by M. le Comte de Montlosier* (Paris, 1826.)

the tactics resorted to, for the purpose of defaming conspicuous Democrats, that they did not wait to listen to his defense. They rushed towards him with shouts of applause. But Ciceroacchio, calming, with a wave of his hand, the crowded ranks of the people, loudly challenged his adversaries to raise and substantiate a single blemish upon his probity. He summoned the police, the Attorney-General, his accusors and enemies, to come forward and testify against him. This appeal, as may well be imagined, was in vain. No one was found to reply; none of his adversaries dared even to present themselves. When the people saw this, they stopped a carriage, unharnessed the horses, and compelled the patriot to enter it, and then proceeded pulling the carriage triumphantly through the city, until they reached the stairs of the Vatican. The Pope, Gregory XVI. believing himself to be the object of this popular demonstration, came out on the balcony, and bestowed his blessing on the multitude; the latter, believing it to be specially designed for Ciceroacchio, shouted with enthusiasm to the Sovereign Pontiff,—so that the multitude, the Roman patriot, and the Pope, seemed, on that evening, to make but one soul and body. The city was illuminated, and bonfires lighted in all the streets. It was late when Gregory XVI. having heard from Father Roothan, the General of the Jesuits, the real cause of the joy of the people, cursed his mistake, took from Ciceroacchio the blessing he had bestowed, and hurled against him as many excommunications as were necessary, to establish a

balance in the conscience of the Father of Fathers, and Vicar of Jesus Christ.

However great and numerous the steps taken by Ciceroacchio, to discover the perpetrator and machinator of the calumnies which had so often troubled him in the quietness of his private life, and cast a cloud over it, he could never succeed in his attempt.

The hand which pursued him with such a malignant persistency, was too well protected to be discovered in the framing of its mischievous designs. The altar, the pulpit, the confessional, were so many fortresses behind which it was darting weapons against the defenseless breast of the Roman patriot. How could it have been discovered? It was but lately, and at the time when the design of this story was accomplished, that Ciceroacchio learned that the hand which held the poisoned weapons, the arm to which the hand was attached, and the head directing the hand, was none other than that of Father Francisco, a priest whose reputation for holiness was, like the fragrant odor ascending from the carcass of a dead skunk, known to all.

The cause of his hatred against Ciceroacchio, had its origin in the indomitable passions of the father. At the time our story runs, twenty years had elapsed—twenty years which had taken nothing from his thirst for vengeance, nor cooled the heat of his blood. Before these twenty years had elapsed which left a silvery stamp on his head, Father Francisco became enamored with a fair daughter of the people, one of those *Transteverini* ladies, whose features and character respond

so well to the idea we form of the ancient Romans, and of their beauty. The father was then a simple priest, of modest deportment, with humble looks and cast down countenance. As he was well aware that his long robe would prove an unconquerable obstacle to his passion, he took the care to disguise himself as a civilian. Unhappily for him—but fortunately for the young girl—Ciceroacchio happened to know the family, and to sometimes pay them a visit. He met Father Francisco there, and it was not long before he had discovered his profession and the object of his visit. He commenced at that time to be endowed with fine perceptive faculties, the possession of which, made him, at a more advanced age, a master in the knowledge of his fellow-beings, and in the secrets of the human heart. He detected the priest under his borrowed costume, and caused him to be expelled from the house. Father Francisco knew it, and pursued his detector with all the hatred of a disappointed lover, and the vengeance of a priest.

After this explanation, necessary for the study of our characters, and the intelligence of this story, we must take up the thread of our narrative at the point we had left it, and give a description of the place and of the proceedings of the Sanfedesti, which the father had just entered.

The hall, as we may have learned from the description we gave of the impressions of the boy Jeronimo formed a parallelogram, the centre of which was occupied by a sort of elevated platform, on which a few

seats had been placed. From that platform, down to both extremities, the hall was furnished with benches provided with writing-desks, and softly stuffed with black velvet cushions. The hall was hung with stuff of the same color, embroidered with silver lace, as the draperies of a funeral; silver hearts pierced with arrows, placed in relief on the back ground of the suit of hangings, as an emblem of sorrow, were surrounded with painted wreaths of swords, muskets, in a word, all the apparatus of war. Fasces of black flags, bearing the precious stamp of our Lord's head and his thorny crown, studded with white silver tears, set around, were supported by short pikes tied together with long bands of black crape. On several of these flags were written inscriptions and mottoes, curiously inserted in a skull wreath. Sometimes both ends of the wreath were inserted between the jaw-bone of the skull, and the cranium itself was crossed by a sword and a musket, as an imitation of the sign of our redemption. These inscriptions and mottoes were nothing else than the summing up of all the anathemas and excommunications hurled by the Church against all rebels to her laws; some referring more especially to present circumstances, pronounced the most dreadful judgments against the members of the Sanfedesti, who could be induced to break their oath, and also against all those, laymen or not, who would deride the holy works of Rome. There was nothing in these maxims, thus exposed to the public eye, calculated to inspire affection, or captivate. No! terror was the only agency

employed to secure friendship. The loving disposition of the "Holy Mother" was represented by symbols of destruction and death—a touching example of her meekness and sanctity. There was nothing left even to hope! Her emblems were those of complete annihilation!*

We present here, for the edification of our readers, the verbatim translation of the celebrated oath of the Sanfedesti, such as it was inscribed in large silver letters on the suit of black hangings which adorned the hall:

"I, N—— N——, in the presence of Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, of the ever immaculate Virgin Mary, and of all the celestial court, &c., of you, honored Father, swear, that I will sooner cut off my right hand and die of hunger, or under the greatest torments—and I pray Almighty God to condemn me to the endless pain of hell—than to betray or deceive one of the honored fathers and brethren of the Catholic Apostolic Society to which I subscribe at this time; or if I do not scrupulously fulfil its laws, or give assistance to my brethren in want. I swear to hold myself in defending the cause which I have embraced, never to spare a single individual belonging to the infamous combination of the LIBERALS, whatever may be his birth, parentage, or fortune; and to have *no pity*

* These emblems of the Sanfedesti Society are in the possession of the author. Should this work happen to be illustrated, an engraving of them will be given as an exemplification of the secret practices of our "Holy Mother Church of Rome."

for the cries of children, nor of old men or women; and to shed the blood of the infamous LIBERALS, even to the last drop, without regard to sex, age, or rank. Finally, I swear implacable hatred to all the enemies of the holy Catholic religion, one and true."

We have said that the middle part of the room was occupied by an elevated chair, or pulpit, covered, like the rest of the apartment, with black draperies and curtains. Right in the front of that place, hung from the ceiling, was the image of a dove, with its wings expanded, and holding in its bill a scroll, with these words as a motto: "*The Church of Rome is the Ruler of the World!*" That dove, which, as our readers know, is intended by the Catholic worship to represent the "Holy Ghost" himself, offered in its appearance the idea, embodied in the policy of Catholicity, since the time when temporal power and wealth superseded the true teachings of the Gospel. The holy bird, quite unconscious of the ridiculous position assigned to it, by the interested contrivances of the spirit of Rome, held in one of its harmless clutches a lamb, the symbol of purity and peace, and in the other, lightning, the ominous emblem of heavenly vengeance. This happy combination of two innocent creatures, to represent the Spirit of God, would pass for an insult to the Almighty, were it not proven already, that the Church borrows its greatest strength and merits from the recollections of Paganism; as to the thunder, we know that the Catholic Church never ceases to hurl it; and from our knowledge of her con-

duct in late events, we should say, that it is the only symbol which, referring to her spirit, has any meaning whatever. As to the lamb and the dove, reasoning from her Pagan traditions, they are taken as a pretext, and serve only to hide from us the sharp points of the lightning.

That evening the hall was crowded. The persons who had attracted the attention of little Jeronimo were there assembled, seemingly anxious to hear a man, who had then ascended the pulpit, and who, turning himself about as a revolver on its wooden stock, sometimes faced one part of the room, and then another. This man seemed to labor under great excitement; his arms were moving with the velocity of a steam wheel, and his face was as red as the crest of a fighting-cock. Sometimes he raised his hands towards heaven, as if to implore the mercy of the Almighty; but, from some reason or other, his fingers were always pointed in the direction of the thunder-bolt, which the dove held in its clutches, immediately in front of him.

We will now quote a few of the remarks made by the speaker, as they were recorded by a witness of the scene.

"I do not ascend this pulpit, Mr. President," said the speaker, bowing to a lanky, yellowish looking priest, who occupied the chair, "to waste my time, or weary your attention, with sounding phrases, rhetorical artifices, or flow of eloquence. The march of events is too pressing, and too critical, to indulge in formal considerations, or to justify oratorical efforts. Let us

bear in mind, that action is, in our days, the main agency of power; and remember, that by action, I mean the physical effort of all the combined forces of the Church.

"Away with theories, dogmas, and maxims; good enough when the Church, all-powerful, could deride the pretensions of her antagonists, and smile or scoff at their ridiculous undertakings. Those times are gone by. Those few and unimportant antagonists are become numerous and strong. Beware of them! Circumstances are not, now, what they were a hundred years ago; consequently, our policy, the only true one, is to remodel our conduct by the necessities of our position. Do we want to retain power? Then let not our hands be idle, our eyes closed, or our lips silent. Let us go onward, and bravely cut our way through the thorny path of life.

"The science of society, or, in other words, politics, seems to be the religion of the age. Let us try to take the lead, and to transfer ourselves from one religion into another. Don't you see that the life of society has now concentrated into what is called the science of politics? Very well! Let us, then, become politicians ourselves.* Let us accommodate ourselves

* ALLIANCE OF POLITICS WITH RELIGION.—The alliance of politics with religion, was always the dream of the Jesuits; "*These vigilant dogs of Absolute Governments*," as they are called by DE MAISTRE, in his "Apology of the Jesuits" ACQUAVIVA, one of their Generals, had, previously to Gregory the VII. given the idea of the Decretals, &c. promulgated by that Pontiff, maintained, that "the Pope is above Councils and Kings;" "The Pope," says the Pontiff himself, "is

to your minds. What do you see which does not confirm you in the success of Catholicism over all religions? What do you see in Prussia, for instance, in Hesse, Saxe, Mecklenberg, all parts of Germany from whence Catholicism was excluded awhile ago, and where it is now either all-powerful, or so strong as to embarrass the action of the Protestant government themselves? Is not the principle claimed by the Catholics, consecrated at Vienna, at Berlin, at Frankfort? Is there any demand made by them which is not immediately satisfied? In Germany, in that land where Ronge the imitator of Luther, had prophesied, to the great applause of philosophers and Democrats, the final ruin of the Papal Babylon; there, on the same spot where demagogues were exulting in their success—there appear monks, Jesuits, Franciscans, attracting around their pulpits, crowds eagerly listening to their words. The association of Gustavus Adolphus, which was to spread Protestantism, has failed in its mission, and the inroads which they intended to make among Catholics, are now made by Catholics among them. The great associations of Pio IX., of St. Charles Borromeus, of Saint Bonifacius, are fast conquering Germany, through faith and charity. Their re-union in Mayence, Munster, and Ratisbonne, have altogether secured and sanctified the right of association. Their object is to build up again the German unity, by a coalition between the Catholics in Prussia, Suabia, Westphalia, Bavaria, and Tyrol. To this has been added another mighty engine, perfectly operating in favor of Catholicity, though it is

formed from the elements we dread most, I mean the Association of Christian Fellowship, founded by a working man, M. Kolping, now a priest, laboring with a view of improving the moral and physical welfare of the working classes."

"Why!" exclaimed a Sanfedesti, interrupting the orator, "why are you seeking strength among men which your duty is to keep down?"

"Yes, why?" interrupted several voices, "why? why are you going for auxiliaries among our enemies?"

"As long as the working-men are persuaded that we are doing them good, they remain our friends and the best supporters of the Church," replied the speaker. "For that reason we must not neglect to act among them, to mix with them, to be interested in their business, to build hospitals, houses of refuge, churches, so as to appear busy in their cause, and for their welfare. It is only by actively employing ourselves in a few showy, good works, that we accumulate wealth, get popularity, and ascend the road to power. It is then necessary to keep up with the masses, and to apparently act in their favor. By these means we blind their judgment, and adroitly conceal our projects under the seemings of charity."

"He is right," answered a Sanfedesti; "let us cajole the people. The dog that licks the hand of his master, never bites."

"And above all," continued the speaker, "persuade the people that we are their friends, and the Protestants their enemies. Compare always the charitable in-

"Hurra! hurra! bravo!" exclaimed the members of the Sanfedesti, transported at the forcible picture portrayed by the speaker. "Glory to the Church of Rome! Glory to the priests upon earth, and to God in Heaven! Hurra! bravo!"

"And you might say, also, glory to Protestantism! for it has helped us mightily in the task of ensnaring the public mind, and securing the power and wealth we both covet. Also, what do we say to them? 'Gentlemen,' say we to the Protestants, 'why should we not agree? Do we not equally pursue the same object? You build churches, so do we; you establish schools, so do we; you preach faith, so do we; you distribute alms, so do we; you have hospitals, so have we; you have the bible, so have we; you prevent the development of human reason, by clogging the mind with points inaccessible to the understanding, so do we; you are supported by the State, so are we; you have all the comforts of life, so have we; you are Conservatives, so are we; you like privileges, so do we; you are afraid of Republicans, whom you call infidels, so are we; consequently, the same motives, the same reasons, the same principles which actuate you, actuate us also. What is favorable to you, being so to us, and what is against you, being also against us. Why, then, should we be separated? Is not ambition, and the desire of occupying a high standing in society, the sole aim of both? Join us; if not openly, at least stealthily; and, under the pretext of carrying on war against us, and which, perhaps, might have the effect

of decorating you with the badge of liberty, carry on war against progress. Be with us against Republicans. Elect Conservatives to all public offices. Use a double-faced policy, which betrays liberty, under the pretence of serving it. Persecute us, occasionally; as it adds to our strength, by opening the heart to compassion, stops, for a moment, the march of ideas. Yes, persecute us! Faith gains by persecution, and both of us are gaining, as faith gains; for faith, the antagonist of reason, is the mine to explode for our mutual elevation and prosperity.'"

In finishing these words, the speaker crossed his hands upon his breast, with a convulsive movement, as if in that moment he could hold within his powerful embrace, all the crowns and sceptres of the universe. Immense applause resounded from all parts of the room, and during several minutes filled the surrounding neighborhood with its echoes.

absolutely indispensable, to be often taken, in order to sustain their physical."

"Yes, Monsignor," answered the landlord, with a sarcastic curl of the lips.

"Providence is great! Nicolo," said the father, with a sigh, and assuming a sanctified appearance.

"He is so."

"And provides for all; as well for the bird, as for the lion.

"The lion!"

"He decks the poor, as well as the rich."

"Yes, Monsignor; the one with rags, the other with lace!"

"And blesses both."

"Yes; the former with misery, and the other with wealth!"

"What say you there, Nicolo?"

"Nothing, Monsignor," answered Nicolo, with a forced smile.

"Did you not observe that the poor are miserable?"

"So they are."

"Yes; but the kingdom of Heaven belongs to them."

"In expectation of which, he suffers hell upon earth; whilst the rich—"

"Well! the rich?"

"The rich reap abundance. God is with them all the time, whilst the devil dwells with the poor. A singular guide to Heaven!"

Whilst Nicolo was speaking, the priest gazed at him

with anxiety blended with surprise. Then, starting, as if struck by a revelation, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Nicolo, tell me; tell me, my friend,—have you not been a member of the *Carbonari* society?"

"Yes, Monsignor," replied the host, gazing with amazement at the priest. "Yes, . . . I have, ... God forbid!" suddenly shouted Nicolo, I am not mistaken. . . . I have seen you there also . . . five years ago, . . . a young man of great talents, of winning eloquence. . . Yes, . . . I am sure now—a man of the name of Mathias Forli, . . . are you not?"

"Silence, Nicolo! for God's sake, silence!" exclaimed the priest, with an imperious jesture. "I am. . . . Did you say who I am? . . . yes—I am a sinner," replied the priest, gradually lowering his voice, and looking on the floor.

"Ah, Forli, I mean Monsignor, he who would have said to me, five years ago, that I would have heard you speak as you have spoken in that Sanfedesti meeting, would have astonished me."

"No more than I am astonished myself, Nicolo, to be what I am."

"But please tell me, sir, tell me what motives you had to betray your oath, and leave the *Carbonari Society* to become a priest?"

"Misery, poverty, ambition, love, God knows! I was poor, Nicolo; poor with genius, that is to say, with the fire of ambition in my breast. . . . I was in love—but too poor, too obscure, to pretend to the hand of her whom I worshipped. . . . No, Nicolo. . . . You have

no idea of the struggles I endured. . . . Finally I yielded. . . . I resolved to satisfy my ambition, and to obtain the object of my love, cost what it would."

"And do you know, sir, what your ambition and your love cost to the *Carbonari Society?*"

"Have pity on me, Nicolo," replied the priest.

"Twenty of our fellow-associates went to prison, and two were hung, in consequence of your treachery."

"Pity, Nicolo!" added the priest, with a face as pale as that of a man ascending the scaffold, "pity!"

"And to-day, at this very moment, . . . that speech, . . . shall I wrest the mask from your face!" added Nicolo, whose patriotism was growing warmer and warmer as he spoke.

"Hear me, Nicolo! hear me, by all that you love and reverence, hear me!" said Forli, starting from his seat and taking the host by the hands. "Not that I am afraid of your denunciation, not that you can injure me or my reputation by it, but because I hold my conscience interested to lessen at least the weight of the crime hanging over me. Hear me, my friend, and perhaps you will find in my confession, a plea of extenuation for my crime.

"You remember the time when, enlisted in the ranks of the religious and civil opposition to the government of Italy, we plotted stealthily towards upsetting them? There were among us, you recollect, a multitude of noble minds—generous, confident, talented, but poor—poor as we were ourselves. What an array of bright genius!" exclaimed the priest, hurrying his nar

rative, as if overwhelmed by pleasing reminiscences. "Do you recollect what ability, knowledge, and science were spent in our re unions? All the academies of the world could not have presented as many great men, as those composing our usual meetings. What agreeable hours did we not spend there? But poverty, Nicolo! Poverty is a very bad adviser! I told you I was anxious, that is to say, desirous to get at that wealth which I every day saw passing under my eyes, in the rich equipages of the lords and princes of the Church, and beside, . . . oh! terrible reminiscence of my devouring passion! I was in love, . . . in love with a Duchess, a Princess! . . . God knows, I want to expel that from my memory, for as true as I stand here, I shall go mad! Nicolo! I shall!"

Here the priest laid his head upon the table and tried to stifle his emotions. Then, after a moment, continued:

"One day I was silently seated on a bench in the public square. I had on an old thread-bare coat, slip-shod shoes, and a ragged cap upon my head. My cheeks were sunk, my beard was long, my hair dishevelled; in that forlorn condition, I was sadly gazing at the crowd around me, who seemed enjoying a fine sunny day, and all the comforts of life. The striking contrast between what I saw, and what I was, so affected me that I resolved to use violent means in order to bring my sufferings to an end. 'Shall I put an end to my existence?' said I to myself, looking eagerly at the river flowing at my feet. 'No!—no suicide! am I not strong?—am I not talented? so they say—why

should I not use my strength and my talents? Yes, but circumstances are against me; I cannot alone, without any help, ascend the rugged hill of fortune and honor! Oh, no! let me die, rather than struggle any longer! After all, life is not worth the trouble of preserving it! Like Dejanire's tunic, it burns him who wears it. Let us end our existence. This is the shortest cure to all sufferings!'

"In murmuring these words to myself, I slowly took the way to the river, and directed my steps towards a place which I believed to be entirely secluded. I did not want any person in the confidence of my resolution, and I was too proud to suffer any witness.

"The deep reflection in which I was engaged, had prevented me from seeing, right opposite the bench on which I sat, a tall, meagre, sallow-looking personage, wrapped in a long black cloak, his head covered with a broad-brimmed hat, his hands clasped together, with eyes sometimes cast down, sometimes raised upwards, with that indescribable expression so peculiar to the Jesuitic family. When I moved from the bench he moved from his place and followed in the same direction.

"When I saw my strange companion taking the same way I hastened my step, with the intention of leaving him behind; his plan, however, was not thus to abandon me. Quickening his gait with mine, he closely followed me, keeping between us just the necessary distance usually kept between men who sooner or later intend to meet. You must think, Nicolo, if that espion-

age was agreeable to me, I was so much annoyed by that man dogging my steps, that I stopped frequently, with the expectation of seeing him take the lead. But no! The fellow was so crafty in his pursuit, that he always found some pretext to accommodate his movements to mine. Fatigued with his perseverance and obstinacy, I resolved to put an end to his pursuit. Boldly retracing my steps, and advancing towards him, I said, with a threatening accent: 'Will you let me know, sir, which way you would like to go? for, upon my soul, sir, once that is known to me, I swear I will take the opposite direction.'

"'You mean to say,' replied the stranger, with a very soft accent, 'that I ought not to follow you, my friend. Very well. I know that good intentions have to be opposed, before they find an opportunity of being put in motion. Consequently, I will not blame you.'

"'What does this twaddle mean?' I replied, and, raising my voice, I added, 'Do you intend to insult me?'

"'God forbid, my dear friend! Insult you? No!' replied he, half smiling, "quite the contrary. I want to serve you; make you rich; make you honorable; in a word, ...' here he bent his head close to my ear, and whispered a word.

"That word was the name of the mistress of my soul.

"I uttered a shriek! . . . . a cloud passed over my eyes. Blood rushed to my heart. My soul was in raptures. I had caught a glimpse of Heaven!

" That man knew all.

" 'Here is my address,' said he. 'Come this evening at five.'

" When I glanced at the card, I read the name of a Cardinal, who was a cousin of the Minister of Police, in Rome.

" That same day, Nicolo, at twelve in the night, I was dancing in the Cardinal's palace, side by side with his niece, who was my beloved. I had sold the secret of the *Carbonari*. I received ten thousand florins, as a reward, and the situation of a secretary in his house. Afterwards, I was made a priest.—a Monsignori . . . . who knows . . . . but as my intimacy with my mistress had caused a certain scandal in the city, I was sent into the country, with a promise to be soon recalled. That day has now come, Nicolo, and I am here; I, a *Carbonari!* a *Republican!* the man who swore hatred to tyranny, temporal and ecclesiastical, acting as a tool in the hands of the persons I had sworn to upset."

This last sentence finished, the priest fell back in his chair, overwhelmed by the burden of his conscience.

Nicolo could not recover from his surprise; he could not conceive how the man, whose voice had, a moment ago, been so eloquent in sustaining the system of the Church, should not have been convinced by the arguments in the cause he had embraced; the particular position he occupied towards the Catholic and Republican party, added not a little to his perplexities.

" They have forced me, Nicolo," continued the priest, recovering, " they have forced me to act as I

did, seeing that I was poor, but full of ambition and love. They speculated upon my feelings; they could not bribe my patriotism, but they curbed it, by pushing me down into the mire of sensuality; knowing my influence with my political brethren, they said to themselves, 'This man must be ours, through him we will learn the mysteries of their society; then we will nip the danger, by crushing the eaglets in their nest.' Oh, Nicolo! what deep knowledge of the human passions these men possess; they know how to reason, and how to act. Nothing is costly to them, whenever they have a profitable end in view. One generation, two generations, one King, two Kings, one Pope, two Popes! what is that to them, whenever their interests are concerned? What a second is to eternity! They let the generation pass, they wait till the King is dead, they fill up with dust the grave of the Pope! and then.... their aim being reached, they are the same as before,—strong, united, inflexible. Master! Master always! Master of the thoughts, and the will of the world, which they mould in their hands as they please, and that in the name of Christ. Such is the Church!"

"Are you for, or against it?" inquired the frightened Nicolo.

"For!..... Against!" ..... gasped the priest. 'For!.... Against!.... For!.... Against!.... Come," said he, raising his voice, "Come,.... Let us intoxicate ourselves with the noise of the multitude, and the sounds of the priest's maledictions. I love

fighting! I delight in the dangers of war, and in the sound of the cannon. Come!" added the priest, maddened with excitement, and pulling Nicolo by the skirt of his coat,—"I will show thee, if I am for or against! For!...." said he, with an hysterical fit of laughter. "What nonsense! I,.... a dignitary of the Church!.... a Cardinal!.... Pope, perhaps! ...Thou art jesting, Nicolo! Thou art jesting! ...Come!...."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE SANFEDESTI.

When the priest, in company with Nicolo, re-entered the meeting, the chair was occupied by a man whose visage, muffled with a red peruque and false mustachios, and dressed in the red costume of an Austrian officer, seemed of the same material with his peruque, his mustachios, and his dress. The gentleman was speaking with a great deal of warmth, occasionally seasoning his speech with familiar oaths, such as were used in the camp among the soldiery.

"I will not lay much stress upon the importance of sustaining the Church with all our strength and might," exclaimed the speaker, "for it is a consideration under which we are all laboring, and have been laboring for ages and ages. The question does not lay there, but in the means to employ to make our supremacy triumphant. Let us come to the practicability, that is to say, to the means to be used to that end. Those means, what will they be? Preaching? Yes! preaching is very good, but not sufficient against the Protestants and

Republican Propaganda. Confessing? Yes! confessing is an excellent thing, but you know, gentlemen, that the confessional is more and more deserted every year, for mundane spectacles, such as Protestant and Republican meetings, theatres, coffee-houses, and other abodes of vice. No! the confessional is not strong enough to hold the people within the pale of the Church. You will say: we have the press, we have the publishing of books, we have the wealthy, we have the aristocracy, we have the police, we have the government, we have the army, we have the priests, we have the monks, we have the nuns, in a word, we have money, influence, and power. Well, gentlemen! all this is very good. I do not deny the usefulness of any of these things. But still, this is not sufficient to keep the people under the sway of the Roman Church. The insane doctrines of liberty are like the hair grass in the wheat-field; let it grow and it will soon spread over it and suppress the wheat."

"What do you want, if you are not satisfied with what you possess?" exclaimed an Austrian officer, hidden in a corner of the room.

"I tell you, my friend," replied the speaker; "what we want is power. These Republicans are becoming so numerous, that even now, with all the advantages I have just enumerated, we are not sure of being the strongest."

"Why don't you fight," retorted the same voice "and decide the fate of the day in one single battle?"

"They dare not," interrupted an Austrian general,

whose face was entirely hidden by a large pair of mustachios and whiskers. These men of the beads and of the water-sprinkling, profess a holy horror for the sword. What Gorgon's head is for the human species, Minerva's armor is for the long gowns of the church."

"Both of you are mistaken," replied the speaker, and pulling off his coat, and tearing away his false peruque and mustachios, he appeared in the costume of a Cardinal.

"The church," continued the speaker, now restored to his true character, "the church is not, cannot be afraid, the church is invincible. As for professing an aversion for fighting, our conduct, the conduct of the very members of the church will prove the contrary. Popes have had the command of armies, bishops fought in the ranks of the most valorous, and to-day there is not a single one of us, not ready to take the musket, if necessary, and to lead a warfare for the benefit of our holy religion."

"And as a proof," cried out a thin, lanky old priest, who was standing close to the speaker, "look at our life. Read our travels. In our struggles have we not shed the purest of our blood, for the sake of the Cross? Have we not carried that cross through the wilderness, teaching the heathen, interesting the barbarian, civilizing the cannibal; spreading everywhere, in every corner of creation, the precious seed of truth contained in the words of our Saviour? Ask the soil yet clammy with the treasure of our veins, a soil that our missionaries have run over thousands and thousands of times, how

many victims have fallen, how many martyrs have suffered in that conquest, undertaken by us for the benefit of mankind ?"

" And inquire at the same time, how many wealthy convents and churches, where lazy prelates are indulging in the sensualities of life, have been built on the way ?" interrupted a voice. " How many millions of dollars have been pocketed by the church for that useless undertaking, and how many priests, fattened by the generosity of superstitious tribes, have returned to Europe, in order to enjoy the fortunes they had accumulated in those so-called sainted expeditions ?"

" Hush ! silence !" shouted several voices at this unexpected attack against the works of Catholicity. " Down with the interrupter ! Throw him out of the door ! Where is he ? Where is he ?"

And every member of the meeting looked around with an appearance of earnestness, in order to find out the ominous and bold originator of such a scandalous interpellation.

The military portion of the meeting united together in one part of the hall, were evidently much delighted at the interruption. Their mustachios were seen quivering, as if the contraction of the lips, strongly inclined to laughter, were, by an effort of the will, constrained to remain quiet.

" What that man has just said, is not the fourth part of the truth," exclaimed a Prussian officer, who less self-possessed than his companions, could not help the explosion of his hilarity. " True enough ! those long

coats and frocks are always better off than any of us. I, who speak, have seen in Asia, on the banks of the Euphrates, a table set in a convent, and on that table champaigne wine, *patés de foie gras*, truffles stuffed with ortolans, all sorts of jellies and preserves, and a thing that nobody will believe, I have found there—what do you think? well, I have found there the *Journal des Modes*, from Paris."

"Bravo! bravo! Huzzah!" exclaimed with a sentiment of indescribable pleasure, the military members of the meeting. "Bravissimo! were the Parisian milliners there also?" was the general inquiry.

"I have seen no milliners there, at all," replied the Prussian officer, "but please not forget that the Mahommedan point of view, concerning women, is carried to a great extent in the far eastern regions of Asia, and that a harem must, according to the Koran, be hidden."

"You are a liar!" exclaimed a Spaniard, who until then, had remained silent. "A liar! a vile slanderer! you have seen nothing of what you say!"

This insolent and unexpected insult, caused a flash of anger to shine in the eye of the Prussian. He, however, did not reply to the provocation, but covering himself, he with a deliberate step advanced towards his provoker.

All heads were then turned towards the side of the hall where the interruption had taken place. Every ear was open, every neck stretched in that direction. A deep silence, awful and threatening as that which precedes a coming storm, was then prevailing.

The object of the meeting was forgotten, the position was momentous. A minute more, and war would be raging in the camp of Agraman. Brothers would have slain brothers, like in Theba of yore; for the sword of Germany—that sword on which Rome is now leaning, soul and body—was then threatening the heart of the faithful Catholic Spain. So dreadful a result must be avoided. The Cardinal now occupying the chair, saw the danger, and cried out with all the energies of his soul:

"Gentlemen! in the name of God! peace! peace, gentlemen! Order, gentlemen! Decency, gentlemen! Hear me! Listen to me! And then if you are not satisfied, you may fight as much and as long as you please, I will not place myself in your way."

This jocose allusion to his cowardice, provoked a smile among the wearers of epaulettes, and caused them to listen. This movement did not escape the wily Cardinal. He paused a moment to collect himself, and then proceeding in his speech, said:

"Gentlemen, there is an axiom which says that all moments of our life are as precious as the gems of the sea, and ought to be carefully worked out. Welfare, happiness, fortune, often depends on the manner in which we have spent our time. The question which now arises is, what are we doing here? for what end, for what object have we gathered from all parts of the globe? Where are we going, by which way, and to what place?"

"Yes!. yes!" exclaimed several voices. "Where

are we going? Show us the place! Where is the harbor?"

"You shall see it in a moment," answered the speaker. And remember! if you don't cast anchor, then it will be entirely your fault.

"You, whose profession I respect!—you, the salvation of religion, the guardians of property, the protectors of society!—you, without whom laws would be like chaff, the sport of the approaching storm!—you, the defenders of the throne, and of the altar; the supporters of kings and priests, the true, the only efficacious bulwark of civil and religious liberty! Soldiers! officers! brave-hearted men, of all flags, of all religions, and of all nations, listen to me! I am speaking here the language of truth.

"Pray, tell me, What are we seeking here? Let us speak openly, sincerely, and without dissimulation. Are we assembled for any other thing than our own welfare? You, soldiers, whose plain shoulders and arms are wishing for the golden tape, and epaulettes; you, officers, whose ambitious aims are the feathers of generalship; you, generals, who long to tread the floor of some royal palace, or to enter the cabinet; tell me! what are the aims of your efforts? fortune? honors? dignities? Have I named the thing? Your countenances sufficiently answer my question. Very well! Now we understand each other. Open your hands, that is to say, obey the church, and every thing will be handed to you—fortune, honors, rank, dignities, and power.

"For mark, gentlemen! the Church is omnipotent! omniscient! omnipresent! The Church can give all that .... if she chooses.

"Then, if you support the Church, the Church will support you. She will take every one of you in her arms, and will make you great, glorious, and rich. Will present you to the world as a saint, as a star, as one of the greatest men, even should you be one of its most notorious scoundrels. Society, with all its riches, cannot bestow the tenth part of greatness, that it is given to the humble frock of a monk to grant. Our gifts are god-like! incommensurable and inexhaustible. The hand which pours the holy water upon the head of the new-born child, though apparently insignificant and obscure, anoints also the heads of Kings and Emperors. Don't forget it! And if a portion of our priests are often seen strolling in poor thread-bare garments, recollect that, more than once, they have wiped the dust of their shoes upon the carpets of a throne.

"What I say here, gentlemen, is not, as some ill-disposed persons would perhaps suppose, to exalt beyond measure, the true power of our mother, the Church, and to intimidate you by a vain display of her resources, but to convince you of what advantage it is, for your *temporal prosperity*, to join her, and to live closely by her. If one of you could, for a moment, doubt her influence, he has but to look around, to be enlightened on that point. What do we see here, which is not as surprising, as new to you? Look,

gentlemen! Look at each other! Here is a missionary from Japan, who lives thousands of miles from the metropolis of the Catholic world; seas and mountains between him and us; but what of that? Rome needs him.... and he is here! Farther back, I see a holy monk, who, a month ago, was gathering around him, on the Krapack mountains, an obedient flock. Snows are heavy on its rocks, and its streams deep and impetuous; he may be buried under an avalanche, or drowned in crossing the torrent; but what is that to him? Is not the salvation of his soul, above every other consideration? Will the miserable regard of life, overbalance such an important object? No, gentlemen! No! Rome nods to him; and here he is. In another part of the room I perceive a holy monk, whose residence is in a convent on Mount Sinai; and engaged in carrying out the cloistral system upon the wandering tribes of Arabians, Tartars, and Bedouins. As soon as he heard of our projects, he left his convent, and crossed the desert on the back of a camel. Would not the danger of such a journey stop him, you will ask? Will he not be averted from his resolution, on looking at the perils of his undertaking? No, gentlemen! The will of the Church is stronger than that vile prudence which places every thing in the preservation of comforts, or even life itself. That monk looked from his solitude at the head of the Church; he saw its nod,—and here he is.

"But, my picture would be imperfect, was I to limit this influence to the members of the Church alone

mistake the words of the demon, for those written down in the books of God.

"Is it necessary for me to relate the errors which some of the heads of our Church have been indulging in, of late? Shall I mention, how some persons have been captivated by the bewitching acclamations of the people?—by the infamous words of 'liberty, reform,' and 'amnesty'? Who knows all the follies men are prone to, for the satisfaction of earthly vanity,—of that vanity, whose highest expression is, in our days, contained in that loathsome favor, *popularity*. Popularity! Popularity! That is to say, the lungs of the rabble! the shouts of the multitude!

"Gentlemen, you see, as well as myself, this state of things must last no longer. If it is persevered in, the Church is lost,—we are lost,—you are all lost. You must prevent the multitude from increasing their influence. For the purpose of effecting that, they must be rendered odious.

"Then the Pope, Pio IX., will not listen to them, and we gain our cause.

"An immense conspiracy, against that fiend termed 'liberty,' now exists, and extends over Italy and Europe. Kings, Emperors, priesthood, and aristocracy, have sworn to fight it, for life or death, until they either triumph or succomb.

"Those who are in this meeting, are, I hope, in possession of the necessary instructions, in reference to the present undertaking. I have, myself, my share of them.

"Besides, I hold in my hands, several private correspondences from Sovereigns and Ministers of State, all giving their assent, and promising their support for the carrying out our projects. Money, arms, and soldiers, are at our command.

"Gentlemen, let us come to the point. You know it—I know it—we all know it. Let us speak of it.

"Political necessities and national independence have entrusted to history the records of a day of yore, under the name of Sicilian vespers. The Sicilian people wanted their freedom and they killed the French; we want our freedom also—let us kill the Republicans!

"The victory of independence over slavery, of good over evil, of God over the enemy of mankind, imperiously claims this. Let us kill the Republicans!

"Great emergencies require great remedies. From a man in a fit of apoplexy, you take blood. When apoplexy attacks society, and threatens it with decay, an operation alone can save it, and that is the freeing it of a certain portion of its blood. Let us kill the Republicans!"

At these words, thrice repeated, an electrical shock passed, like the breath of Satan, over the meeting. A sensation similar to that of the assassin raising his poignard upon his victim, stung the heart of each member. These men, with the hearts of robbers and assassins, had not the power to force to silence their consciences from revolting at the bloody appeal of the Cardinal.

The moral sense of his audience was escaping from his grasp, when, with a rapid glance, he saw that he

had gone too far, and that his audience could not understand these appeals to the cruelty of the middle-ages—that the time of the rack, of the wooden horse, and of the iron buskin, were gone by. "Very likely," said he to himself, "the resolutions I have to present, will be strongly opposed, and perhaps defeated. If they meet such a fate, everything is lost. I must succeed, cost what it may."

"Gently, gentlemen! gently!" continued his Eminence, with a constrained smile. "Upon my word, your mistake would be a very funny one, did it not contain an insult to my honor. I wager, you imagined I was exciting you to murder. Murder, gentlemen! I! the church which I represent! Murder! Don't think it, gentlemen! Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, or my hand be consumed to ashes, before the perpetration of such a crime. Oh! Almighty God!" ejaculated the speaker, turning the white of his eyes towards heaven; "Almighty God! thou knowest the inmost thoughts—thou readest the depths of my soul! not a gesture of mine escapes thy omniscience! Speak! tell the present illustrious audience, which I have the honor of addressing, whether any reprehensible calculation of mine has ever dwelt together with the holiness of thy name. Murder! oh, gentlemen! Never! Never!

"It is not murder I want, it is justice. Italy and Rome, more especially, are teeming with false prophets. I want to overthrow their falsehood and to convert the prophets If I cannot convert them, I want them to

be like the false prophets, put to death. In this case, death is not crime; it is the application of the law of God.

"This measure, as I have already explained, is not an appeal to violence, it is a legal satisfaction given to society. A sum of one million of florins, is deposited in the vault of the *Fiorentini Fratelli*, in Rome, to be distributed as a good will to those who will play an active part in the act I have just mentioned, that is to say, in the cleaning and purifying of society. You see, gentlemen, that the finger of God is already engaged in this important movement, otherwise, how could such an amount of money be gathered."

The increased attention of the audience, and the air of satisfaction manifested at these words, proved to the Cardinal, that he had struck the right chord. Assuming the smile of perfect innocence, as if he was delighted with what he had to communicate, he said:

"And as each of us, I am persuaded, is perfectly entitled to be called an active confederate in the great deed about to be performed, I am instructed to divide among the members of this assembly, the sum of one hundred thousand florins, on account for their adhesion and participation in the movement."

Scarcely had these words been uttered, than an immense acclamation, like that described by Homer, at the sitting of Jupiter in the Olympus, broke out from all parts of the house.

"And," said the speaker, his face beaming with inward joy, "I will distribute checks to that amount at the end of the sitting.

"But," he exclaimed, raising his voice and speaking with great vehemence, "gift for gift. There must be an equitable balance in all things. You would not receive without returning an equivalent for it?"

"What is it that you ask?" shouted several voices.

"Nothing but an oath for the present," replied the speaker. "An oath of obedience."

"Repeat it, that we may know what it is?"

"Gentlemen, justice which moves my tongue, and prompts my conscience—God, who animates me—society, who claims the service of devotedness from all its children, has already pointed to you the dangerous prophets who threaten the repose and security of mankind. Shall I repeat to you, that unless they die you will die—unless they be disposed of, you will be disposed of—unless they be annihilated, you will be annihilated? Unhappily, they are too numerous to be sent to prison; too strong to be dragged to the scaffold; they must be destroyed another way. They are carrying war against us, let us reciprocate. War to them! War to them! Soldiers! officers! have you a heart in your breasts? If you have, speak, that I may hear you!"

"The one who would doubt it, would pay that insult with his life," answered an officer, drawing his sword and advancing towards the speaker.

The flash of the steel awoke the warlike disposition slumbering in the bosom of the military. Scarcely were these words uttered than a dozen of swords were unsheathed.

"Very well, my friend," said the speaker, who at that moment showed himself perfectly composed; "come and take your money. But, previous to that, let me tell you what you have to do, and what I expect from you.

"At a certain day, which will be made known to you, you must march upon those houses designated in the letter you will receive, and stab the men who inhabit them.

"In order that you may know the appointed time, all the bells in the city will be set in motion, great fires will be lighted in the public places, so as to draw out from their dwellings, the whole population, when you will stand by their doors, ready to strike your enemy on the very threshold!

"And in order that you may not be suspected of participating in the deed, come and take with the money I am going to distribute among you, a dagger, bearing the name of some Republican, and a device appropriate to the circumstances!"

In saying these words, the speaker drew a stiletto from his bosom and showed it to the assembly. Every one, through eagerness or curiosity, pressed towards the speaker. The Cardinal, who, in his able speech, had overrun the keys of human depravity, and caused them to vibrate at his will, sometimes speaking to the courage and at another to blinded passion, but always to interest; the Cardinal who had finally carried the day, by opening the door of greediness with the golden key of the Papal coffers; the Cardinal whose heart was

filled with triumph, and whose countenance expressed the utmost meekness and charity; the Cardinal distributed the poignards wrapped up in a check of one thousand florins, to every member present.

The following motto was engraved on the handle of the poignard, "Pio IX. and Reform;" on the other side was the name of an Italian patriot.

The object of this motto was, to cast upon the Republicans all the odium of the crime.

As it may be seen, and as the reader may have perceived, in the chapter headed "Priest and Woman," the plot was well laid.

But, whilst these jesuitical machinations were at work, the Italian patriots were not asleep. One of them, the most popular of the number, was then in the hall, listening to what was going on, and neither losing a word, sign, or movement.

The distribution of the daggers, together with the price of the blood they were destined to shed, was not yet finished, when a sudden noise was heard at the door, causing every head to turn in that direction.

Pale, trembling, and with an eye flashing with passion, Father Francisco rushed into the room.

The great name of that celebrated member of Catholicity, caused every one to move. Immediately, room was opened to him by the multitude from the door to the chair. The agitation of his countenance imparted a certain degree of uneasiness to the party assembled. Every one was anxious to listen to what he was going to say.

"Defenders of the cross! friends of the Church! supporters of human rights! avengers of the violated laws of our country and our religion, listen to me!" cried Father Francisco, with a voice deep as a bugle. "Listen to the advocate of your principles, to the guardian of your rights. Yes," added the holy father, half suffocated by wrath and anger, "yes, your guardian, the guardian of the Church. What has happened, you will ask yourselves, to justify this exposure of pretensions? Has the brain of Father Francisco been turned by a fit of lunacy, or is he sick? Such will be your first impression.

"Alas, my friends and companions! do I need to tell you that my cares are for you? Does not my solicitude follow you in your steps through life? In your thoughts and actions? Do I not watch when you are asleep? Am I not on the alert, when you are at rest? Do I not survey every blast of the wind, gaze at every cloud in the sky, scrutinize every change of public opinion, and even read danger in your own security?

"You are assembled here, reposing in the arms of quietness, and flattering yourselves with dreams of success, whilst treachery peeps in at the door.

"The enemy is among you! He is in this room! He prys into your thoughts, and, like the Spartan fox, gnaws at your bosom, in order to devour your heart.

"Will you imitate the silliness of the silent Spartan lad? No, my friends! that would be stupidity. If you let him escape, he will deliver you into the hands

of justice. Will you die? No! Then HE must die! Cry out with me, Death to the spy!"

"Death to the spy!" exclaimed the multitude.

"Who is he? Where is he?" was the general question.

"His name is Ciceroacchio," replied Father Francisco, vehemently.

Ciceroacchio!" exclaimed his auditors. Daggers were immediately drawn, and the arm each Sanfedesti raised above his head, brandishing the terrible weapon, accompanying the movement with shouts of "Death! death to the Roman scoundrel."

Father Francisco himself, drew his dagger, and descending from the chair, ran to the middle of the room, endeavoring to discover, under his probable disguise, the foe he was looking for.

Wherever he went the compact mass opened their ranks, like the waves of the Red Sea before the Jewish nation, and joined together after he had passed.

Ciceroacchio, retired in one corner of the hall, in company with a liberal priest, the only one who was in the confidence of his presence, had followed the proceedings of the meeting with more than usual attention. He was disguised like the most part of the members present, in the dress of a priest. Unhappily for him, he had preserved his mustachios, thinking that no one could suspect him to be there, and not at all prepared for the unforeseen incident brought by the unexpected arrival of Father Francisco. He was considering about the steps best to be taken, in order to effect his escape,

when he saw the form of the dreaded father walking in his direction. That head was for him a death warrant. There was no more hope. Ciceroacchio was lost. The keen eye of the father had discovered him in the corner.

A single resource was left to him. He resolved to use it, and make the best of his position. As he stood in the remotest part of the hall, not far from the door, he determined to attempt his escape through that issue.

In a moment, while Father Francisco was exclaiming, "here he is! I have him!" he profited by the diversion of the glances then directed upon the father, to take a jump and leap over the human wall which separated him from the entrance door.

The Roman leader was possessor of great agility—gathering all his strength in his lower muscles, he made a leap and fell on the threshold of the door.

He was soon up. The priests who had seen him pass over their heads like a shadow, seeing him escaping by the gallery, rushed after him with all the swiftness they were capable. But the Roman patriot had the start. Thanks to his swiftness he was fast gaining ground, and would easily have escaped from the danger suspended over his head, if Father Francisco, perceiving the evasion of his mortal enemy, had not, followed by several others, cut his way through the gallery, and encompassed him between two bristling ramparts of poignards, advancing against him on both sides.

It was in this critical moment, that Ciceroacchio was

perceived by our little friend Jeronimo, then perched on the roof.

Ciceroacchio, considering himself a dead man, looked around him a last time, to see if no way of escape was left to him. Alas! hope had vanished! He saw, on the right and on the left of the circular gallery, the ranks of his enemy advancing, and the circle of poignards in their hands drawing closer and closer. This once done, and the certainty of death ascertained, Ciceroacchio put his hand on his heart. He found it as calm as usual. This made him smile: he looked towards heaven, and commended his soul to God.

The dagger was not an inch from his breast, when a sudden inspiration crossed his brain. On the side of the wall looking towards the street, there was a range of windows. Leopard-like, he bounded towards one of them, broke the panels with his fist, and suspended himself with his hand, to the stone slab projecting over the street.

Seventy feet was the space measured by the wall, between the window and the pavement! Ciceroacchio knew it. Had he fallen from that height, he would have been dashed to pieces. But he knew also that passion does not calculate, and he reckoned on the imprudence of his enemies.

He was not mistaken. The party on the side of the stair, believing the possibility of an escape through the window, broke their ranks and rushed towards the door, hoping to catch him in the street.

The Roman leader perceived they were turning their

back to him, ascended the window again, re-entered the gallery, and by a mighty effort, jumped a second time over the heads of the men who were then descending, in great disorder, the stairs of the building. That jump brought him right to the entrance door. But still he was not safe. He was ahead of his enemy, 'tis true, but not a musket-length existed between them and himself. Two pistol reports, and the whizzing of two balls over his head, warned him that he had only succeeded in delaying for a few seconds, the moment of his death.

It was at this critical moment that the sword of Adrian was seen flashing at the door.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN HOLOCAUST TO LIBERTY.

THE flourishing of the weapon, and the terrible countenance of the soldier, exercised such an effect on the wolfish crowd, that they recoiled, as if Medusa herself had made her appearance. This movement backward, however, delivered Ciceroacchio from the reach of the enemy. He threw himself out of the porch, and was soon by the side of Adrian.

"Fly off!" cried Adrian. "Fly off! I will take care of this door, until you are safe, and out of the reach of these scoundrels."

"Fly!" replied the Roman patriot, "fly, my gallant friend? Ask me to die for thee, but don't ask me to fly."

"In the name of Heaven," said Adrian, "be off, sir, and leave me here to protect your flight. Your staying with me, exposes your life, and does not protect mine. Think of it. This is not a time for being rash or imprudent. The Roman people need your services. To risk your life in rash actions, is hazarding

what, properly speaking, does not belong to you, but to the whole mass of our fellow citizens."

"If it is true, that by defending thee, I run the risk of losing my life, I perform precisely that part of the duty which thou hast pointed out to me."

These words were exchanged in the midst of the preparations made by the two friends, to defend themselves against the Sanfedesti. Whilst they were thus working, Ciceroacchio had rolled a farmer's wagon, loaded with hay, which was standing near the door, directly opposite the entrance to the building, and Adrian, who had been watching the door, sword in hand, had succeeded in closing one of its folds, thus leaving only a narrow outlet to the crowd within.

"Now, my friend," said Ciceroacchio, when he had finished his barricade, "thou hast a sword in thy hand, but mine are empty. How can I assist thee in the fight?"

"What you have done is sufficient to shelter me for a while," replied the soldier. "Now, fly! for the love of God, fly!"

"Here is a pitchfork!" triumphantly shouted the Roman leader, in picking it up to use as a weapon, "I can now assist thee. Let us fight. I knew very well there would be no hay wagon without a fork."

Whilst the two friends were thus engaged, the Sanfedesti were recovering from their fears. They had at first believed that the arrival of the Roman soldier, was but the vanguard of a strong body of troops. This opinion, however, did not last longer

than the time necessary to see their error. Considering they had but two men for opponents, whilst they were three hundred, they thought they had no reason to lose entirely their spirits. Besides, they had among them upwards of a dozen brave soldiers, ready to lead the van, and to fight to the death.

In justice to the military portion of the Sanfedesti meeting, we must say that, when they saw the whole flock of priests running, dagger in hand, upon Ciceroacchio, they abstained from following them, and remained silent and thoughtful, their cheeks red with shame.

As soon, however, as they perceived a resistance, their warlike instincts returned, and they bravely advanced to the charge, sword in hand. Still, even then, the high feeling of military honor, made them shrink from the cause of the Sanfedesti. No sooner had they looked at the forky weapon and a single sword, held as a barrier to their march, they could not suppress a feeling of pity and admiration for the courage of their adversaries. One among them, a German officer, struck with wonder, let these words escape, an involuntary offering to an impulse of sympathy :

" Retire, gentlemen ! It is folly for you to pretend at resistance, and," lowering his voice, he added, " we will not follow you."

These words, though pronounced in a low tone, were overheard by some of the sanctimonious gentlemen behind him, who, fearful lest their victims should escape, hastened to excite their party to fight, by the

use of their fire-arms. They were well aware, that, by not leaving time for reflection, and by engaging them in the fray at once, they should thus compel the most reluctant among them to act his part in the battle.

Accordingly, the whistling of a dozen pistol balls, announced to the two patriots, that it was no time for play.

The report of fire-arms obliged the military to charge against them. Luckily the porch was narrow, and only gave room for three persons in front. And, in addition to this, one leaf of the door being closed, it deprived those three men from enjoying all their advantages.

The first man who presented himself, met the sword of Adrian, and fell. The pitchfork of Ciceroacchio, though not so deadly as the sword of Adrian, still it performed wonders.

This first advantage caused the assailants, a second time, to retreat. Meanwhile Ciceroacchio, perceiving that the hay wagon, situated as it was, on the step of the porch, was but of little help to them, moved it close to the aperture of the door, so as entirely to obstruct it.

This contrivance protected, for an instant, the position of the two friends. Unluckily, however, the hand of the brave soldier, turned inside of the passage, was still employed in holding fast the fold of the door which had remained closed.

No sooner was the wagon placed at the entrance,

than a thrilling cry broke from the lips of Adrian. His hand had just been nailed to the door, with the point of a poignard.

This was the only cry of suffering that Adrian permitted to escape his breast. With an almost superhuman effort of fortitude, he drew his hand towards him. Half of the fingers had been severed, and were hanging still to his hand, presenting a horrid spectacle of mangled flesh, and lacerated muscles. The blood rushed impetuously from his open veins and arteries.

The Roman leader seeing his friend thus mutilated, did not utter a single word, but his brow became dark, as if all the electricity of the atmosphere had gathered in his brain; his lips grew pallid, and a quivering of the muscles indicated the strength of his passions. He went around the wagon, and gathering a few of those fragments of marble so common in Italy, jumped on the top of the load of hay, and swinging his arms so as to give greater force to the stones, threw them into the midst of his enemies.

This desperate attempt of the gallant patriot, had, as it may well be believed, a very slight effect. The Sanfedesti, finally ashamed of the resistance opposed by so trifling an enemy, rushed by a common impulse to the door, and forced open that portion which, until abandoned by Adrian, had remained closed. As soon as this was done, there was a general discharge of firearms from inside. This time the fire reached its victim. Adrian, not having time to cover his body, received the bullets in the breast, and fell!

As soon as Ciceroacchio saw his friend stagger and fall on the pavement, he rushed to his side, drew his sword, and prepared to defend him.

Scarcely had he raised his sword against his first opponent, than he heard the tramping of feet behind him, and soon after the well-known voice of a child, shouting:

"Fight them, Adrian! fight them! Here I am—I bring you help . . . an army! I bring you an army of brave men, who love the priests just as much as you do. Fight them, Adrian! . . . fight them!"

The gallant boy was little prepared for the horror of finding his friend mortally wounded.

We must now explain the unexpected arrival of Jeronimo at such an emergency:

As soon as the boy saw his friend Adrian at the door of the Sanfedesti, with a single sword for defense, he was struck with the idea of the danger to which he was exposed, and without loosing a second, ran with all his speed to the wagons of the farmers usually standing in the yard of the hotel, and calling the peasants sleeping under the tents, he immediately gathered around him from twenty to thirty stout men. Not contented with this little army which he had gathered in the twinkling of an eye, he suspended himself to the bell of the "Angel of the Field," and made it peel as if the premises were on fire.

The whole neighborhood, composed as we have said, of poor people, on whom the name of their benefactor, Ciceroacchio, acted as a spell, besides being a symbol

of liberty, were immediately on foot. Men, women, and children, provided with torches, appeared at all the windows and doors of the houses, inquiring for the cause of the alarm.

"Paolo! Pietro! Juan! come down!" shouted the stentorian voices of the peasants, whom Jeronimo had acquainted with the danger of their leader. "Hasten! take thy muskets! The priests are murdering our friend Ciceroacchio!"

These calls repeated and repeated again, were made on the way by the peasants, whilst they were lead by Jeronimo to the buildings where Adrian and the Roman patriot were struggling against the Sanfedesti. Such was their effect that the little army was soon strengthened by more than one hundred persons, composed of men, women, and children, armed with sticks, pitchforks, swords, and a few muskets. This odd and motley group arrived precisely at the moment when Ciceroacchio, having taken the sword from the hands of his wounded friend, was overwhelmed by the enraged enemy, whom he had until then gallantly resisted.

The arrival of this unexpected assistance changed the face of affairs. The assailants frightened at the presence of so large a body of men, made a movement of retreat, whilst the Roman leader, who, considering his critical position, could have been justly looked on as the defeated party, took the offensive, left his place and marched at the head of the peasantry, against the Sanfedesti, who had moved inside of the building in a state of confusion and dismay.

But before abandoning his place, the Roman patriot bent towards Adrian, then laying on the ground, took his hand, and wiping off a tear suspended to his eyelids, he said: "I must leave thee for a moment till I have secured victory to our cause. Pléase God, I may yet share with thee, on my return, the honór of the triumph thou hast secured at the expense of thy blood. Please God, I may yet repay the debt I owe thee; thou hast not only saved my life, but also in saving it thou hast preserved from being slain, all our Republican brothers! Know it, Adrian! know it! These men had plotted a *Saint Bartholomew's Day* in the city of Rome, the victims of which were to be all brethren of the same political faith!"

"Is it possible?" replied the wounded Adrian, making an effort to raise his head. Hasten, Ciceroacchio! chase the scoundrels from their den! Try to make them prisoners! This is the only way to arrive at the secret of the whole conspiracy, and to secure the guilty. Go, Ciceroacchio! pray, go!"

The Roman leader pressed the hand of his friend with indescribable emotion. "Women!" said he, with a commanding voice to the female portion of the community who had followed Jeronimo, "This man is my savior. I leave him to your care. Protect him as you would myself." And leaving the place, he rushed with his men in pursuit of the Sanfedesti.

The excitement of the moment and the grief experienced by the heart of the patriot, prevented him from seeing close by his side, two persons, whose presence

alone could have relieved his anxiety concerning his friend. These two persons were Carlotina and Jeronimo.

During the action we have just described, we had forgotten to mention the part taken by the young girl in the courageous and unequal conflict sustained by two men against three hundred Sanfedesti. Our readers must remember, that when Adrian and Jeronimo left the room, she remained alone on the threshold, in a state of anxiety impossible to describe.

The building in which these proceedings had just taken place, was situated, as we have said, opposite the room she occupied, and as there was a little platform in front of her door, high enough to command a view of the objects around, she with trembling heart witnessed the terrible conflict sustained by her lover and the Roman patriot.

What human tongue can describe her emotions during those moments! When Adrian, his visage inflamed with the fire of passion, appeared at the door of the meeting, his sword in his hand, and caused the wolf-like crowd of Sanfedesti, to retire inside, she by an involuntary movement, fell upon her knees, and clasping her hands upon her breast, restrained the violent beatings of her distressed heart.

"Oh," said she, raising her black eyes towards the stars, shining in the dark-blue canopy of Heaven, "Holy Virgin! kind mother of the distressed and unhappy! Thou, who knowest the amount of suffering which woman's heart can sustain without breaking!

Thou who hast drank at the foot of the cross, the dregs of bitterness and woe, spare, spare that trial to me. Save him who possesses all the treasures of my love; him, upon whom all my joys are resting; he, for whose life I would willingly give my own. Shield him with thy sainted protection, Holy Virgin! Behold him! kind mother, he is young, noble, handsome. Spare his days, sweet protectress of the unfortunate! and I shall lay upon thy altar a bouquet of white lilies; I shall weave around the head of thy Son, a crown of fresh violets of the dale. The whitest linen will adorn thy chapel. I shall kneel and pray; I shall sing thy praise; and I shall devote myself to thy service. Oh, mother of mothers! .... pity, pity on him, ... spare my Adrian."

Saying these words, she looked towards the place of the battle, and saw her valorous lover, holding with his hand one of the folding leaves of the door, whilst the other was occupied in wielding his sword against his adversaries.

An emotion of joy passed over her face, and caused her eyes to beam. It was just as Adrian had killed one of his assailants, and caused the rest to retire. But this feeling was not of long duration. She was seized with horror as she saw, creeping along the wall of the porch, a Sanfedesti, of jesuitical countenance, with a dagger in his hand, stealthily approaching, but taking very good care not to be perceived by Adrian. Alas! how to express the shock her heart received, when her eyes perceived the sneaking asp, measuring

the distance between his dagger and the fingers of her lover, and raising his hand for the perpetration of the foul deed. "Adrian! Adrian!" cried she, as she saw the weapon flashing in the light. "Adrian!" But, unable longer to view the scene, she flew towards the stairs, when a sudden cry advised her that the Jesuit had succeeded in his attempt. That cry made her start, as though a thunder-bolt had fallen at her side. Raising her eyes a second time, she got a view of the terrible wound. Then, mad with grief and horror, she let herself drop from the platform, and rushing onward, arrived in time to receive the body of her lover in her arms, at the moment he fell.

All that love and despair can find in strength and eloquence, fled from the quivering lips of Carlotina, when, receiving her lover, she pressed him to her bosom.

Adrian, feeling her perfumed breath warming the cold sweat on his forehead, raised his eyes, and with a look in which death was already stamped, said with a smile:

"Now I shall die happy; I have an angel to watch over my departing soul."

"No! you shall not die, Adrian," said the young girl, with that agonized cry of the heart, which sums up all the sorrows that humanity can possibly bear. "No! you shall not die! You will live to be loved by me, to be happy, to see your country great and free! . . . ."

Vainly does she attempt to speak; her throat, suf-

focated by sobs, can scarcely give passage to her words; she sinks her face in her hands, upon the head of Adrian, and presses her lips upon his.

A cry, a thrilling, tremulous cry, follows the sweet embrace. The young and lovely girl shudders, as if she had felt the pain experienced by her lover, and looking around her to discover the cause of this sudden screaming, she saw Jeronimo stooping by the side of Adrian, and trying to stop, with rags torn from his own shirt, the blood gushing from the wounds of the soldier. Some women knelt also, and attempted to assist him, but the child, trembling with agitation, seemed to have assumed the labor of relieving his friend.

"That man is not well there," shouted a woman in the crowd. "Do you think the stony ground a soft couch for him? Put him on a bed; that's what he wants."

"Yes," shouted the crowd, "the woman is right; let us procure a bed for poor Adrian."

"Gently," exclaimed Jeronimo, extending his arms, and preventing by this action, the rough touch of a woman, whose hands had already taken hold of the garments of the soldier; "gently, miss!" added he, "do you think my friend is made of granite?"

"The boy is right," replied a woman, "let us have a barrow." A minute after, a barrow was brought, and the soldier placed upon it, Carlotina holding his head; nor did the hand of Jeronimo cease to press the linen rags to his wounds.

The pain experienced by the soldier during this removal was so extremely acute, that Adrian begged, every moment, that they would lay him down in some quiet place, the swinging motion given to the hand-barrow, being almost insupportable to him. Finally, his entreaties became so pressing, that, upon the orders of Jeronimo, who seemed to be the commander, they stopped, and Adrian was temporarily lodged in an empty stable.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF ADRIAN.

The stable to which the wounded soldier was taken, was an immense building, used by the farmers to pen up their flocks. So large was it, that ten thousand sheep could be accommodated within its walls. A heap of hay was gathered, and on it Adrian was placed. A doctor was immediately sent for, every one waiting for his arrival with that anxiety of mind which the affection bore to the Roman soldier by the inhabitants of the "Angel of the Field," rendered very natural. So great was the esteem he had succeeded to inspire, that his critical position was looked on as a public calamity. The scene was altogether pregnant with awe and sadness. In the centre of the stable Adrian was seen laying upon the hay, his head resting in the lap of Carlotina; a little below, Jeronimo, who had not left the soldier a single moment, was kneeling near him, his two hands on his breast, firmly holding the bandage; whilst the women, stooping over the body, one fixing his arms, another his legs, and others covering his feet,

the disturbed channels of the circulation, imparted a momentary strength to Carlotina's lover. He arose with the help of her hand, upon his knees, and throwing his uninjured arm around the neck of his beloved, and sustained by Jeronimo and the doctor behind, prepared himself to address the multitude.

The presence of that dying man, attended by a woman and a child, the personification of grief; the solemn countenance of the doctor; the dim light of the torches; the silence of the night; the singular circumstances of the fight; the approaching death of a Republican—had such an influence on the minds of the by-standers, that by an involuntary movement, they bent their knees and their heads, and prepared themselves to listen with respect to the last words of their friend.

"I have not much time to lose, my friends," said Adrian, with a smile which was not without regret "Consequently I have to hurry what I say, lest the hand of death close my lips, before I have communicated to you the last breath of fleeting life—the last beating of my bleeding heart!

"It is useless to say to you, that, like many others of my fellow-citizens, I fell a victim to the policy of the Church. And, believe me—believe the words of a dying man—I have no hatred, no vengeance to retaliate upon any member of the Church. I respect, but at the same time, I pity them. Unhappily, priests are attached to an institution which gives them bread always, and oftentimes rank and power. These considerations, and the difficulty for them, ignorant as they are of the duty

of citizens, to get a livelihood in the world, make them cling to their profession. Carried, like other men, by the stream of conceit which self-interest begets, they live and die priests. God have pity on their souls for they know not what they do!"

These words, pronounced with a firmness of accent scarcely to be expected from a dying man, were received by the multitude with silent assent, which might have been taken for an opinion already settled. Instead of the passion which such an onslaught on the Church would undoubtedly have awakened elsewhere, a smile full of bitter meaning curled the lips of the young women standing by, whilst the older ones, in whose bosoms faith had still preserved a few roots, shook their heads in a dubious manner.

"But the church," my friends, "continued Adrian, "in that system of disguised slavery which holds men in bondage, and women and children in ignorance; I denounce it to the civilized world, as the scourge of the Nineteenth Century.

"The Roman Church, by opposing religious and civil liberty, in restraining education, in opposing the development of the mind and the march of human progress, has deserved to be expelled from the heart of humanity as a gnawing worm marring its beauty and threatening its existence.

I do not insinuate, I prove. See what the church has done for Italy! We were a great people—the greatest, perhaps, of the Old Continent—what are we to-day? Rome has for ages witnessed our agony, and

has let us perish. Instead of going onward, she has plunged herself in the dust. What has she done for poor Poland, which she might have saved? for Greece, against which she turned her face? for all nationalities suffering under their tyrants? Has she not withdrawn herself from the bosom of the people, which are the true vessels of the Eternal? Instead of shielding the oppressed nations against their oppressors, she has joined them, and has increased the burden of the oppressed!

"Prussia, Germany, England—the whole Sclavonic race formerly under the spiritual sway of the church, freeing themselves from her supremacy, have started new and bold nationalities, based upon national churches. Rome, wishing to absorb and concentrate within its pale, all nationalities, has not seen that the people were stronger than she, and by grasping at them all, has lost herself and the Italian people with her.

"Strange it is, my friends, to hear a dying man, whose soul is ready to fly into the presence of his Supreme Judge, talk of these things at such a moment. Strange, very strange, is it not? But of what could I speak to you, my friends, my beloved companions," added Adrian, "if not of what must be dearest to you, of your liberty? Yes, it is because I love you; because I am one of the people, and a follower of Christ. I see the Church of Rome going astray from the one and the other, that in my conscience, and with the inspiration of the Spirit which visits me at my last hour, that I cry to you, friends, people, nations, mankind, *beware of the Church of Rome!*

" She has betrayed science, in persecuting Columbus, Galileo, Savonarala, Vico, and even her own saints, as St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Boromeo, St. John of the Cross, Lewis of Leon, St. Therese, &c. And why ? Because they were talking of heroism ? Why ? Because they professed to revere science and principles, and believed in the progress of man !

" She has always betrayed those who have trusted in her. She betrayed Napoleon the Great, whom she had crowned. Look at her ! As soon as the bright star of the nineteenth century totters, she passes to the side of the conquerors ! And who are these conquerors ? Heretics and schismatics !—Prussia, England, Russia !

" But the Roman Church has no principles ; for principles ever feed on spirit, and not on the coarsest materialism.

" Has ever the Church of Rome thought of Ireland, Greece, Bohemia, Hungary ? Has she ever spoken a word, in their behalf ? No ! far from it. A single fact will characterize her policy. At the time of the Congress of Vienna, after the fall of Napoleon, when every Sovereign was preying upon France, in order to have a share of the spoil, the Pope was constantly begging of the heretical powers, to tear away one of her provinces, and give it to him.

" What abnegation and charity ! But more :—

" She prevents the education of the people ; I mean the free education, the liberal, untrammelled education ; the education, which the Supreme Being wants his children to have.

"In our country we can have no Churches, but the Catholic Church; no schools, but Catholic schools; no books, but Catholic books; no liberties, but Catholic liberties; that is to say, in other words—mental slavery!"

"Yes! yes!" cried out the multitude, carried away by the burning eloquence of his words. "All that is true, ... too true! .... But the day shall come, Adrian, ... It shall come! .... "

"Not unless you are patient, and work steadily and calmly for the regeneration of this country," continued Adrian. "True! my beloved brethren and fellow-citizens, true! you are not born to be slaves, under the rod of the Jesuit, or the sword of the Austrian. You are *twenty-six millions* of men, free, equal, brethren, all the children of God, and submitted to his law alone! To-day there are but two words to express the true character that religion must have. Those two words are, 'GOD AND THE PEOPLE!' "

"God and the people!" shouted the multitude.

"But, remember," continued the soldier, "you must always have the right on your side. With the right, you shall triumph.

"Our enemies of the Church, the opponents of civil and religious liberty, are losing ground every day. They know very well that sovereignty is in the hands of God alone, and that the interpreters of God upon earth, are the men, superior by their genius, by their virtue, by their love, and by their spirit of sacrifice. The best judge of their work is the people. But the people, in our day, are neither with the Pope, nor with

the monarchs, nor with the Church. It is with the princes of genius, with the apostles and martyrs of their country's cause, of their country's welfare. To-day a speech from the mouth of a patriot, a book from the pen of a Democrat, a discovery from a savant, has more effect, arouses more ideas, exercises more power, than the *mandamus* of the whole flock of Bishops, scattered over the land, or the preaching of all the priests in the world.

"Friends," added Adrian, the cold sweat of death suffusing his forehead, "my strength forsakes me, my courage remains. I feel I am speaking to you for the last time.

"Before giving to you the last farewell, before entering for ever the incommensurable realms of eternity, in presence of that awful and solemn spectacle of death, which no man can contemplate without a shudder, a foot on the open abyss of the grave, my eyes directed to Heaven, and my heart to my Creator, let me entreat you, my friends, not to give yourselves up to the passion of vengeance, not to retaliate upon the persons of our oppressors. I trust my words will penetrate your conscience, and enlighten your understandings. Respect the life of the priest, preserve that of the Pope; be moderate, kind, humane, and generous. Spare their lives, but destroy their functions. Abolish Papacy! do away with the priesthood, as the priesthood did formerly the worshippers of fire, the Magi, the Druids, and the Pagans. Restore these men to the ranks of citizens, from which they are now separated by their oath to the Church."

Thus saying, the Roman soldier unclasped his hand from the neck of Carlotina, and let himself drop on the hay; a shriek followed the movement, the effort he had made having aggravated his wounds, and a new eruption of blood proceeded from his lungs, carrying his strength and his life away. He became more pallid, his eyes sunk, and his skin assumed that hue which precedes the last moments of life. Feeling that death was fast approaching, he gathered his strength for a last effort, and, as it were, overcoming by his will the sufferings he endured, he motioned with his hand, as if he wanted those around him to retire, and keeping only Jeronimo and Carlotina with him, he said in a whisper to the former:

"Thou art going to remain alone, my boy, alone in this world of wickedness, strife, and malice; among thy enemies, and the enemies of mankind; the oppressors of our fair land, the land of genius, the land of all that is great and beautiful; a land where the sun warms the soul with a superior fire, and where the very breeze itself moves the heart towards great deeds and great thoughts. That land is thy mother, my son; don't forget it; give to her what she claims from thee, labor, sacrifice, thy life,—thy very life itself! Never shrink at her command; never turn thy head away from toil, never refuse the cup she presents to thy lips, even should it be filled with thy own tears. I leave thee without uneasiness, for I know that whatever be thy position, thou wilt always follow the path of honor and duty. Thou hast received a noble mind, a still nobler heart. Don't lose these

precious gifts ; they will make thee great. Farewell, Jeronimo ;" added the soldier, clasping the head of the boy, then bent on his face. " Farewell ! I leave to thee, as a legacy, my sword. The sword of a true soldier. Take it ! It is a better decoration than the staff of a Cardinal. Take it, my boy, ... and . . . . and . . . . farewell !"

The soldier was interrupted at these words by the presence of the broken-hearted Carlotina, whose eyes, bathed with tears, seemed to implore the attention of her lover.

The successive torments she had endured, had, so to speak, petrified her heart, and made her forget her own sorrows : one would have taken her in that attitude, with her long dishevelled hair, speechless, and immovable, for the statue of Niobe, decorating the tomb of a Republican of old.

Scarcely had Adrian finished his speech, than Jeronimo took the sword from his side, and retreating backward, caused all the persons around to remove to the other side of the barn, and to leave the two lovers together. But before leaving, the boy kneeling at the side of Adrian, exclaimed with a voice full of emotion : " Bless me ! you, my only friend—the only one who took notice of the poor Italian boy, and did not reject my friendship ! I swear, upon the memory of my father and mother, in the name of that country which your dying lips have learned me to love ; I swear, I will obey your last injunction. I will die for my native home. I will always have in mind what you have told

me. Yes, I will be faithful! and should I ever be led to forget the path that you have pointed out to me, the remembrance of your friendship and blessing would suffice to put me right again. Bless me, Adrian! bless me!" And the child clasping his hand around the neck of the soldier, bathed his face with tears.

"Jeronimo," replied Adrian, with a faltering voice, "tell the doctor to stay by my side, with Carlotina. Call also another man, I want to make my will!"

When these persons were gathered around him, Adrian said:

"Gentlemen, be the witness, that I leave my whole fortune, the details of which you will find in Rome, at my notary's office, to this lady," pointing to Carlotina, "with the condition that she will take care of Jeronimo till he is of age. And now, my dear," added Adrian, turning his glance towards his beloved, "now will you let me carry to heaven, where I shall be in a few moments, that sweet name of your husband?" And seeing that the young girl, her head buried in her hands, and bursting into tears, could not reply, he said:

"Receive the only reward I can give you as a compensation for your affection. Know it, Carlotina! to you, my dear, to you alone, I owe the few moments of happiness I have enjoyed on earth. Your innocence, the purity of your soul, the sincerity of your sentiments, often filled me in my hours of despondency, with a foretaste of celestial joys! Don't let grief overcome your spirit, my beloved! I owe to you more than I can ever repay! Before I knew you, life was a burden to me,

and my conduct a shame to others. You restored me to virtue—you aroused me to a sense of my own dignity, and made me a man. Oh, Carlotina! joy of my heart! be happy! be happy!" said the soldier, gasping with difficulty; "Now, . . . give me your hand, Carlotina. . . . Will you . . . will you . . . will you be my wife?"

"Yes!" answered Carlotina, "yes!" and taking the hands of the soldier, she bathed them with her tears.

Adrian heard the word, felt the touch of her hand, and an inexpressible ray of satisfaction shone upon his noble features. Then, as if he had been waiting till this moment to take leave of the world, he smiled, cast a glance toward heaven, waved his hand towards the multitude as a last farewell, let it fall, and expired.

A deep and awful silence, interrupted by moans and sobs, succeeded this moving scene. The doctor, having laid his hand on the heart of the unfortunate soldier, shook his head, and said: "Alas! poor Adrian! all is over with him!" Then taking Carlotina by the hand, who still remained kneeling and weeping by the side of the corpse, he added, "Come, I will take you to my house." But the courageous young woman, whose soul had been fortified by the parting words of Adrian, seemed to arouse all at once to an unexpected magnanimity of conduct. The duties imposed upon her by the name of her husband, filled her mind with a nobleness of purpose unknown to her before. Politely refusing the invitation of the doctor, she called Jeronimo. The poor boy was then laying on the hay

father. "Tell me, have you any place in the hotel, in which I can hide myself, and be safe?"

When the Signora understood that the father was speaking in earnest, she started from her place, as if moved by a spring, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was by the father's side.

"Will you tell me the meaning of all this?" she exclaimed, biting her lips, and with a frowning brow. "What ails you, Francisco?"

Then looking at the father, she cried out:

"Blood! blood! on your sleeve, Francisco; where does that blood come from?" added she, gazing at the pale face of the father. "Say, is that blood yours?"

At these words, Father Francisco grew paler; he looked at his sleeves, and saw them sprinkled with blood. With a stroke of his hand, he tore his ecclesiastical garment, and looked on his naked arm. No traces of a wound were to be seen. This examination seemed to reassure him, and restored the vermillion of life to his cheeks. Having acquired the assurance of his not being wounded, he again cast an imploring glance towards his mistress, and said, in the same mood as before:

"In the name of Heaven, Margueritte, if you have still any pity in your bosom, provide me with shelter for this night. Our enemies are triumphing. My life is in danger. Perhaps, in this very moment, have they discovered my track. They follow me like blood-hounds, with thirsty fangs. Hide me! Hide me from their fury!"

"Your enemies triumphant! Your enemies! My enemies!" impetuously exclaimed the woman, pale, and with her gleaming eyes fixed, with snake-like fascination, upon the father. "You say that your enemies triumph! your enemies have the best of us! Ah! ... ah!..... ah! this is excellent, upon my faith! But no!" said she, throwing herself towards him, her voice tremulous with anxiety. "You are bantering,.... scoffing,.... sneering,.... Our enemies victorious, did you say? Ah! ah! ... ah! .... how is that possible?.... Are you not invincible?"

"The truth, my dear," replied the father, "is what I have told you. We have lost the battle!..... For the present, the Liberals and Republicans are victorious."

Having said these words, the father bent forward his head, in an attitude of profound despair.

The Signora did not answer. Standing in the middle of the room in a dignified attitude, her arms folded on her breast, her lips quivering with contempt, she looked on her paramour with an expression which could have been taken for scorn or hatred.

The father, struck with this reception by his mistress, remained standing on his feet, fastened to the place as if petrified by her anger. His neck was stretched, as if in anticipation of an answer to his observation, and his look, wandering to and fro, without finding any object to fix it on, indicated both the bewilderment of his thoughts, and the fears of his heart.

Such must have stood the enemy of mankind, when

he, recovering, "no; .... I don't want to be angry with you. I might crush the man daring enough to address me as you do. With you I must be calm and forbearing. I must remember that I have loved, and that I still love you. Don't make me forget it."

"Well, what would be the result, should I make you forget it?" said the Signora, with a more contemptible laugh than before. "I believe, God forgive! that you threaten me?"

"No, my dear, no; but listen to me. The demon has turned against us. He has wrested from our hands the fruits of many years of laborious effort. One night—one word—one man—and all, yes, all!—labors, plans, hopes—all, everything, are set at nought! We are defeated, our enemy triumphant, and the church receives a new affront."

"Don't speak of the church," replied the Signora, with a movement of impatience. "You believe yourself always before the faithful of your congregation. But how is it, that we have lost in so short a time, what it took so long to plan and prepare?"

"You recollect that a few hours ago, I left your room with curses on my lips, and vengeance in my bosom. You had evoked before me the phantom of my hatred; I ran to meet him—to stab him with my own hand. I arrived in the place where he was; I found him in the midst of our friends, the Sanfedesti, spying into their projects, and listening to their plots, and preparing in himself, means of vengeance and murder. I see him! behold!" exclaims the father, his

cheeks red, the eyes blood-shot, and pointing with his fingers towards a corner of the room of the Signora, as if Ciceroacchio had been present, "behold, Marguèritte! here he is, standing before me, like the hyena before the hunter's gun. I raised a dagger in my hands to pierce his breast: the wretched scoundrel avoided the blow, he slunk away from the room, ran, fought, and finally he and another scoundrel besieged us in our own building during a quarter of an hour. Then, at the moment we thought to have him in our power, that infernal boy of yours, little Jeronimo, came with a band of countrymen, and forced us to retreat. The military who were attending our meeting, vigorously received them and made a good resistance. Soon after, the fight became general. Swords crossed swords, pistols met scythes, daggers responded to the points of the pitchfork, and arm against arm, shoulder against shoulder, the Sanfedesti bravely met the diabolical assault of the Republicans. Oh! what an awful sight that, the sight of a battle, my dear Margueritte! You have no idea of it. My head became dizzy at the sight of the human blood flowing at my feet; my hand trembled, a cloud passed over my eyes. I do not know how it is, but whilst I was praying to the God of mercy to stop that brutal massacre, I found myself out of the scrape, in an opposite direction to that which the combatants had taken. Not being permitted to sanction by my presence, such an outrage to the laws divine and human, I stole away in a great hurry Whilst I was crossing the street I saw a man closely

watching my steps; I doubt not he was one of my enemies. When I ran, he ran—when I stopped, he stopped also. My own shadow could not have better copied my movements. Finally, I availed myself of a little lane which runs behind your yard, to slip out of his sight, and to come here, where I hope to find—to find, a heart to shelter me against the vindictive wrath of my foes."

"Hail to our cause!" answered with a sigh, the Signora, who had attentively listened to this narrative; "Hail to our cause! If your description is true, Francisco, nothing is lost yet. The battle is engaged, it is not lost. Why, my dear, fear must have made you lose your presence of mind. Our cause is lost, say you? are not the Sanfedesti yet on the battle-field, warring against that cut-throat, Ciceroacchio, whom you say is the vanquisher and we the vanquished?"

"Dear Margueritte," said the priest, caught by her extraordinary softness of voice and change of language, "I have the utmost confidence in the gallantry of our devoted Sanfedesti. I must, however, not disguise the truth to you. Before leaving the place, (in a great hurry, as you may think,) the streets in the suburbs were teeming with a multitude of men and women. I saw them rush with impetuosity in the direction of our faithful friends. Their number was so great that defense soon became madness, and opposition folly. Our brave Sanfedesti, listening to the voice of wisdom, prudently retired, leaving the place to the thirsty demagogues, who as you know, are the vultures of society

and wish victory, only to feast upon ruin, carnage, and murder."

In finishing this high-sounding sentence, Father Francisco, apparently as satisfied with himself as a Catholic editor, stretched his neck, carried his head high, and proudly walked the room.

The Signora scarcely moved from her place. The new light thrown by the father upon the memorable events of that night seemed to heighten by degrees, the wild energy of her black eye, and arouse in her bosom, the sleeping volcano of her resentment; her head assumed a more commanding attitude; her hands—those pretty hands, the delicacy of whose whiteness would have compared with an alabaster statue of Canova—grasped the back of a chair which she was leaning upon.

"Thus!" said she, after a moment of rest, as if to increase the effect of her menacing countenance; "Thus!" raising her voice gradually to an unknown degree of energy, "it is by you; it is through the vain satisfaction of your own personal vengeance; it is by the ragings of your passion, that you have compromised—not you, sir! not you! (what is man in the cause *we* promote and defend!) but *me!* Our projects, our plans of fortune, rank, and greatness; that gleaming prospect projecting in the far-off horizon of our twain fortunes; those golden perspectives shining yonder, bringing to our enraptured visions, all the delights which life can possibly bestow, where are they now, sir? What have you done with them? Answer!

Answer! Do you not see that I am now waiting for one?"

"All is not lost," replied, in a low whisper, the father, whose thoughtful head seemed to have discovered a plan beaming with promising results. "No, my dear, all is not lost."

"Don't affect such a countenance;" quickly replied the Signora. "Don't play the philosopher, consoling himself amidst the ruins he has heaped up around him. Don't you perceive that such an affectation adds to contempt—just consequence of your folly—the ridicule of resignation."

"A word of mine could in a moment calm you rashness, my dear;" replied the father, who seemed to have recovered from his stupor.

"If you possess such a word, why don't you tell it at once, instead of remaining planted before me, like a school-boy before his angry master?"

"Because, my dear, there is a bye-word, which says that 'women are like tempests—it is useless to attempt checking their course.' When your anger has melted away, then I will try to make the sun shine again upon your mind. Then, instead of that frowning brow, that eye burning with passion, that countenance threatening rage, and grand with beauty, I will have you smile again on me, as in the former days of our affection."

"You lie!" whispered the Signora; "you have nothing to replace what we have lost."

"I have!" retorted the father.

"Have you? Have you that wealth which you be

stowed upon me before? Can you continue to supply me with those delicacies, those refinements of life, to which you have accustomed me, and which have become a second part of myself?"

"I can!"

"Shall I still visit that circle of acquaintance selected in the first rank of the Roman society, to which I was introduced by you as a dame of charity, and patroness of the poor?"

"You can?"

"Can you restore to my ambition, and love for intrigues, those relations among cardinals, monsignori, princes of the church, and princes of the world; with representatives of foreign nations, ambassadors and consuls, whom I used to visit frequently, and to skillfully interest in the policy of the church?"

"I can!"

"Can you supply my purse with money, the money given by the faithful to the church—so that I may, as before, lay it out for the poor, make creatures attached to our interest, and bind through gratitude, those who are the most opposed to the doctrines of Rome?"

"I can!"

"Is it in your power, sir!" said the Signora, impatient with his laconism. "Is it possible that you can make me enjoy that reputation of virtue, which so strongly contributes to my standing in society? Is it possible that you will restore to me, after this awful event, which sets our actions open to the eyes of a wicked world, that varnish of sanctity, which, thanks

to the alms I had charge to distribute, and to the recommendation of the priests, enamoured as much with my charms, as with my apparent innocence, preceded me as well in the hut of the poor, as in the palace of the prince? Speak, sir! Have you pondered over your dreams? Do you see clear enough this time, not to mistake your aims, and fall at the moment of triumph?"

"I have, dear;" replied the father, pre-occupied with an idea which had suddenly taken hold of him. "I have. This time, I hope, I have hit the mark! No impudent demon will trouble us any more! Yes!" said he, hurriedly walking to and fro through the room. "Yes! I have discovered it. He is there! He holds his arms open to me! Let us walk onward and meet him!"

"Who? Of whom do you speak?" anxiously asked the Signora.

"Hear me, Margueritte! hear me, my darling. While there is life, there is hope. We have no cause for despair. Never has the life of our Holy Mother, the Church, bloomed with more freshness and vivacity, than now. With her, a game lost, is but a game postponed. What is a few years fruitlessly spent, compared with the eternity reserved to the Catholic Church! Alas! my dear, man is a fool, to think that an event, however distressful, may threaten her existence or sap her foundation. No! The Roman tiara is indestructible, and those leaning upon it, are as well protected from falling, as the church herself."

"Well," replied the Signora, partially softened by

these encouraging words, "how will you make up for the present loss?"

"Have you ever seen, my beloved, the flight of birds emigrating from one region to another—leaving the frost of winter for the milder clime of the tropics, and returning when winter is past? These wise examples of nature, the church follows. Threatened at one point she must throw herself on another. Why, if the atmosphere of Italy is so deadly to us, should we not choose a temperature more congenial? Why, for instance, should we not leave these latitudes, whilst the plague of liberty is prevailing, for one where laws are respected? The land of the Cæsars refuses to our lungs that portion of air requisite to our existence; well, let us leave it. Let us go abroad where the Word of Christ is not sneered at and trampled upon. Let us leave Italy and go to Austria. There, at least, man is free, the laws are respected, and the monarch omnipotent."

"Well, sir," replied the Signora, "you astonish me. Go to Austria? Are you sure to be received there, and to find the same privileges as you enjoy here?"

"To those less instructed than you are, with the secrets of our influence, and the means we have of exercising it everywhere, I would answer by a shift, and say that God always takes care of those serving him, and that it is by entrusting our fate to his mercy, that we may expect to be safe, both in this world and the other. The truth is, however, as you know very well, that without the assistance of the material means which

policy begets, and money creates, we should be in rather a delicate predicament."

"Don't waste time. I know very well the spirit of the church is no more in herself, but rests only on the strength of foreign bayonets. Speak to the point! What do you want us to do in Austria?"

"Do what we have been doing here; carry out our designs and intrigues, form plots, and enlist the sympathy of foreign monarchs."

"Very well. But this requires time and money," replied the Signora.

"Time and money!" exclaimed the father. "Have we not the one and the other? Money! Do you think I have spent twenty years in the sacred orders, exclusively occupied with the contemplation of the future, without any attention to the present? Do you think me so much absorbed with the interests of the coming world, as not to have thought of the present? Where have you seen an Italian prelate, so long in office, retiring with an empty purse? Be quiet in that respect, Margueritte; material interests have not been lost sight of by me. My cash-book at the bank of England will dispel all your uneasiness."

And Father Francisco, drawing a little box suspended to his neck by a silk tape, opened it and showed the Signora drafts to the amount of thirty thousand florins, about twelve thousand dollars.

"This does not constitute a fortune," continued the father. "I know it: I do not propose it to you, as attractive, or as an argument powerful enough to induce

you to follow me. No, my dear! This paltry sum, sufficient only for our use, till the church opens up again her treasures to us, should not for a moment influence, in one way or another, your determination. The wealth of the world, I deem not to be much above the level of our expectation. We may reach it whenever we please. We have not the gold, it is true, but we have the mint which coins it."

"I don't understand you, very well," said the Signora, who, since the confidence of Father Francisco, and the bright perspective laid before her eyes, had assumed a milder tone. "Please to explain to me what are these schemes you have in view?"

"Very simple, indeed, very simple. We go to Austria, do we not?" said the father, glancing at the Signora for an affirmative answer.

"Proceed, and I will see;" replied the Signora.

"Our society—the Society of the Sanfedesti—the thoughts and acts of which I inspire and direct, extend as well in Austria, as in every other part of the globe. This society, constantly in relation with the Jesuits, who are themselves the guardians, or the vanguards of the church, are spreading in every direction. It is only necessary to pull the wires, and the whole respond and act."

"Very well!" replied the Signora with a smile; her perceptive faculties already seeing the various consequences of Father Francisco's polity.

"I go! and find the sovereign of Austria just as much alarmed about the revolutionary ferment, in ebullition

everywhere, as we are ourselves? I introduce myself to him, and lead him, as well, from his own will, as from the fear I cannot fail inspiring in him, to accept my services. Once accepted, I hold in my hand the religious power and that of the Jesuits and Sanfedesti? I connect with a thread the monarchical and priestly interests? I make the one support the other, and vice versa? Once in a position commanding the help of the greatest empires of Europe, I will be really sovereign myself, and a mighty and powerful one. Don't shrink, my dear, —no jeers! no smile of incredulity!"—exclaimed the father, "I can achieve what I say. I will. Beside, is not to will, to be able to do?"

"Not always," replied the Signora. "How will you impress the emperor with the opinion of your influence?"

"Who denies it?" replied the father. "Who can or may deny it? Are not the priests everywhere? Is there a community of a hundred men which does not reckon at least one priest? Has not the priest a complete control over the education of the youth? Has he not the direction of the family through the confessional, and by his title as public officer, paid by the State, and sustained by the State, does he not enjoy the esteem and rank which are attached to his civil position, and that without speaking of his action as a teacher of religion? Why, dear, the man without whom we cannot come into the world; who attends both the cradle and the grave; who holds always a corner in your existence, through which he peeps into your thoughts and actions; a man paid by the government, and ne-

cessarily supporting it; a man who is the focus in whom the efforts of the monied and landed aristocracy concentrates, and from whence the burden of oppression comes; a man who is altogether a preacher of the Gospel, and a teacher in the school; who walks along the marble slabs of the church, and treads upon the carpet of the prince; who takes his place at the official repast, and descends to the hovel of the poor; who sees the duke and the marquis, and visits the working man; who gains the latter with the money of the former, and subserves both to his own projects; who has ready to defend him, the church, that is to say, the most numerous, compact, submissive army of the world; do you think, my dear, that this man is weak? that he cannot protect himself, and others, if necessary, in case of need?"

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed the Signora, carried away by the spectacle offered to her mind, by the description of the father. "Yes, I believe you, I will—I will follow you!" added she with a feigned sentiment of *pudor*, and casting her eyes down upon the floor.

"This immense force, that I have barely sketched, is ready to help any power, wishing to rise by the Church. Suppose, for instance, some are striving to ascend the scale of fortune, aspiring to the crown of the monarch or to the purple of the empire, immediately we are there, with all our forces. First, we make a contract. We say to them, *give us the control of the schools!* restore to us our former privileges; increase our pay; and, in return, we will give you the

kingdom or the empire. This once settled, we give the signal, and all our men are set at work. We advise our Bishops to issue their orders, and to act with the whole priesthood, in the performance of our contract. Suddenly, that man, obscure, ignorant, often contemptible, rises from his obscurity, till he reaches the rank we promised to give him; then the contract is fulfilled. The Church is reinstated in her rights, and the world is again under her sway. Those men, my dear, are frequently met with; for ambition, like love, is ready to sell to him, who offers them the means to reach their aim."

"Francisco," said the Signora, who seemed to have suddenly taken a strong resolution, "Francisco, we must not, we ought not to remain here a moment longer. Since we have treasures in Vienna, let us go there."

"It is too late!" exclaimed the father, rushing to the window, and stretching his hands towards Heaven, with a movement of despair, "It is too late!"

"What do you say?" said the Signora, springing towards the window. "Are you mad? Has danger such an effect on your mind?"

"Mad!" exclaimed the father, wringing his hands, and looking around the room, as if to discover a place in which to hide himself. "Mad! Look at that crowd, and those torches, carried by a band of demons, and lighted with the fire of hell, surrounding the hotel, and rendering our flight impossible! Do you call that madness, Margueritte?"

"I call it cowardice," coolly replied the Signora. "Why, sir, you who pretend that you can sway the world, and yet you have none other than chicken's blood in your veins. Give me my shawl, sir! Why are you looking about, like one in a fit of delirium?"

"Have you any means of escape, Margueritte?" timidly asked the father, a little encouraged by the imperturbable coolness of his mistress.

"Yes,—I have!.... you contemptible coward!" retorted the Signora, looking at him with a sneer, "I have!.... Give me my shawl. Well, now put my mantilla over it; raise the hood, and stretch it over my forehead. Very well. Don't shake so; your hand trembles like an aspen-leaf. Where are you going? Where are you going?" said she, with a laugh, seeing the father hurriedly opening the door.

"Are we not going out?" anxiously inquired the father.

"No, sir," retorted the Signora, amused with the frightened air of her lover, "not yet," added she, with a smile, seeing the paleness of death overspreading his face. "Do you think that I want to be seen, arm-in-arm with a priest?"

"My dear, I shall hide myself in your shawl," replied the father.

"You! You will put me out of patience, sir, if you continue uttering such silly nonsense. Take this," said the Signora, handing to him a long cloth cloak.

"It is the cloak of your husband!" cried out Father Francisco.

"Well, sir! Is it so strange to find the cloak of my husband in my room? Now, let us proceed with diligence. Open that drawer. Take that silver box, it contains my jewels. There is also a purse, with two thousand florins in it. Give me all. I will wrap them up in my shawl, for you tremble so much, that I dare not trust you with the value of a farthing. Now, come! it is time to leave this room; I hear the voices of men in the lobby; they ascend the stairs.—All is right. Now, walk straight, if you can," added the Signora, opening a secret door in a corner of the room, behind a large frame which hid it from sight. "Wrap yourself up closely; throw that cocked hat away, and take this cap. Now, God be with us!" said the Signora, descending the steps of a narrow ladder. "There is no way to escape, unless it be this one. Don't walk so heavily; the noise of your creaking boots will discover us. Follow me! See, the night is dark, and the twinkling of the stars is the only light which we have to be afraid of," continued the Signora, opening a small door, entering upon a vine arbor, and entirely concealed by a thick and luxuriant foliage. "Follow me, Francisco! Nobody is here; all is silence and solitude around us. Thank God! we are not yet forsaken, and the Spirit of the Church is still with us! .... Come, Francisco! .... come! .... There is no game without chance, and our chance is,—Austria!"

"Austria!" murmured the father, in a low voice, "Austria! and a scaffold for Ciceroacchio!"

CHAPTER XX.

ELOPEMENT OF A WOMAN WITH A PRIEST.

THE reader will bear in mind, the description of the Angel of the Field, and of the numerous lanes, byways, passages, and blind alleys, which, like the delta formed at the mouth of the Nile, divided into a multitude of channels, the mass of buildings, composing the various wings of that celebrated hotel, the mysteries of which were only known by a few persons, among whom we may reckon the Signora. She had had so many reasons to be absent from her house, and to conceal her proceedings, that she had carefully surveyed the whole building, and knew all the nooks and corners within its premises. Sometimes taking one route, sometimes another, according to her missions, and the knowledge she had of her neighbors. For it must be noticed, that, in the science of Jesuitism, nothing must be left to chance, but every thing given to well-founded calculation, even in the most trifling details of life. Prudence and discretion enter very much into the composition of their power.

mantle, and baring his breast to the fragrant and refreshing atmosphere, "nothing is lost yet. Here, before us, is the open field, teeming with bushes, ditches, and places of retreat. Oh, Margueritte! there is still a long line of happy days before us—"

"Which I will shorten, if I can, be sure of it," exclaimed a strong voice in the dark, and no sooner were the words pronounced, than the father felt the grasp of a powerful hand, and a violent kick.

"Mercy on us," cried the father, "we are discovered. Margueritte! Margueritte! save me from this man. He kills me. Margueritte! Take my purse, take my .... my .... "

"Hold your tongue! infamous wretch!" said the same voice. "Hold your tongue, or, by all the saints, I'll immolate you on the spot."

"That voice!" exclaimed the Signora, struck with a shudder, "that voice! You!....I!....me!.... No, it is impossible! It is not you, Signor, is it?"

"Myself," retorted the voice. "I, - .... your husband. Strange company you keep, Madam, I must confess! Running through fields with a priest! in a dark night!" added the stoical, and rather satirical Signor Savini. "Are you going to write a romance, Madam, that you play the heroine before hand?"

"No more of your jokes, sir!" retorted the impudent woman, recovering from her surprise. "I don't want to hear them. Between us everything has been settled this long while. You ought to know it. You live in your own way; I live in that which I find agreeable.

Go your way, I go mine. It is best that we never meet again."

"I would gladly, were it only for the sake of getting clear of you."

"Well, then, let us separate!" replied his wife.

"Most assuredly, my dear, I will let you go, if this man who is with me, wishes to do so," replied Signor Savini, pointing to his companion, Matthias Forli, who stood by him, silent, and motionless.

"No!" replied the stranger. "No! that woman must stay, was it but for the sake of punishing her by the sight of one of her victims. Take hold of the priest, Nicolo, he is thy rival! I am sure you will hold him fast. Let us join Ciceroacchio, we must consult him in this matter."

"Who is this man?" shouted Signora Savini, striving to disentangle herself from the grasp of the stranger. "Who are you, sir? Not a man, for certain. For where is the man who would dare to force a helpless woman to follow him by violence!"

"Not I, assuredly," retorted the stranger. "However, you must follow me, for your liberty and your reputation, of which you seem so fond, Signora, can only be preserved by your obedience to my will."

"How is that, sir? Explain yourself!" said the Signora, as much astonished as frightened. "Speak, sir, speak! What do you mean by these words?"

"Do you want me to tell it?" said the stranger. "Very well; be it so.

"You recollect," continued he, "a man with whom

"From all the sacrifices that the brutality of man can extort from a weak and defenceless woman, that which imposes itself by violence, is the vilest and most contemptible!" replied the wife of Nicolo, with a disdainful movement of the head. "Whether the punishment of such an act instantly attends its perpetration, or whether it be postponed, is more than I can say. All that I can certify is, that if the culpable escape the reward he so justly deserves in this world, he will not have the same chance in the world to come."

"March on, my dear, march on," said the imperturbable and sneering Nicolo. "We will listen to your sermon whilst we are going along. A little bit of moral coming from your mouth is really refreshing. Go on, father!" added he, giving another twist to the cravat of the priest. "Go on! Don't groan thus One would say, looking at the fluttering of your legs, and the contortions of your face, that your holy person is possessed by legions of devils."

"Amen!" responded the father, out of his mind.

"By all that is bigoted, I think this man is going to pray. Shall I give another twist?" asked Nicolo of his companion. "It would be tedious to hear his missal. What do you think?"

"Have compassion on him, Nicolo," replied Forli. "Mercy is the grandest virtue of victory. Remember that not long since, we were in the same predicament as he is, that is to say, in the depths of corruption."

"No! I protest—I decidedly protest!" replied Ncolo. "The only act my conscience reproaches me,

the only one in which I am really reprehensible—is to have yielded a favorable ear to that purchaser of conscience, to that bargainer of honor. You hear me, father!" added he, shaking the priest, "this is for you. You thought to have bought me with your bag of one hundred florins? You were delighted with the idea to possess another spy to watch the members of the Young Italy Society, and to get, through him, their secrets? ah, ah! Oh, yes, father! this plan of yours was very keen, I confess. But you reckoned without your host. Why have you so many skulls, skeletons, and bones of the dead, in your parlor, father? You must have prowled over some grave-yard, upon my soul!"

"Amen!" replied the father.

"Shall I give him another twist?" asked Nicolo, looking at his companion.

"Let him alone;" replied he, "let him alone. Don't you see he is running mad with fright?"

"I prefer to see him so, than to see him running away with my wife. However, there is some satisfaction in catching the fool; it flatters one's sentiments of superiority."

"If you call superiority the functions of policemen which you now so inhumanly fulfil," retorted his wife, I am not astonished to see you mistaking the right for the wrong, confounding the good with the bad, and taking the path of error for that of virtue."

"Here we are again," replied Nicolo, "on the sea of sentimentality and moral admonition. Zounds,

jailor, cruelly bruising my arm,—the arm of a woman, with his iron fingers. A thief! coming covertly, and crouching like a panther; then springing on his prey, and devouring it with bloody fangs, without pity for its cries! Oh! Mercy on me! mercy on me! Had I only a dagger, that I might have vengeance!"

"Gently, sweet lady, gently," replied the stranger. "These fits of madness are dangerous, for your white satin dress. You are, indeed, so pretty in these garments, that it would be a pity, were you to compel me to hold you faster than I do."

"Hold her, sir! hold her! and if she struggles too much, I will take the cloak off from this successor of the Apostles, and will make so tight a net around her, that she will be in a straight jacket. By the Holy Virgin," exclaimed Nicolo, on passing by a house, where a light through the window suddenly shone on the actors in the scene we have just described, "this is my cloak; a cloak of French cloth, which I bought at the late fair! Tell me," added Nicolo, wresting his mantle from the shoulders of the father, "tell me, impudent rogue, are you not satisfied with taking my wife? Will you also rob me?"

Father Francisco attempted to retain the garment, but fear had rendered him so weak, that he could not prevent the strong pull of Nicolo from having its effect. The cloak left his shoulders, to return to those of its former owner. The priest when relieved of his borrowed garment, appeared in his priestly attire.

"Now, then, we can proceed fearlessly," exclaimed

Nicolo. "We hold in our possession the two originators of all evils. You, you my friend, have the woman; I, I have the priest! Let us rejoice and have confidence in our stars. The enemies of mankind are in irons."

At that moment, the breeze brought to their ears a far-distant, but melodious sound of music.

Startled by the noise, they raised their heads, and, glancing at the horizon, attempted to discover who were the singers, but the night was then too dark to be fathomed by human eyes.

Having entered upon the premises of the "Angel of the Field," its high walls and buildings interposed also an insurmountable obstacle to the gratification of their curiosity. All that they could distinguish was, here and there, some sudden gush of light, flashing through the atmosphere, like the far off gleam of a conflagration; then, a humming of voices; then a trampling of the feet, then a shout, then the repeated and faint warbling of a patriotic song;; and then—nothing.

Nothing! did we say?—Nothing but the loud imprecations of Signora Savini, wriggling, like a Pythoness upon his tripod, and the pretended sobs of Father Francisco, whose lamentable countenance could only be compared to that of the faint-hearted criminal, dragged upon the scaffold by the insensible arm of the hangman.

CHAPTER XXI.

NICOLO SAVINI AND MATHIAS FORLI.

We must now retrace our steps and explain the unlooked for presence of the landlord of the "Angel of the Field," in the *Campagna Romana*, at such an hour of the night. We will also say a few words about his companion.

Nicolo Savini, thanks to his conversion and the conversation he had with Father Francisco, had been elevated to the functions of steward, by the priests forming the committee of the Sanfedesti, and by his passive submission and apparent devotedness had succeeded in possessing the full confidence of the friends of the Church. We say apparent, for notwithstanding the charges laid upon him by his accepting the money of the priest, and his accordance with the views of his worthy wife, Nicolo was nothing less than sold to the church. True, the temptation had been great. His avarice putting him on one side, and his natural patriotic impulses on the other, he had struggled awhile against these two antagonists of his heart. Happily,

the noblest of the two had been strengthened in him by an interview he had with Ciceroacchio. His failing virtue being thus renewed by the unyielding principles of the Roman leader, he inwardly resolved to remain faithful to the principles which, during so many years, he had professed. Nicolo was proud of the name of patriot and Republican, for the word *patriot* had at that period a noble and high sounding meaning. This, added to the bright prospects drawn by Ciceroacchio, prospects which were near at hand, invigorated the wavering opinions of our friend Nicolo, and made him stick to his flag.

It was by him, that the Roman leader was informed of the assembly of the Sanfedesti; by him, that he was stealthily introduced; by him that the disguise had been furnished; and it may be added, that it was through that unhappy circumstance and to the little care taken in concealing the interview, that the Signora was enabled to see him the very day of the meeting and to give the warning to Father Francisco. Our readers know the events which resulted from that simple and apparently harmless circumstance.

We must now follow Nicolo Savini. When carried away from the dining-room by the impetuosity of his former acquaintance, the priest who had spoken first, he entered the hall of the Sanfedesti. Father Francisco was then in the chair. His paleness, the gnashing of his teeth, his lips of a bluish hue, like that of a man mad with passion; the words of hatred flowing from his mouth, the grasping of his hand, seeking for the

poignard hid in his bosom, the ravings stamped upon all his actions, profoundly impressed Nicolo and his friend. Never before had these two men the opportunity of beholding the mysteries of that accursed wrath—of that wrath which formerly supplied the stake and the dungeon with men of genius and science —to whom society has, in our age, erected statues, and whose memory is eternally engraved in the annals of human gratitude. That sight, like the lightning which burst on the vision of St. Paul, when on his way to Damascus—that voice which made him embrace the faith he had combatted, very likely communicated itself to the mind of the priest, who formerly a member of Young Italy, had yielded to the sting of misery, to sell both his soul and his body to the members of the Roman Church. The guilt of his treachery burst forth, like an underground explosion, in the inmost recesses of his conscience. In fact, that young man had never been a priest. His vices alone had caused him to accept a function against which his conscience always grumbled. Besides, he could never look coolly at his own conduct, but wanted to be in a perpetual whirl of excitement, in order to persevere in it. The explosion of anger and revenge by Father Francisco, completely disgusted him. There is a proverb which says that "we never are more struck with our own vices and folly, than when we contemplate them in others." Such was the case with Mathias Forli. The diabolical soul of the father, enlightened him about the state in which he was in. He shuddered and was frightened at the

contemplation of his own perversity. From that moment a new spirit descended upon him, and he secretly resolved to modify his behavior, and to change it, if possible.

"Nicolo," said he in a whisper, seizing the hand of the host, "we must prevent the projects of this wretch. Ciceroacchio cannot, must not be slain. He shall not, at least as long as I live!" added the converted Mathias Forli.

"I see Ciceroacchio in a corner," replied the host, "let us go around to him; as we are unsuspected, we may be useful to him and protect his escape. What do you think?"

"A capital idea, my friend;" replied the preacher. "A capital one, indeed. Let us go."

The two friends hastened as fast as they could toward the place, but the hall being crowded, it was difficult for them to reach the patriot. They were pushing their way through the crowd, when Father Francisco, having discovered his intended victim, gave the alarm.

Having lost the hope of providing for his escape, they resolved upon a plan which proved favorable to the retreat of the patriot. They rushed at the head of the column which was pursuing Ciceroacchio, and by opposing their bodies as a barrier, obstructed the movement. It was in the lobby, and along the stairs, both being narrow, that their secret interference was useful to the Roman leader. As both Nicolo and his friend were armed with a dagger similar to that which

was distributed in the hall, and as both were very clamorous in their threats against Ciceroacchio, the other did not suspect them. Whilst in reality, their bulk almost completely occupied the whole breadth of the passage.

When the unexpected assistance brought by the boy Jeronimo, had changed the aspect of the battle, and caused the strongest to fly before the weakest, Nicolo, whose deliberate character never ventured any thing, needlessly, went out of the ranks, together with his friend, who, for causes very easily perceived, did not judge proper to leave his only protector, and to take alone the way of his house. As they were walking as fast as possible, to see if every thing was right on the premises, they saw a shadow moving along the lanes, sometimes as if cautiously, under the protection of a wall, then sneaking away again, then disappearing. The old host had a good scent. No sooner had he cast his glance on the suspicious apparition, than he began to have some doubts about the straightness of human affairs. He urged his companion to mend his pace, and to follow the shadow. They ran after it. The race was long and obstinate, but fruitless. The chased man, having had a glimpse of his followers, displayed all the swiftness of his heels, and set at work the whole elasticity of his limbs. His pursuers, at least one of them, our friend Nicolo, being somewhat embarrassed with what he used to call the *germ* of his obesity, or in other terms, a protuberant belly, could scarcely keep up with the flying shadow.

"The devil take the scoundrel!" exclaimed Nicolo, out of breath. "The viper will slip, without my having the pleasure to put my foot on its tail. Go, my friend. Go, leave me here. I will join you. Run after this man and see where the rogue is going."

Nicolo's friend did not wait for a rehearsal of the injunction. He started with all the swiftness, the darkness of the night, and his ignorance of the place he was overruning, would allow. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, he soon gained upon the runaway, and would have reached him, had he been in an open field. The fugitive seeing, close upon his heels, a man as swift as himself, abandoned the race, for the lurking places. He availed himself of his knowledge of the locality, for skulking some time in the crevices formed by a rock. Some other time he concealed himself in the lobby of some open house. Then, when his pursuer had the head of him, he left his retreat, and by dint of march and counter-marches, succeeded in escaping from his sight, and entering, unperceived, the house of the "Angel of the Field."

When the converted priest saw the uselessness of his pursuit, or so to speak, when he could no longer see the fugitive, he gave up his design, and strove to retrace his steps, in the direction of Nicolo Savini. This was not done without difficulties: for as we have said, being a stranger, he was completely ignorant of the premises. After having wandered half an hour, without success, he got back to the hotel, and saw the worthy host just at the moment he was stepping into his billiard-room.

"Well! have you caught the rascal?" asked Nicolo.

"Indeed I have not," replied his friend. "That man is as slippery as a reptile. He went out of my grasp at the very moment I thought I had hold of him. For certain, he must know this house: no human being not perfectly acquainted with it, could have escaped me as he did."

"Know this house!" exclaimed Nicolo. "He knows this house, you say?"

"As well," replied the stranger, "as well as you know it yourself."

"Damn! ... It must be him. It is him. I am sure," retorted the host, staring at his friend.

"Explain yourself, Nicolo. What do you mean by him?"

"The devil," retorted Nicolo. "Is it not the hellish monarch himself, or his brother? Wait a moment," said he, after a little reflection, "I have a way of ascertaining the thing. If it is him, then, huzza! huzza!" added the landlord, leaving the room, "we shall have the satisfaction of taking the beast in his den."

"What can he mean?" thought the stranger to himself, when Nicolo had left the room. "Is he mad or what? For sure, I must see where he goes. Besides, I don't want to be seen alone and unprotected, with my clerical garments on. They might prove dangerous with the excitement of the night. Let us see."

At this moment Nicolo reëntered the room.

"Gone! gone! said he with a desperate gesture of the hand. "Gone! the birds have flown. They have left the cage. The room is empty, ... they are gone."

"Well, Nicolo, will you help me to decipher this riddle?" asked the stranger. "You seem to delight in playing with my impatience. What are these birds you are speaking of? Are they fledged or unfledged?"

"Unfledged? my friend," replied Nicolo. "Unfledged? you ask me whether they are unfledged? and that at the very moment they are flying away. What a pitiless being you are! To amuse yourself by scof fing at my own luck. I mean my misfortune. This is cruel indeed! Alas! But no!" said he, as if a sudden vision had struck his eyes. "They are not lost.—We can still reach them. Hope and its bright visions are before us. Quick, my friend! quick! let us go! This time they shall not escape. They are two, and two never run as well as one. Come! make haste!"

"Where?" inquired his friend.

"Catch my wife and father Francisco," said Nicolo, "the same man whom you have so closely pursued, and so unfortunately missed. He has just left my house, carrying away my wife, which I care very little for, but worse, he takes also her purse and her jewels. Let us go—down on the scoundrel."

And the two friends, starting at full speed, left the "Angel of the Field."

The reader will understand now, the apparently strange seizure of the two runaways by Nicolo and his companion. The former being as skilled as his *better-half*, in the knowledge of the locality, had no trouble to trace out their flight, and to take them at the very moment they thought they were out of peril.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAPTORS AND THE CAPTIVES.

The captors with their captives were then slowly advancing to the place where they thought it likely they should meet the main body of the inhabitants, who lived on the premises and in the neighborhood of the "Angel of the Field." The houses included within the boundaries, had been, as we said, deserted by their tenants, owing to the peeling of the bell, and the shouting of little Jeronimo, whose thrilling voice had aroused from their sluggishness, even the slumbering and the indifferent. And when attracted, on his way, by the light of a lamp, Nicolo looked within to greet an acquaintance, the worthy host found none to welcome him. The silence of death prevailed all around, and had it not been for the flickering gleam of the tapers, and the far distant echoes of voices, they might have imagined themselves in the city of the dead.

"What a contrast," observed the host to his companion, "between the spirit which animates our patriotic children, and that spirit which keeps in bed, or for-

tified in their houses, the Catholicity and Aristocracy of Rome? A single word suffices to throw a whole population out in the midst of a dark night, whilst the *bulls* of the Pope, the mandates of the bishops, the encyclical of the councils, seem no more to affect our people, than any showy spectacle, be it that of a mountebank in the street or an actor on the stage."

"And," said his comrade "what a magic spell in that word, Liberty!"

"Yes," replied Nicolo, "liberty is the moral sun of our age. Liberty is the religion of humanity; is what the sun is for the plant in the shade, the rain for the palm-tree in the desert, love for a crushed heart. It saves from death!"

"And more!" added Forli, "it leads to life. For what is the use of being saved from death, if the life you recover is but a lingering agony? Liberty must keep what its meaning conveys. The full application of what she promises; not only the letter but the spirit."

"And must not shake and waver like my prisoners," replied Nicolo. "If we were to judge of the spirit of the church by that which the worthy father shows, my conclusion would be, that it is at a low ebb."

'The spirit you allude to is not that which I mean. I understand by spirit, that which sustains investigation, and elevates the heart from the material to the celestial. That spirit is measured by reason, sanctioned by experience, approved by humanity. It is opposed by privileges, resisted by ignorance, and contested by am-

bition. In that spirit we read the destinies of the world, and its regeneration. In the spirit of its opponents, we see but the perpetuation of ignorance, and the degeneration of mankind."

"Or, in other words, the triumph of Catholicism over liberty;" responded Nicolo.

"Catholicism, in the sense attached to that word, in the former times of Christianity, exists no longer. In those times it was the representative of life and progress, the defender of the oppressed, and the advocate of the rights of the people. To-day Catholicism is changed. It is no longer the church which defends and protects, but the infidel, the heretic, and the schismatic, who defend the church. I tell you, Nicolo, Catholicism is dead."

"True," replied Nicolo. "When a principle cannot live by itself, it cannot properly be said to possess the vital spark."

"No more than a dead plant can be said to be alive, because it is still in the old vase in which it once flourished."

"Why, then, is Catholicism still so strong?" inquired Nicolo.

"Rather ask, why ignorance is so deep and so general?" replied Forli.

"Why is it that you are so strong, scoundrel?" exclaimed Nicolo, shaking Father Francisco by his cravat.

"Amen!" replied the father, choked more by fear than by the grasp of his captor. "Amen!"

"Amen!" said Nicolo, laughing. "I think the rogue

has lost his speech with his senses. What do you think, Mathias ?"

" You were asking him why the church was strong, Nicolo ?" replied his companion. Why, is not this very man a personification of her power ? Weak and yielding in defeat—proud and arrogant in victory—submissive when necessity requires—imperious and overbearing when the power is on her side."

" And leaning on the poignards of the Sanfedesti to win a victory by assassination."

" And calling on Swiss and Austrian bayonets, because they do not find any to serve the church among the Italian people ;" added Mathias Forli.

" And taking the wives of others !"

" Because they are not allowed any of their own."

" And praying the whole day—"

" For a living, which their institutions prevent them from honorably acquiring by some useful occupation in society ;" replied Forli, finishing the sentence.

" And baptizing, and marrying, and burying !" continued Nicolo.

" To make money, to make money, to make money."

" The work is easy."

" And also well rewarded," replied his companion.

"I think you are more oppossd to the priests than I am myself?" observed Nicolo.

" How could it be otherwise ?" replied Forli. " Have I not lived among them ? Besides, Nicolo—mark this —I am not against the priests. Some of them are excellent men, as far as the organization to which they

belong will allow them to be. But the system, Nicolo! the system! .... the system would make the best man among them the greatest villain upon earth, was the church to require it."

"Faith! that reminds me of the observation made by Ciceroacchio, who said in a public speech, that a priest was a priest, but not a citizen."

"And he was right. What constitutes citizenship? The duties of life. What are those duties? Marriage, family, and toils of life. The priest does not marry, the priest has no family. He does not mix with society; he lives and dies without having experienced one of its joys, or endured one of its sorrows. How could this man be a citizen? How could we agree? He strives for the past—we for the future. His love of the past is so strong that he would willingly, like the workman employed by Guttenberg, throw the types into the sea, for the pleasure of destroying a discovery, and of coming back to the old method."

"Ah! ah! ah! very good. But don't you think that many priests have pondered over these ideas, and may have, like you and I, grieved over their condition?"

"They have, Nicolo. But pray, what do you want them to do?"

"Can they not love liberty and favor progress?"

"If they do, they cease to belong to the church. I have known a priest, a very enlightened man, with whom I was discussing the necessity of regenerating the church, of doing away with its symbols and the pope, and of taking the lead of the movement of the

age. That priest, after having listened attentively to my words, replied:—'Mr. Forli, supposing your reasons to be right, we cannot acquiesce in them, for in doing so, we should be thrown, like outcasts, out of the church.'"*

Whilst wending their way through the premises of the "Angel of the Field," and conversing about Liberty and Church of Rome, Signori Savini remained in the silence of her own thoughts. But from the attitude of her head, she was evidently revolving in her own mind some projects for the future. This woman, as remarkable for her intelligence as corrupted by her vices, was as dangerous as the most dangerous of all priests. Her companions knew it well. They also knew how to interpret her silence. A close watch was kept on her movements. As to father Francisco, he was beginning to recover his senses. The conversation between Forli and Nicolo, had aroused him from his torpor. He was going to raise his voice in defense of the church, when an unforeseen event prevented him from giving utterance to his sentiments. But, before explaining it, we must, for a moment, take our readers back to the time when Ciceroacchio, having taken the lead of the fresh supply brought to him by Jeronimo, took the offensive and expelled the Sanfedesti from the building they occupied.

The resistance was not long. As soon as the sol-

NOTE.—Such a conversation actually took place between the author and one of the highest and most enlightened members of the Catholic clergy in the United States.

diers and the officers were beaten, as they soon were, by the warlike impetuosity of the Italian peasantry, the whole flock of priests abandoned the ground, as hastily as their garments permitted, not, however, without leaving behind them some of their feathers, under the shape of cocked hats, beads, daggers, crucifix, and other toilet and church ornaments. The route was as complete as it is possible to imagine.

When Ciceroacchio, having fought the last opponent who resisted him, saw the bulk of the Sanfedesti disbanding, and running to and fro, towards all points of the compass, in the greatest possible dismay, he stopped and ordered his men to do the same. But the peasants were so eager in the pursuit of the priests, that they continued the chase. Whenever they caught one of the fugitives, they tied his hands and his legs, so as to prevent him from doing any harm! and left him on the ground. Ciceroacchio, afraid lest some bloody revenge would stain the honor of the night, decided to follow them. This resolution led him farther than he anticipated. The long-gowned men took up their heels as fast as possible. Some were lucky enough to reach the boundaries of the hotel and to hide themselves in the bushes. This pursuit brought the main body of the inhabitants of the "Angel of the Field," and the peasants, together with Ciceroacchio, on the limits dividing the settled portion of that district from the open country.

There, on a very closely hedged ground, shaded with horse-chesnut trees, and ornamented with a marble

fountain, was situated the church of the place. A more charming spot could not have been found.

It is towards that spot, teeming with poetic reminiscences and pregnant with noble aspirations, that the Sanfedesti sought a shelter. Though no one of them had indicated this spot to the other, all those who could escape from the grasp of their followers, found themselves crowding on the little square, as if some secret intuition, coming from above, had been communicated to them during the hour of danger. They thought the walls of a church would be more efficacious than the walls of a fortress, and that, since they lived by the altar, the altar could also be their protection. They were not disappointed in their calculation. Ciceroacchio, eager to prevent the effusion of blood, closely followed their disbanded battalions. As soon as they were nearly all penned up in the strongly-hedged place, and consequently taken as in a trap by the Italian peasantry, Ciceroacchio placed himself at the entrance gate, and unsheathing his sword, a spoil taken from one of the Sanfedesti soldiers, he said that none of his men should enter the enclosure as long as he was alive. This strong determination, and the respect for his person, as well as the barrier which protected the Sanfedesti, was sufficient to oppose the violence of the stream. His men, though warm with the excitement of the battle, flushed with triumph, and most of them soured with resentment, stopped suddenly at the voice of their chief, who, with one hand on the hilt of his sword, the other in the direction of

country's liberties, that blood of mine which you have saved—that blood which belongs to you by all the rights of my heart, and the promptings of my understanding."

"No, no! Ciceroacchio!" replied a countryman; "you owe us nothing. It is we who owe you everything. We were no better than slaves, expecting nothing, but to eke out our miserable existence as well as possible, when you came whispering in our ears the word '*liberty!*' At first we did not understand you. We did not think we could be better off than we were. But when you had made this thing plain and palpable to us, then we blessed you, Ciceroacchio; for through you our minds were made to think, our hearts to love, and our arms to work. Be blessed, Ciceroacchio! be blessed, my friend!"

These words were uttered by an old man, whose trembling head was yielding under the weight of fourscore years.

"Long life to Ciceroacchio!" shouted the multitude. 'Long life to our father!'

These acclamations were accompanied by a general waving of the torches, the vivid light of which was deprived, as the light of the coming day increased, of the privilege of lighting the romantic scenery.

"There is not one of you," replied Ciceroacchio, moved to tears, "not a single one, whom I could not press to my bosom, and to whom I am not ready to give a place at my hearthstone. I know you well; I have known many of you for years and years; I have dealt

with you, slept with you, ate with you. You have done me the honor to christen your children with my name; your wives have taken me by the hand, and called me 'friend!' your daughters bestowed upon my grey hairs, the crown of their smiles, and your children saluted me with the sweet appellation of 'father.' This is more than I deserve, and let me tell you, I am proud of such tokens of friendship."

"There is no one among us who is not ready to die for you, Ciceroacchio!" exclaimed the multitude, in a fit of exultation. "Not one!"

"Not one of us who would hesitate to shed instantly his blood to spare thine!" shouted another voice.

"Speak! what shall we do?" cried the crowd of peasants. "Let us know your commands. We swear to obey you!"

"Well, then! if you are ready to do what I deem best to be done for your interest and the interest of the cause we all defend and struggle for, you will bring all the prisoners within this square, and will keep a watch over them, till I give you further orders."

"Yes, Ciceroacchio! yes! Let us go—all of us!" replied the men around him.

"No! not all. A few will be sufficient. The others will remain here to protect me, and to keep an eye upon the Sanfedesti now within the square."

This order was immediately executed. A dozen men started off and picked up the poor Sanfedesti, who, as we have said, were laying on the ground, hands and feet bound up, in the most comical position. When

they saw the peasants approach, they thought their last hour had come, and as their lungs were at perfect liberty, they made the air thrill with piercing cries.

"Don't excoriate your throats," said the peasants to the Sanfedesti. "We know very well that your fright is the consequence of your guilt; had you an honest conscious, you would not be so much alarmed. Don't stun us with your cries! True, there is not one of you who does not deserve to be hung; but thanks to the virtues of a few noble priests and the nobler Ciceroacchio, we will spare you this time. Come." ....

This reflection of the peasantry, was as much to their honor as being a debt to truth, as the humanity with which they treated their captives. The fact is, that in Italy, as every where, there were a handful of priests deeply mourning over the misdeeds of the church, but obliged to submit to her, or to be treated as society's outcasts, they were silently deploring their own condition and cursing the day they took the cassock.

When the head of the column driving back the prisoners approached the square of the church, the twilight was fast receding before the dawn. A little golden fringe capriciously wavering above the craggs in the far-off horizon forebade the presence of the radiant star. The sky above, loaded with the heavy clouds of the night, was becoming lighter and lighter, whilst the extreme part bordering on the hemisphere possessed that inimitable transparency, the fleeting and vaporous shape of which makes one think of those etherial beings, our imagination spreads in the incommensurable space, and endows with celestial gifts.

"Upon my word, Pietro," said a peasant in the escort, to one of his companions, "my eyes deceive me, or else I see some living thing moving along right opposite us. Can you tell what it is?"

"I see nothing," replied Pietro.

"It is a man, I think," said the peasant, "but why does he move so cautiously? Sure the fellow intends some mischief."

"I see—give me your rifle, Juan," said Pietro, "I will fire at him—if it is the devil, he will be obliged to show his horns—if not, there will be a foe less."

"Gently, Pietro," replied Juan, "we know not who he is, and if he was a friend, what regret should we not have, were we to hurt him! My opinion is that it would do better to halloa to him. If he is a human being he will answer. If it is a brute, there is no fear of him. What think you, Pietro?"

"Do as you please, Juan. You have strong lungs. Cry him out."

"Who goes there?" exclaimed Juan, with a stentorian voice.

A silence, interrupted by the cracking of a few brambles, was the only answer to the question.

"If thou doest not answer," added Pietro, taking the gun from his shoulder, and playing with the cock, "I am going to light thy path."

"Answer! answer quickly, sir. Pray, in the name of God, answer!" lamentably shouted a voice, coming from the direction aimed at by the Roman peasant.

"Oh! oh!" said Pietro; "methinks thy name is

legion. What sayest thou, Juan? Is this a body of Papal troops?"

"The voice trembles too much for a soldier's voice," replied Juan. "No fear of that side. It is perhaps some stray Sanfedesti."

"Oh! eh! friends, oh! eh!" exclaimed a well-known voice. "Don't be frightened. We have ceased to be dangerous. The beast is tame. I bring you fine game. Did you hear that voice? It is the voice of a goat, of a scape-goat. Hear it bleeting."

"Huzza!" shouted the peasants. "Here is Nicolo! our friend Nicolo. But who the devil does he bring with him?"

"I bring you *Amen*, who has just spoken. Did you not hear him," said the host, and gradually coming out from the dark, he showed his broad chest to the gleaming light of the torch.

"Who is *Amen?*" inquired Pietro. "Is he a new saint?"

"Rather say an old devil," retorted the host; and pulling the reverend father, whom he had never ceased to hold on to, he pushed him onward in front of the column.

"Father Francisco! father Francisco! huzza! there is a bird! what a feast! all the crows in a heap. Joy! joy, friends!" said Pietro. "But is this all? I think I see something else moving in the dark."

"The best dishes come always at the end," replied Nicolo. "Here! come on! Give me your torch. The spy-glass of heaven is not clear enough to see one's

features. Here is an old friend, a *carbonari*, Signor Mathias Forli, who is going to show you a curiosity, a true feathered bird, of the Jesuit family. You have seen the devil, here is the she devil."

And Nicolo, directing the blazing torch towards Signora Savini, pulled off her hood, and showed the pale and contracted face of the unhappy woman to those before him.

"Thy wife!" exclaimed several voices; "thy wife! Nicolo."

"Silence!" replied Nicolo, sternly. "The reptile stealthily creeping in the dark, and biting to kill, is not a human being—it is a monster, a *lapsus naturæ*—one of those exceptions begotten by the fiend, and carrying like him, evils around it. Don't speak any more of wife! a wife is a woman. A woman is a lovely being. .... This creature has lost her title to such a name. She is not....no! she cannot be a woman!"

"Maledictions!" said the Signora, in trying to disengage herself from the grasp of her guardian..."Maledictions upon thee and thine! I will revenge myself. ....I shall....come! come!"

And the wretched creature, chocking with wrath and impatience, continued her struggle.

At this moment sweet music came, brought on the wings of the morning breeze, as if to lull the sufferings of the witnesses and actors of this exciting scene.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TWO WOMEN, OR LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

Our readers will recollect the departure of the females from the place where Adrian breathed his last, and the noble words pronounced by Carlotina on taking the command of her little army of women. We use the word *army*, as perfectly appropriate to the body which it is intended to specify, and to the duties which it aimed to fulfill. For it was with the intention of discovering Ciceroacchio, and fighting for him, if necessary, that the young and patriotic Roman heroines, had started from the barn under the leadership of Carlotina.

The head of that army of modern Amazons, was led, as we have said, by Jeronimo and Carlotina. The courageous boy, though fatigued, made a good appearance. His head was erect and his flashing eye had lost nothing of its brilliancy. Carlotina was clothed in a simple white dress, tied around her waist with a black ribbon. No ornaments were seen upon her person. The hurry with which she left her room, did not

allow her time to cover her shoulders, so that she walked among her female companions like one of the nymphs of the fable, protected only by the waving curls of her dark hair.

The little band having crossed over a square planted with trees, the few branches bending towards the ground besprinkled the head and shoulders of Carlotina.

"Take my shawl," said a Roman lady, spreading it upon the shoulders of Adrian's wife. "The air is chilly, and your cheeks are red with fever. My dear girl, methinks you would do better to take some rest. True, the *malaria* has not yet broken out, but the morning walks are always dangerous."

"Let us sing," observed Jeronimo, who had himself noticed the shudder that ran through Carlotina. "A good, warm, patriotic song is worth all the fire in the world." And without delay the boy commenced singing with a thrilling voice, the following national song:

1st STANZA.

Finche la notte è nera
Vegliam su la citta,
Su noi da mane a sere
La lupa veglierà.
Ma se l'Italia freme
Se grida: *chi va là.*
Defenderemo insieme
La nostrà liberta.

TRANSLATION.*

From the sun-rise to the sun-set, the wolf † sentinels the tow'rs,
But beneath night's raven banner, to defend the gates is ours;
If our mother's rest is broken by the tread of foeman hordes,
We swear to give Italia rest, or perish on their swords!

Scarcely had the last word of the song passed from his lips, than all the women commencing it again, sung it over, displaying the full compass of their voices, and harmoniously combining them so as to form a chorus. The subject of the verse, well appropriated to circumstances, seemed to have communicated a new energy to the feminine warriors. The spirited movement of the melody—the recollections called to mind by the poetry—the former glory of Italy, contrasting with the present state of oppression—the word *liberty* making more sensible the state of slavery which she now endures—the appeal to the sword of Italy to expel the foe from the national threshold—all these ideas affected

* We owe the foregoing elegant translation to the poetical pen of Mr. John Savage, one of the distinguished Irish exiles thrown on our shores by the Irish Revolution of '48. Mr. Savage belongs to that bright constellation of Irish patriots who are continuing in exile, with the pen and the speech, the warfare they commenced at home against oppression. The denunciation of Catholicism, as the strongest form of despotism, by such gentlemen as *Messrs. Meagher, Devin Riley, Savage*, and others, the most talented representatives of that island, generally understood to be the strongest bulwark of Papacy, is not one of the least curious facts of this age. In our opinion the noble and independent conduct of these gentlemen, cannot fail to secure to them, as well from their countrymen, as from all friends of liberty, an ample share of praise and gratitude.

† The wolf is the emblem of Rome.

in a greater or less degree, all those present, and raised their minds, usually prompt, to a pitch of exultation, impossible to describe.

"Let us have another stanza," shouted all the women. "Let us sing the glory of our country! Can there be any better song than this? Do you hear, Jeronimo? Commence the second verse."

And the boy without waiting, sung the following:

2d STANZA.

Si come un uome solo
Italia si levò:
Depose il lungo duolo
Il brando ripigliò:
Immemori degli avi
Noi fummo troppo, e ver
Ci addormentamino Schiavi
Ma ci desteam guerrier!

TRANSLATION.

Like the storm-woke sea, all Italy arose in Freedom's view,
And dried the tears of suffering years in the glare of the sword they drew.
Our father's blood on the tyrants' steel yet reddens from the past,
And shows their sons who've slumbered long the place to strike at last.

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" said the women in a chorus. Let us have it again!"

And the women singing the stanza over again, made the air thrill with their protracted accents.

It was at that moment that the two captives made by Signor Nicolo and his companion, hearing the music at a distance, struck their way in that direction.

"Here is the daylight coming!" said Jeronimo, raising his eyes to the faint blue lines glimmering on the border of the far-off horizon. "We soon shall see enough to do away with the torches."

'I wish we could discover Ciceroacchio," said Carlotina.

"Let us go in a straight line towards the church," observed Jeronimo. "This is the largest square in the neighborhood, and very likely will have been selected as a battle-field. Besides, when priests are pursued, it is always towards their cages that they fly for a refuge."

The word "church," struck a blow to the heart of Carlotina. It was there, if the reader will recollect, that she had seen her Adrian for the first time. The sad recollection caused a shudder to run through her veins.

"Do you think we will find our friends there?" inquired Carlotina.

"They must be there, if they are anywhere?" replied Jeronimo.

"Are you not afraid, Jeronimo, that our friends are defeated by the Sanfedesti?"

"Defeated!" you say. Defeated! Why, you don't think it? Don't you recollect the first struggle? They numbered three hundred, and yet two men, with no other weapons than a sword and a pitchfork, resisted

them for over a quarter of an hour. Now think of twenty or thirty countrymen, the neighborhood not included, falling with energy on such a flock. There are enough hands to whip thrice the number."

"Oh! what an awful day for us all!" exclaimed Carlotina, with a sigh. "What a doleful fate is mine!" And whilst saying this, tears fell from her eyes. "I shall never be happy again!" added she. "Death has driven hope from my heart, and smiles from my face! Oh! that I might be again the simple country-girl, ignorant of the world, of its wretchedness and its misery!"

"Would you go back to the time when you were studying the catechism?" inquired Jeronimo, "or would you like to sing with the organ again?"

"Never! never! don't speak of that!" replied the unhappy Carlotina, with a bitter accent of self-reproach. "Have I not seen them at work?"

"Seen whom?" inquired Jeronimo.

"Have they not killed my Adrian?" replied Carlotina, suppressing her deep emotions.

"Murdered! you mean. Yes! I understand now!" said the boy with a sigh. "I understand, Carlotina! I thought you were expressing the regret of having listened to Adrian and neglected the church."

"I regret having known Adrian? How can you suppose it, Jeronimo? You, whom he loved so much, knew enough of him, though you are but a boy, to have judged and appreciated him. But you never, never knew how kind, and how devoted to me he was. It

was him who disclosed to me my imperfect views of religion: he made me reason with my own feelings, and learned me through patience and love, the little I know of the world."

"You will never love him more than I do," replied the boy. "True, he taught me nothing, but he loved me. Each time he was coming here, my heart was skipping with joy. As I generally knew the day of his visits, I used to watch him from the garret, and as soon as I saw his black feather waving far off on the road, I jumped and ran to him, with all my speed."

"Well, Jeronimo," replied Carlotina, "since you loved him so much, we will talk of him together. You will come and see me often, often....No! you shall stay with me. Will you, Jeronimo?"

The boy took her hand, and raised it to his lips. Both were shedding tears.

"I have lost a father," said the boy. "I find a mother. God is kind to me."

"He is kind to all, Jeronimo; he never forsakes any one," replied Carlotina.

"You must not cry, Carlotina," said the boy. "How can we discover Ciceroacchio, if our eyes are clouded with tears!"

"But you also cry," replied Carlotina.

"Stop," replied the boy, wiping the tears from his eyes; "what will these women say? if they see us crying, they will call us chicken-hearted."

"Here! here! I see something!" exclaimed a woman.

"What is it?" inquired Jeronimo.

"Do you hear? do you? They are talking," said another voice.

"Yes!" answered the boy; "I hear voices on the right."

"We are near the church," observed Carlotina, with a sigh.

"Oh! eh! oh! eh!" shouted Jeronimo.

"Who is there?" inquired in strong accents, a man in the square.

"Friends!" replied Jeronimo. "Friends in search of Ciceroacchio."

"Come here, my lad," answered a well known voice; "come here, thy patron Nicolo is here, here with Ciceroacchio."

"Huzza!" cried out the boy; "huzza! for my patron! huzza for Ciceroacchio! Where are the Sanfedesti?"

"Here also; hands and feet tied up, and bound for purgatory."

"Shall we come in," asked the boy.

"Yes! enter the gate; we are all here."

The persons inside of the gate were thus divided.—Close by the fence was a line formed by men from the neighborhood. After them came the countrymen whose courageous assistance had rescued the patriot from certain death. The Sanfedesti formed a row in front and were guarded behind by the peasants and the motley crowd, and watched by a few sentinels walking

to and fro, along the line, and some time addressing bitter reproaches to their captives, a thing which, notwithstanding his influence, Ciceroacchio could not help.

When the time came to place Signor Nicolo's prisoners, he expressed the desire of having the honor of guarding his better-half, and her companion. He consequently armed himself with a stick, and strutting about, ostentatiously paraded before them like a sentry elected to a post of honor.

When the worthy host heard the voice of Jeronimo, he staggered with joy, and running to the gate, he flung it open to the procession now advancing. Carlotina and the boy were leading the van. In order to impart more solemnity to their entrance, the latter had commenced the third verse of the song, which was like the preceding, repeated in a chorus by the women.

3d STANZA.

Per la comun salvezza,
Per patrii focolar,
Qualunque onore appreszа,
Impugnera l'acciar.
Coi tre colori in frente
Colla giustizia in cor,
Vendicheremo l'onte
Dell' Italo valor.

TRANSLATION.

For our country, dear Italia, for our threshold, virtue, fame;
Let us forward, arm'd, battalion'd in the long-lost Freedom's name,
With the tri-color above us, and with right each bosom blest,
We'll exorcise the demon's shame that sat upon our breast.

"*Dell' Italo valor*," repeated two or three times the men inside the square. "Huzza! long life to the Italian ladies! *Viva la liberta!* Three cheers for Ciceroacchio! Huzza! huzza! huzza!"

It is impossible to give even a faint view of the enthusiasm now prevailing on that square. To add to the general burst of joys and congratulations, the boys had climbed the trees with lighted torches in their hands, others had reached the steeple of the church by climbing along the walls, and set all the bells in long and continued peals. The shouts were so thrilling that some contemporary said that they even reached the eternal city, and caused several cardinals to jump from their beds in a fright, as if a blast from the trumpet of the last judgment had struck their ears.

Whilst this was taking place, another scene, of a no less interesting character, was played in a corner of the square. When Signor Nicolo left his position, and opened the gate to the procession of ladies, he remained behind it, and held it with one of his hands, so as to prevent any one from going out. But this movement, however prudent it may be deemed, had for its result to leave unprotected the front line he had charge to watch. No sooner did his wife perceive this advantage, than she resolved to avail herself of it. The first person coming under her sight, being Carlotina herself, she sprung from her place into the arms of the Roman girl.

"Carlotina!" said she, tenderly pressing her to her bosom, "Carlotina! Save me, dear! save me!"

Her voice, and her looks, expressed all that despondency can express.

The women accompanying Adrian's widow, were extremely surprised at the words of the Signora. Her reputation being, as they thought, spotless, they could not guess for what reason she then implored the protection of Carlotina.

But their amazement increased, when the noble girl, rebuking her, with a gesture of disdain, said:

"Be still, and retire, Signora," replied Carlotina, "I don't know you."

What human lips can describe the anguish of Signora Savini, at hearing these words of Carlotina? Her respiration stopped, she trembled as if she was going to faint, for, with that feminine tact she so highly possessed, she immediately understood that every thing was lost to her. In an instant the picture of her own wretchedness struck her, and made her shudder at the sight of its unaccountable horrors. She shut her eyes, as if on the surface of a whirlpool. But her heart was not so easily subdued. At that moment, when every thing, even the tender affection of woman, was forsaking her, she found in her indomitable fortitude, strength enough to face and parry this new blow.

"Will you abandon me? You?" said she, with an inexpressible supplication of look, and taking the hand of a woman close to Carlotina.

"Sure, I will not, Signora," answered the woman.

"Do not trust her," interrupted Carlotina. "This

wretched woman has deceived me. Beware! lest she deceives you also."

"Listen to me!" cried out Signora Savini, with an accent, in which the passions, compressed in her bosom, struggled with affright. "Listen to me! This young girl is mistaken; upon my word, she is."

"I! mistaken?" replied Carlotina. "Mistaken? Do not prevent my silence, Signora. To speak now, would be to crush you with the weight of your own perverseness."

"Perverseness!" exclaimed the woman. "Perverseness! Is not the Signora one of the most virtuous women in the neighborhood? Are you sure of what you say, Carlotina?"

"She is not!" hurriedly replied the Signora. "She is not; she cannot be! Her religion has been surprised, and her ideas corrupted; she has been caressed by my enemies; she has been taught to think, to speak, and to hurl accusations against me, by the very men who have shown themselves to be the enemies of our religion. I swear upon the holy cross! this girl slanders me, in the most injurious manner."

"True!" said a woman, "the Signora has always been good to us. Why should we so easily accept and believe insinuations against her character?"

"Yes, why?" exclaimed the Signora. "Is it not a crime to calumniate a name pronounced in your prayers, as the name of your benefactress? Who is that one among you," added she, proudly raising her

head; "who has not felt the benefit of my charity? Who? Speak! Who is that one, who will dare say that I have not been kind to her?"

"Those who know you well enough, Signora," answered her husband, "to understand the motives, hidden at the bottom of your acts."

"Don't talk to me, sir," retorted the Signora, who unaware of the approach of Nicolo, thought herself safe amidst the ignorant creatures to whom she spoke. "Don't talk to me," added she, with a shudder. "That man, ladies," she said, pointing to her husband, "has, since the day of our marriage, been a tyrant. Not contented with crushing my heart, he harrasses me with oppression. There is not a thing in our household management, in which he does not find a way to make me feel the sting of his brutality,—and, to complete his work of cruelty, he throws dishonor on my name, as if he wanted the more surely to sacrifice his victim."

Those words, pronounced with great vehemence, and with the necessary appendage of tears and sobs, caused a sensation among the ladies. A few of them touched by the recital of such wrongs suffered by a defenseless woman, commenced grumbling against Nicolo. "Shame on the scoundrel!" was heard whispered through the crowd, accompanied with that low shrill noise, foreshadowing a coming tempest. The Signora saw this movement, and a gleam of hope flashed upon her, and rising once more in her pride, she added:

"How cruel it is to be accused by his own judge,

and to have no defender on earth to escape the coward sentence. Here I am, ladies, like many of you, under the dependence of a man. One day the jealousy of that man is aroused, he takes me, and violently carries me to this place as his prisoner."

"Come with us, Signora," unanimously replied the women. "We will not forsake you in your misfortune."

In thus saying, the women made room for the Signora, and closed their ranks so as protect her against her husband.

"If that woman stays here," observed Carlotina, with a sudden burst of indignation, "I shall leave you!"

"So will I!" added Jeronimo, who had been a silent observer of the scene. "I shall not remain a minute longer with you!"

"What is the matter?" inquired the women in a chorus.

"The matter?" answered Jeronimo; "ask Carlotina."

"The matter?" replied the young girl, wiping her moistened eyes; "ask Nicolo."

"The matter?" retorted Nicolo, turning towards the man at his side. "The matter? ask our holy Father Francisco."

"The fact is," said Forli, who was standing by, silently listening, "we met that woman flying off from her husband's house, in company with the father. I caught her myself, at the moment she was flying over the boundary of "The Angel of the Field."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the women. "No! this is a lie! The Signora's reputation is above such a slander."

"Did she not give me a dress for my babe?" said a woman.

"Did she not send us a load of wood, last winter, at a time when my husband was sick and unable to work?" observed another.

"Has she not sent us, many a time," remarked a third person, "sugar, coffee, and many other presents? Why should we believe such an accusation against one who has been so kind to us?"

"And who had no other merit in doing so," observed Nicolo, "than to use the money given her by the priests, who themselves received it from the faithful. Oh, my dear ladies! poor, deluded victims of appearance and superstition! are you not aware that the very money you give in your charities is distributed for the purpose of making tools to the church, by moving the strings of human gratitude?"

"Do you want me to tell you what she sent me?" asked Jeronimo. "You all have said she sent you something. Well, I will tell you what I have received. I have received first, the whip, and second, was sent ten days to a dark dungeon, for the crime of not having sufficiently reverenced the father; that is what I have to thank the lady for."

"Did she receive the father in her house?" inquired a lady.

"In her house? in her room, you mean? Yes,

ten times a day; morning and evening," replied Nicolo.

"He was my confessor!" exclaimed the Signora.

"Was it to confess to him that you were running through the fields?" inquired Nicolo.

"Oh, mercy! mercy on me!" said Signora Savini, in a mournful voice. "My enemies have triumphed! Mercy on me, my God!"

"Mercy on you!" observed Nicolo. No, wretched creature that you are! that mercy which you ask, you will not obtain from them; ask it of God! He is your only refuge now!"

"Pity! pity! spare and save me!" said the Signora, appealing to the women with a gesture of supplication. "Spare me, sirs! save me, ladies! Goodness!"

"Have you been good to that young Carlotina, when you urged her to sacrifice her honor, for the vile aim of getting the political secrets entombed in the bosom of her lover?" asked Nicolo.

"No! no! I did not!" muttered the Signora.

"You did not? indeed!" replied Nicolo. "How true you are, my lady! Will you deny that you had no participation in the political manœuvering of the Sanfedesti?"

"Yes, sir! I deny it! I rebuke the calumny with all my strength, and accuse you of being a slanderer!"

"Will you deny also, that you advised me to enlist in the ranks of the Sanfedesti, after I had received money from Father Francisco?"

The Signora stood motionless. The truth of the

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"Carlotina!" said Jeronimo, whi
of Adrian's wife; "don't you think
to spare the suffering Signora?"

"Yes," she replied, "let us be merc
may repent, why should we not have

"Well, let us get her away from h
nimo leaving Carlotina, made a few
Signora Savini.

This conversation happening amids
and the shouts of the multitude, was
few closely gathered around the princi
mass of the Sanfedesti, of the country
bors, were quite unaware of what was
quarter.

As to Father Francisco, an eye and
the scene just described, he had, faithf
of apparent insensibility, remained moti
cast down like those of a resigned victi
innocent sufferer. His countenance o
image of that cunning resignation assum
bers of the Jesuitical order, whenever th
in the performance of some mischief.
angelic kindness on their lips and fa
anger in their bosom. The mien of a mar
of an Indian for his enemy in their soul
picture of priestly anger. Such was Fath

A little silence having succeeded
bustle, Ciceroacchio assembled his men
and was giving them orders, when he fel
ing him by his coat. Turning his head

saw the face of Jeronimo, stretched towards him as if for a question.

"What is the matter, my little boy?" inquired the patriot.

"What shall we do with our prisoners?" asked the boy. "We have the Signora and the father with us."

"Have you? Well, keep them apart. Place them in a separate carriage and wait for further orders."

"Open the church!" ordered Ciceroacchio to his attendants. "Let all the men here assembled, the prisoners excepted, receive their instructions. This is a most remarkable case, and we need the wisdom of every one, in order to direct ourselves in the plans we have to adopt."

This order was immediately obeyed. The doors of the church were thrown open, and presented a large passage to the crowd now assembled in the square.

"I need not ask from you reverence and order," said Ciceroacchio, "the house of prayer must be respected. The objections of many of you, relative to the mode of worship of the Catholics, must not hinder you from respecting what our fathers respected. This place, my friends, is the place where your ancestors addressed the Almighty, in the sad hour of their lives. This house is your house; this church is your church. It is the temple, where your own life is portrayed in lively features, by the sufferings and death of Christ. People! this is really your house; enter it; it belongs to you"

Silently, modestly, their heads bowed, and their

hats in their hands, the countrymen followed Ciceroacchio, and entered the church. The noisy crowd became silent. Nothing was heard but the repeated peal of the bell, whose grave and melancholy tone seemed to add to the solemnity of the occasion.

When the crowd had succeeded in entering the church, Ciceroacchio ascended the pulpit, and, casting his eyes towards heaven, he seemed to be silently imploring the blessings of God.

" My friends," said he, after a brief silence, " shall we forget, at this moment, Him to whom we owe our success—Him who rescued us ? What do I say ? Us !—not us,—but our people ; the Republicans scattered in all parts of the globe, from a stain to the principles they profess. Yes ! had the dagger, prepared by the Sanfedesti, succeeded in their undertaking, this wholesale murder would have been imputed to the Young Italy Society; and the whole Republican party would have had to suffer from this infernal plot. Providence ! the omniscient and merciful God ! had alone the power to save us from this peril. Let us pray, my friends and companions. Let us pray, and thank the Almighty for his signal interposition in our favor. God is for the people, and with the people. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty ! Let us pray."

In an instant, all present bowed their heads, with their knees on the marble floor of the church.

After a few minutes' silence, and upon a signal from the patriot, they again arose.

"My friends and companions," said Ciceroacchio, "I wish to advise with you as to the most judicious way of improving our success, and, also, disposing of our captives in a merciful manner.

"Providence has this night entrusted to the people, power. Let the people show themselves worthy of his confidence. Let us be merciful to these prisoners, as God has been merciful to us. What shall we do with the Sanfedesti ?"

"Do ?" said one of the crowd, his heart fired with revenge. "What shall a man do to the wild beasts, whilst holding him at bay, after bringing him within range of his gun—shoot them !"

"What does a traveler, on meeting a viper on his route, and being assailed by the venomous reptile ? He crushes its head !" said another.

"What have the priests done ? When entreated by the Allied Powers to act more humanely towards us, they have answered their appeal by increasing our sufferings," observed another.

"What have they done with Count Frederick Confalonieri, condemned to death, and which sentence was afterwards commuted for a still more severe penalty,—that of the *carcere duro*, for life ? What have they done with the general minister of war, Santo Rosa ? With Ciro Menotti, Zuccoli, Zanoli, and Ponzoni ? With hundreds and thousands of patriots ?—they have either put them to death, or consigned them to the *carcere duro*. No pity for the men who have thus shed the best blood of the land."

"My friends," observed Ciceroacchio, "don't forget that these crimes have not all been committed by the Church. The temporal government had their hands in them, and many of the condemnations must be attributed to the princes, as well as to the priests."

"If," said a voice, "the priests and the Church have not directly participated, they have permitted them. The Popes could have remonstrated, have they done so? They could protest against the cruelty of their neighbors, have they ever attempted to do so? There is not a single instance of persecution practiced upon a patriot, in which one could say with truth, that the Church of Rome has not willingly rejoiced in it.

"But Pio IX!" replied Ciceroacchio, "Pio IX. has nothing to do with these horrors. He is not like other Popes, an enemy of liberty and reform. Don't you think, my friends, that he will yield to the wishes of the people?"

This observation of Ciceroacchio, and the name of Pio IX., seemed to establish a little calm in the assembly. However divergent were the opinions in that respect, no one dared to contradict him.

"Methinks, friends," continued Ciceroacchio, availing himself of the silence, "we have now a good opportunity to prove our honesty to Pio IX., and the confidence we have in his person. Let us go to Rome with our enemies, and let him pronounce upon their fate."

"Do as you please, Ciceroacchio," they answered. "We are not here to object to your orders. You are our chief—command, and we will obey you."

"The plan I propose, will have this advantage," continued the patriot, "it will acquaint His Holiness with the intrigues of certain members of the church, in connection with his government, and the representatives of foreign nations. I have with me, documents proving the connivance of the retroactive party of the church with Lord Momento and other diplomatists. If we succeed in our project, we may perhaps incite the Pope to trust entirely in the Republicans. For he must either be with us or against us—there is no dodging in the matter."

"Well," replied several men in the crowd, "if you think this plan will be the best, let us follow it. We will go with you to Rome."

"Well, then, let us go;" replied Ciceroacchio. "Let us not waste our time in empty words, when there is so much to be done."

"To Rome! to Rome!" shouted the multitude.

"To Rome!" repeated the women.

"To Rome!" murmured the father, with an inexpressible sentiment of joy. "To Rome!"

"Rome!" said to herself, the Signora, stepping into the carriage, a beam of hope in her breast. "Rome! Let us not despair! Nothing is lost yet!"

And countrymen, ladies, and Sanfedesti, leaving the square, silently and orderly marched towards the Eternal city, singing the last verse of the patriotic song whose words follow:

4th STANZA.

Le mercenarie schiere
Dell' Istro é del tesin
Vedramo come fere
Il brando cittadin.
Entro à confinè suoi
Cias cum riporti il piè:
La terra degli eroi
Lei Carbari non è.

TRANSLATION.

Then hireling hordes of Istrian's and Tesin's blood may feel,
If freedom-lighted souls are weak, or nerveless freeman's steel;
And foeman fled, and freedom won, then, brothers, may our feet
On hero-land one threshold make—but not till then retreat.

As the last man within the enclosure, was leaving the gate, a young woman, who had until then remained hidden behind a tree, rose, and making a slight gesture with her hand, a boy concealed in the tree, dropped from the branches, and stood by her side.

"Where shall we go, Carlotina?" asked the boy, following with anxious eye, the troop of men and women stretching in a long line along the road. "Shall we go to Rome, also?"

"No," said the young girl, her eyes obscured with tears, "we have other duties to fulfil!"

"Where shall we go, then?" asked Jeronimo.

"Kneel and pray by the side of Adrian," replied Carlotina.

"Let us go, then," replied the boy.

"The prayer of two pure souls can do no harm;" interrupted Carlotina. "They are the true incense of heaven. Angels smile upon earth whenever they hear the sweet anthems of praise from our lips, and whilst it procures peace to our souls, it makes heaven's arches resound with celestial melody."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

Two years after the night of the Sanfedesti, the French were besieging Rome. Priesthood and absolutism were triumphing. They had at last succeeded in pushing forward the army of a Republic, to the rescue of the most despotic government in the world. This apparent conflict between two republics, a masterpiece of skill and craft, had upset and bewildered the notions of the friends of liberty all the world over. They had seen a strange spectacle! France! the only nation in Europe which had dared to raise the flag of freedom, turn her arms against a sister republic, and strike her to the heart. Alas! unaware of the secret threads moving the bayonets of Europe, they had read the word *France*, where they ought to have read the words, *Rome and Italian priesthood.* Those who pretended to read and interpret public opinion, did not perceive, at first, that these troops, blindly advancing beneath the walls of Rome, belonged to that vast military institution, which, under the name

of European soldiery, is, and has always been, the tool of the ambitious aiming at oppression; and, in their hurry to draw conclusions from mere material facts, they mistook this work of vandalism, for the expression of public opinion in France and in Europe. What an error! What a fatal misconception of the spirit of the age!

It was drawing near dusk. On the summit of the *Janiculum*, a place from whence Rome gradually slopes, are four villas or palaces, ornamented with that splendor and taste, which has made the reign of Leo X. one of the greatest in the annals of the Papacy. These palaces, created by the genius of Raphael and Michael Angelo, now inhabited by lazy and licentious prelates, are *Villa Valentini*, *Villa Corsini*, *Villa Vascello*, and *Villa Pamphili*. They are situated in the midst of magnificent gardens, fortified with strong walls and deep ditches, the better to secure their inmates in their riotous habits, and protect them against the anger of a reviling multitude. These villas, which commanded the whole city, as did also the already existing fortifications, were, at the time, defended by a little band of heroes, under the leadership of Garibaldi. These men fought as long as men without ammunition and provisions could fight; and, when we consider the means of resistance, compared with the resources of the French army, commanded by Gen. Oudinot, we cannot but wonder at the protracted opposition, and the wavering success of the attack. The *Villa Vascello* had most energetically resisted the battering of the cannons and

the storming of the French, and their efforts to take the little citadel, were constantly baffled. The intrepid battalions of the French were broken at the foot of its walls, like the dashing of the waves on a rock.

During the twenty-eight days in which she sustained daily onsets, the *Villa Vascello* resisted, under the leadership of the young Medici; then, when the whole fortification was but a mass of ruins, and the city ready to surrender, the gallant men defending it, resolved to fight to the last, and be buried under its ruins.

On the very day that resolution was adopted by the defenders of the place, two men, a boy, and a woman, were sitting upon the fallen stones, deliberating on their position; they were protected by a breast-work, formed of a part of the wall, the only part of the fortifications which had been left standing by the cannons of the French. The persons mentioned could scarcely have been recognized; their faces were covered with dust and smoke, their hair burnt, their garments torn, and stained with human blood. The men were about fifty years old. As to the boy, he looked so sickly, and his cheeks were so deeply sunk, that one would have taken him for a half-starved man, whilst his age was about fifteen. The young woman was the only one among them whose features had preserved their natural beauty; but she was pale and almost exhausted.

Not to keep our readers in suspense about these persons, we will hasten to give their names. The men were Ciceroacchio and Nicolo Savini, the boy, Jeronimo, and the woman, Carlotina.

"And say that we must give up this place to-morrow, or perish under its rubbish!" exclaimed Nicolo, with a sigh.

"It would be nothing to perish, if the place could only remain in our hands;" replied Ciceroacchio.

"Is there no more hope of success?" timidly inquired Carlotina.

"The soldiers have ate nothing for two days," observed Jeronimo.

"Three days have elapsed since a morsel has entered my mouth!" said Nicolo.

"I ate my last piece of bread four days ago!" said Jeronimo, casting a savage glance at a corpse lying near him.

"This young girl," added Ciceroacchio, "has stood hunger longer than any of us. She has not taken anything for nearly a week."

"Yes," said Nicolo, "she has deprived herself of all food, for the purpose of relieving the wounded in the hospital. What an idea! to take charge of these French soldiers, and to feed them, when we had not enough to feed ourselves!"

"Because the laws of humanity," observed Ciceroacchio, "go before the necessity of the stomach."

"Yes! by your humanity," replied the former host of the "Angel of the Field," "you are the cause of our having on our shoulders the whole strength of Europe!"

"What do you mean, Nicolo?" inquired Ciceroacchio.

"I mean simply this—" when (thanks to your care,) we had made three hundred Sanfedesti our prisoners, if instead of giving them up to the Pope, you had ordered them to be shot, you would have smothered the re-action in its nest. Now, that they have been released, they are actively employed in combining against us the armies of the foreigners."

"My dear friend," replied the patriot, "there are laws which cannot be violated. It is to them that we must recur in case of necessity."

"Laws not respected, are no laws at all," said Nicolo. "Were you not sure that in placing these men under the direct control of the Papal government, it was a commission of freedom you were granting them? Better, a thousand times, to have set them at liberty all at once! You would have enjoyed, at least, the merit of your action."

"Let those who violate civil and moral obligations, be punished by Him, who alone is a judge in the matter. We must always do right, in order to be at peace with our conscience."

"I wish I was at peace with my stomach, as much as I am with my conscience!" observed Jeronimo.

"Boys must eat;" observed Ciceroacchio. "Have you anything, Carlotina, to allay his hunger?"

Carlotina made a nod in affirmation, and putting her hand in her pocket, drew out a roasted potatoe.

"This," said she, handing it to the boy, "is the last food we have! This eaten, our patients will have to die of starvation!"

is no doubt that the rushing of his blood would have indicated his inward sensations. It was the first time that the word "sir," applied to himself, had struck his ears, and the name sounded to him like the sweetest music.

"It seems that I am no longer a boy," he said softly to himself; and with that reflection his heart bounded with joy in his bosom.

"Egad!" said Nicolo, in witnessing the scene, "this is right. If we had not to die on this spot, I should think that Adrian had a successor."

"He is too young," replied the patriot.

"Who? Jeronimo? There is only three or four years difference between him and her," replied the host. "But why think of such nonsense, at such a moment?" added Nicolo. "The French will not be long before invading this place, and as we have promised not to surrender, we must perish here!"

"Let us hear the end of your letter?" said Cicero-acchio, whose object was to discard such thoughts. "I think you did not finish it."

"I finished reading what my wife wrote;" replied Nicolo, "but I have not read the two lines appended to it by another hand. Besides, I must tell you, that she has also been made a Countess by the Emperor of Austria. See!"

And Nicolo turning the letter to the eyes of the by-standers, added, speaking through his nose: "Hear! read! *Margueritte: Countess of Soyfardini!*. "One Duke and one Countess! A Duke made out of a

priest, and a Countess manufactured out of the stuff of a landlady! What think you? That is what is called making silk out of hemp. Huzza! for the Emperor of Austria!"

"Well," observed Ciceroacchio, laughing; "you are the only man I know who can laugh at his own misfortunes."

"Why should I not be joyous?" replied the host. "Am I not a correspondent of a countess and a duke?"

"How?" exclaimed Ciceroacchio. "Does Francisco write you also?"

"The duke, you mean. Yes, he does. Hear these two lines:

"'If my friend, Nicolo, has not forgotten the bag of silver, containing one hundred florins, he will undoubtedly remember that I have not completed the sum, and that I owe him a balance.

† Francisco, *Duke of Hellfeinstein.*'

"Which means," added Nicolo: "If thou betrayest the party to which you belong, I will make you a rich man."

"Give me your hand, Nicolo?" said Ciceroacchio, shaking it several times, he said: "What has become of your friend, the priest, who helped you in arresting your wife?"

"Dead!" said Nicolo. "He died the first day the French attacked us. He had a presentiment of his fate. He told me so before he died. 'I shall die,' said he to me when we knew of the French intervention. 'I shall die in defending my country. It is the

"A century would not be sufficient to spit out those I have on my heart! But, never mind, I must say what I have to say!"

"Well, go on, and be sober in your digression," said Ciceroacchio.

"It was at that time, sir," continued the old host, that through an alleged debt of gratitude you owed me, you called me near your person as an assistant in your business. I gave up the 'Angel of the Field' to one of my friends, and in obedience to your wishes, I came to take my lodgings at Rome."

"A thing for which I am greatly indebted to you, my dear Nicolo, and for which, I am afraid, I shall have to crave pardon from you. God forgive me! you were then doing a good business, whilst with me you have been ruined."

"Never mind that!" said Nicolo "Well, once in Rome, I was pleased with what was going on around. The Triumvirate was doing wonders. But who can say, 'thou shalt be happy to-morrow!' Nobody. As for myself, when I saw so many priests and cardinals left unmolested, in the city, secretly communicating between themselves, organizing, sending women abroad, establishing spies, corresponding with foreign diplomatists, and availing themselves of the magnanimity of the Republic for conspiring its ruin, I began to despair of the stability of the Republic."

"Alas!" replied Ciceroacchio, "mercy is among virtues, the one that mankind rewards the least."

"Mercy to the snake, is death to the merciful,"

answered Nicolo. "I would rather live in the lion's den, than with the sneaking Sanfedesti. I could make a friend of the lion, but not of the Sanfedesti."

"True!" replied Ciceroacchio. "Generosity to a member of those religious associations, has proved fatal to the generous. But what is to be done? Is not a benefit to our neighbor, a ground for him to sow ingratitude, and reap animosity? Will that prevent us to practice good? No! But proceed, Nicolo. What of your wife?"

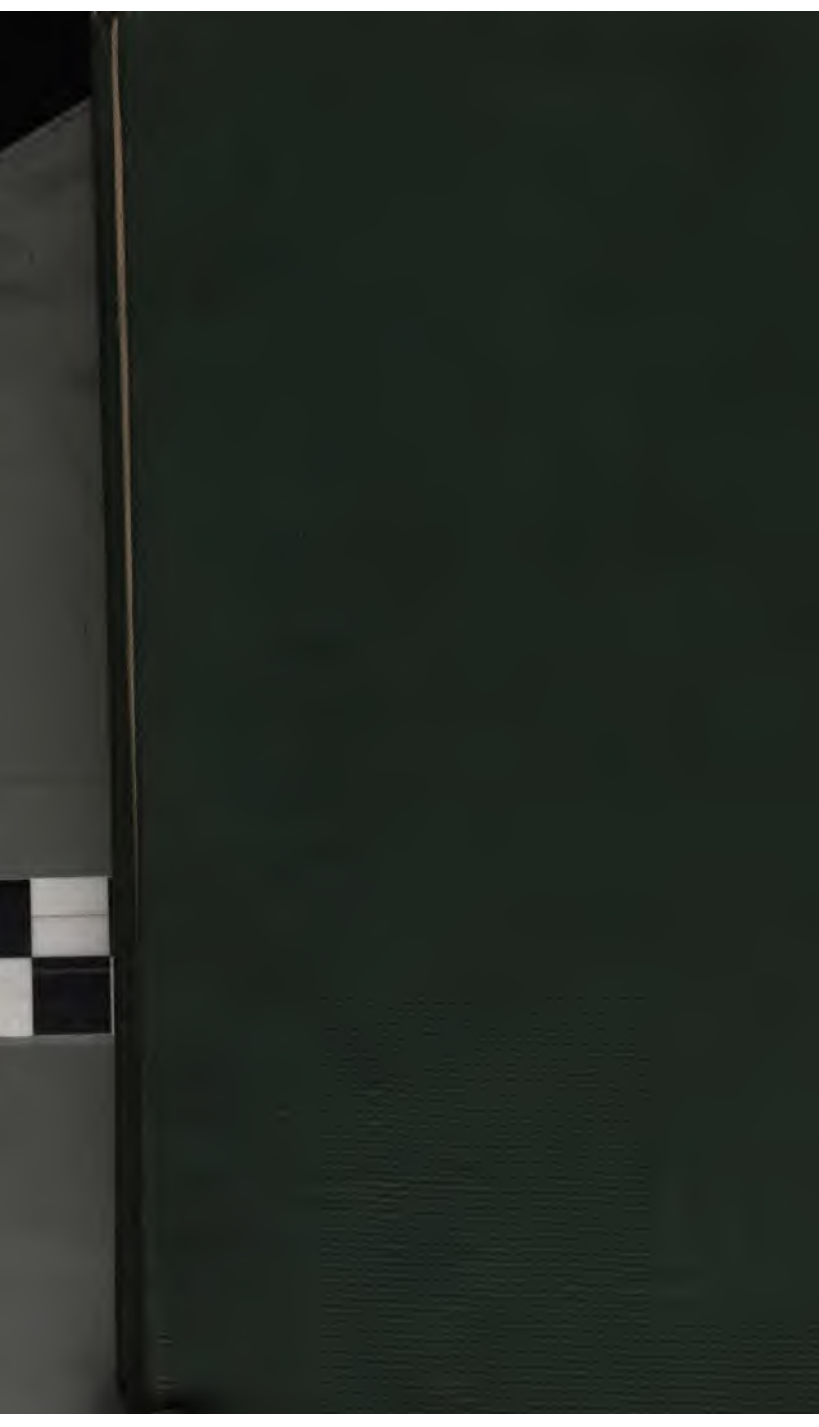
"One day I was loitering about the city, when I arrived in front of the residence of Lord Momento. The representative of Albion was at his window looking at the passers by. As soon as he saw me he retired. I was pursuing my route, silently thinking of the dangerous influence of English diplomacy, when I saw a little boy wearing the livery of his lordship, coming towards me as if he had something to communicate. 'What is the matter?' said I to the boy; 'do you want to speak to me?'

"The little rogue nodded, and placing his hand on his lips, looked around to see if any one was near, and then drew a letter from beneath his vest, and gave it to me. I took the paper, and seeing it directed to myself, I broke the seal, and looked at the signature. Pity me, sir! it was the name of my wife!"

"Your wife?" exclaimed Ciceroacchio.

"Please God that I could answer you in the negative," replied Nicolo, "the signature was genuine, the letter was in her own hand-writing, except two

A letter received by one of our friends in Paris, informs us, that the four principal persons in our narrative, arrived safe, and are now residing, *incognito*, in Lombardy. The letter adds, that Jeronimo shows every day, the most devoted attention to Carlotina, and which seems to be fully reciprocated by the noble woman. Nicolo still preserved his jovial character; and Ciceroacchio, was making frequent excursions among the peasantry, preparing them for the next revolutionary movement. It is very likely we shall hear of them at the forthcoming resurrection of the Italian People.

New-York, April 15, 1853.

THE END.